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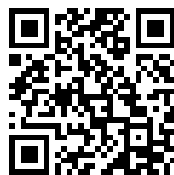
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# THE ALPINE JOURNAL: DO

A RECORD OF MOUNTAIN ADVENTURE 821

AND

SCIENTIFIC OBSERVATION. E 1

BY MEMBERS OF THE ALPINE CLUB.

EDITED BY GEORGE YELD AND J. P. FARRAR.

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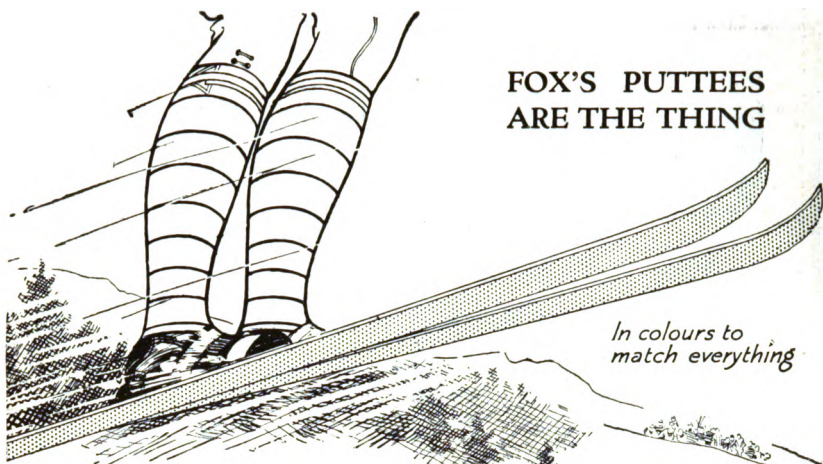
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# Captain Noel on Mount Everest



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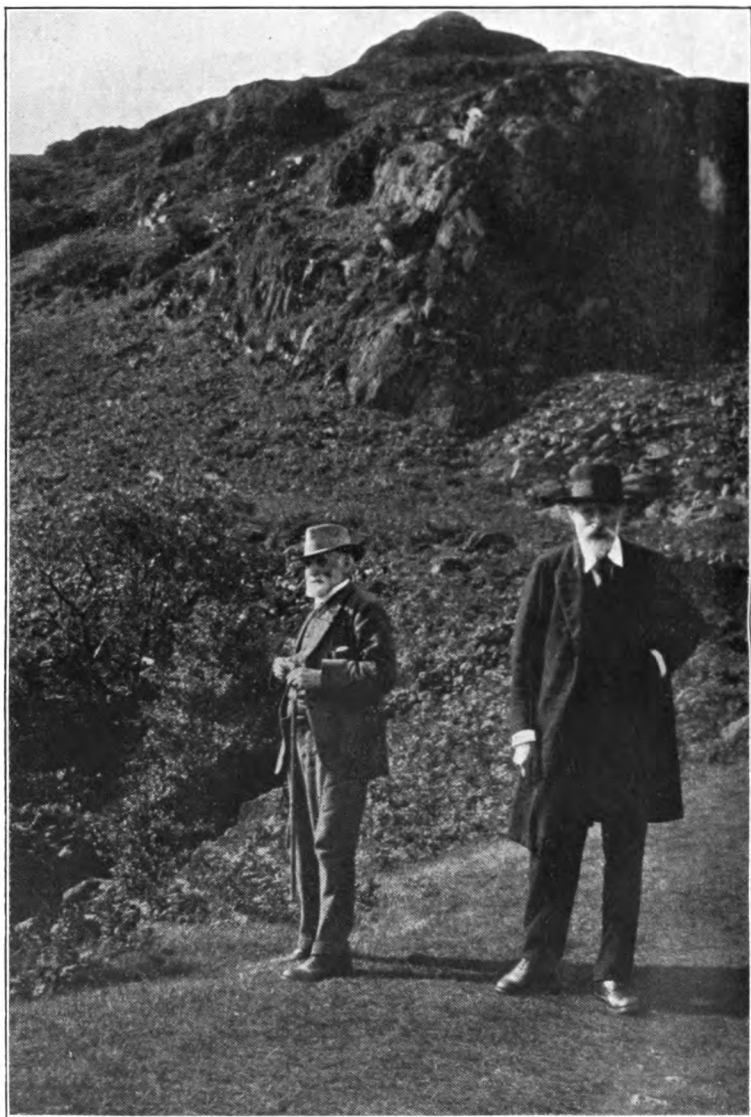
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**(The same day three generations of the Young-Slingsby family  
ascended Dungeon Ghyll.)**

THE  
ALPINE JOURNAL.

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NOVEMBER 1923.

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(No. 227.)

A MESSAGE.

[In the assurance that the Club will welcome news of its sometime President, the Right Rev. Bishop G. F. Browne, now in his ninety-first year, this letter, by his kind permission, is here reproduced.]

My dear Father,

Any thing from the  
Alpine Club, and especially  
from me in your position,  
naturally stirs  
memories of great favours  
conferred upon me. The  
memories are full and  
warm. But they do not



include anything that  
would help you in your  
research for early details  
of "Ser Davidson's" climbs.  
I am very sorry it is so.

I have always been  
glad that I determined  
when I was President to  
disregard the feud which  
had caused his practical  
disappearance from the  
councils of the Club, and thus  
led to his Vice Presidency  
and Presidency.

In 1907 he obtained for me the use of the beautiful suite of rooms in the Inner Temple for the Jubilee Reception which my daughters and I held on the night after the Jubilee Dinner in the Hall of Lincoln's Inn, obtained for me by Dick Webster.

Yes, thank you, I am well, and for my 90 years active. I am just back from two months with friends in the north parts of Scotland. In 1921 and 1922 I published a three guinea and a two guinea book on Scottish Antiquities and a Scottish Charter Chart, signing the preface of my nineteenth book on my nineteenth birthday last year. The publishers say



that is unique. I reply  
 "see what it is to have  
 lived on alpine air  
 in body and soul."

Yours ever sincerely

G. F. Browne

2 Camden Street Road  
 W8

6 Oct. '23

# TRAVEL MEMORIES.

By WM. H. WINTERBOTHAM

(formerly a Member of the Alpine Club).

ANTIQUITY sometimes gives an interest to accounts of mountain climbing which are in themselves commonplace, and I think this will account for my having been asked in my old age to put on record by an article in the ALPINE JOURNAL some account of my early mountaineering.

It was in 1858 that my elder brother took his two younger brothers for a trip to the Pyrenees. As it was my first visit to

the Continent I have a very lively recollection of every trifling incident of the journey and of every day's walk. I was then a schoolboy of fourteen. The journey *via* Paris and Bordeaux as far as Dax was made very much as at present. From Dax we had a diligence drive of 52 miles to Pau. Our first day's walk was from Pau to Eaux Chaudes, on the high road all the way. I am disposed to think that 27 miles was not a bad beginning for a boy of my age who had had no previous training. July, in the South of France, I found fairly hot and I carried a knapsack most of the way. Our first Sunday was spent at Eaux Bonnes, and it was the occasion of the Summer sports, when the Basque inhabitants of the Val d'Ossau turn up in holiday costume, the men in scarlet jackets and knee-breeches and the women in equally bright costumes. Between the games they joined hands and danced in a circle to the music of two old blind musicians.

We started on Monday morning for the Baths of Panticosa, on the Spanish side of the Chain, with a local guide named Camy. My recollection of him is that he had only one eye and was very fond of stopping for a drink, holding the wine-skin about 12 inches above his head with both hands and swallowing thus in a comparatively short space of time in an uninterrupted flow a considerable quantity of liquor. The pass is comparatively low, but the heat on the S. side was intense and without any shade, and there is at least 6 hours' steady walking after reaching the Col. On the following day, keeping on the Spanish side, we walked to Torla, and on the Wednesday we crossed to Gavarnie by the Port of that name, walking down to Luz on the following day. There we parted with Camy, and spent the Friday in a drive down the Valley to Argeles, walking back to Luz in the afternoon. It was a curious coincidence that the date of our visit to Argelez coincided with that of the alleged first visit of the Virgin Mary to Lourdes, 7 miles lower down the valley. On the Saturday we walked by Barèges to Bagnères-de-Bigorre by the Col de Tourmalet, which I see is 29 miles on the high road, the Col being about 7000 ft. high. After a day's rest at Bagnères-de-Bigorre we walked on Monday to Arreau by the Hourquette d'Aspin (about 23 miles), and on the next day by the Col de Peyresourde to Bagnères du Luchon, with a digression to the Lac d'Oô. After a few days at Luchon we took the diligence to Toulouse, a distance of 70 miles, where we again joined the railway and returned to England *via* Nîmes, Avignon, Lyons and Paris.

I remember that when leaving Luchon we ran short of money,

and after booking our places in the diligence and paying our hotel bill (which was larger than we anticipated) we could only muster a franc and a half between us. As, however, we were expecting a remittance from home at the *Poste Restante* at Toulouse, we were not troubled about our impecunious condition until we recollected that our washing bill had not been charged. Having regard, however, to the charges in the hotel bill our consciences did not prick us, but we took a somewhat hasty departure and got into the *banquette* of the diligence half an hour before it started, hoping that the 'Boots' would not follow us with the unpaid bill. We left Luchon in due course without discovery and spent our remaining funds in buying pears *en route*, and fell asleep, to wake up at 3 A.M. in the yard of an hotel at Toulouse where we had been left in the empty diligence by driver, conductor, fellow travellers and horses! Having climbed down we got into the hotel and finished our night's rest there, and in due course called for letters at the *Poste Restante*. There, sure enough, was the expected letter, but my father, under the impression that if the postage was unpaid the authorities would take better care of the letter, had not stamped it, and we had not the wherewithal to pay the amount. In vain my brother offered to pledge his watch in satisfaction. We had to return to the hotel and explain the position to the landlord. It says something for the confidence which people in France had in those days in the honesty of Englishmen—possibly our youth proclaimed our innocence of fraud—that our host no sooner grasped the situation than he threw open the safe which stood by his table, took out a rouleau of gold coins and scattered them on the table, telling us to take what we wanted. With many thanks my brother selected a five-franc piece, redeemed the letter, and so our troubles ended. I feel bound, however, to confess that, to the best of my recollection, the washing bill remains unpaid to this day. I hope it was the proprietor of the hotel and not the laundress who suffered.

Looking back on this first visit to the mountains, I confess to being rather proud of my walking powers. July in the South of France and on the Spanish side of the Chain is a pretty hot month and much of our walking was on the high road. I was not by any means an athletic boy at fourteen, and I had had no serious physical training at school. Moreover, on the Spanish side the sleeping and feeding arrangements were very poor.

I have paid many visits to the Pyrenees since 1858, and there

are not many mountains in the Chain I have not climbed, starting from the Grand Rhune near the Atlantic, famous in the Peninsular War, and ending with the Canigou overlooking the Mediterranean coast. There is good rock-climbing in parts, but the snow and ice have to be looked for. Having regard to the height of the main chain (the highest mountains being only just over 11,000 ft.), the Cols in the central part of the range are high, and I believe there are still no high roads crossing this part of the Chain. The scenery, in my judgment, will take a lot to beat it, and some of the valleys—for example the Eaux Chaudes valley, the valleys from Pierrefitte to Cauterets and to St. Sauveur and Gavarnie, and the valleys on the Spanish side S. of Gavarnie—are exceedingly beautiful. Nothing could be more delightful than a week I spent at Garvarnie in 1874 with my friend Roger Gaskell. With Henri Passet as our guide we climbed the Vignemale, Mont Perdu, the Cylindre, the Pic de Marboré, the Taillon and the Pic de la Munia—all between 10,000 and 11,000 ft. high. We rarely spent a day in the mountains without coming across large herds of Izards, and on the Pic des Posets we came upon one within a few yards—asleep, I fancy!

The Balaïtous is quoted in the guide-books as a mountain on which the rock-climbing is difficult, but I do not think it is so if you find the right way up. I climbed it in 1874 with Orteig, a well-known local guide, and my note made at the time was: 'Not a hard mountain, although the final arête requires a guide who knows the rocks.' I also made the following sensational extract from a French guide-book about the ascent: 'Impossible ici de donner conseil. Un grand instinct peut seul tirer de ce lieu diabolique; enfer de rochers où l'on risque un instant sa vie! Bientôt la crête s'amincit, se change en roc vif, en obélisques disloqués et chancelants prêts à rouler dans les deux abîmes qui flanquent la montagne au Nord et au Sud.'

The hotel accommodation on the Spanish side hardly deserves the name, and, apart from the character and quality of the food, some of the places in which we had to sleep swarmed with vermin. I have no reason to believe that matters have improved since my last visit. The accommodation on the French side is excellent, though probably much dearer now than it was.

My first visit to the Alps was in 1867. My muscles were then pretty well trained by hard rowing at Cambridge. I went straight to Chamonix, and, knowing no guide even by name,

I was fortunate enough to have François Dévouassoud assigned to me, and after a preliminary excursion to the Jardin we walked up to the Grands Mulets. He there persuaded me to join a party who were ascending Mont Blanc on the following day. We started at 2 A.M., but did not reach the top until 1 P.M., after eleven hours' tramp, mostly through soft snow which had fallen a few days before. We were a party of six, including two guides and two porters, who, of course, did the severe work of making the trail. We followed the old route by the Corridor and the Mur de la Côte. In ascending the Corridor we were not infrequently up to our hips in soft snow. My companion was about done when we reached the easy slopes above the Mur de la Côte, and we there broke into two parties and I pushed on with François and my porter. I was somewhat exhausted when I reached the top, but more I think from the lower air-pressure than from the exertion. We spent an hour on the top, being joined there by the rest of the party. The day was cloudless and without wind. A thermometer hung on an ice-axe registered 22° in the shade and 70° in the sun. We came down at a good pace, but, being anxious to meet my friends at Chamonix that night, we left my companion and his guide to sleep at the Grands Mulets, and, pushing on, just got off the glacier by sunset, stumbled through the pinewoods in the dark, and turned up at the hotel at about 10 P.M. unexpectedly, as they had seen a light at the Grands Mulets hut and assumed we were staying there the night. I remember that, anxious to show my friends that I was 'quite fresh' after my 20 hours' expedition, I put a chair in the middle of the room and jumped over the back in my heavy nailed boots. My face, however, was a sight, as I had worn no linen mask, relying only on dark spectacles to protect the eyes.

I must be forgiven for again referring, with some personal satisfaction in my old age, to that day's walk. Allowing for some rests and the hour on the top, I had been 20 hours on the go, largely through soft snow, and I had had no previous experience in snow and ice walking.

I walked on the following day to Martigny, and after spending the Sunday at Glion we started for Zermatt on the Monday. François again joined us at Martigny and conducted us over the Col d'Hérens to Zermatt, but we did no other snow-walking that year. In the following year, however, with an old Cambridge friend, William Winter, I met François by arrangement at Sixt, and taking a nephew of his with us as porter we crossed



the Col du Géant to Courmayeur, drove on the following day down to Villeneuve and walked up the Val Savaranche to Pont, and thence up to the Chalets de Moncorvé on the slope of the Grand Paradis, ascending that mountain on the following day and returning to Aosta for the night. Thence crossing two of the southern spurs of the main chain, we slept at a chalet at the foot of the Lys Glacier above Gressoney, and starting at 2 A.M. on the following morning we crossed the Felikjoch to the Riffel. This is an exceedingly fine expedition. We started in fog and climbed the W. side of the valley for some 2 or 3 hours without seeing a yard in front of us. Then suddenly we put our heads through a level sheet of mist, to find ourselves with a horizon extending in some directions 100 miles, and the entire range glowing in the early morning light. The Col is some 13,400 ft. high and the glacier on the N. side is very steep and much crevassed in parts, but François steered us successfully through these difficulties.

After a day's rest we started to ascend the Cima de Jazzi *via* the Weissthor, but François was anxious to get me up Monte Rosa, and at the parting of the ways I left Winter with the porter to ascend the Cima de Jazzi with half the rope and I went with François for Mte. Rosa, hurrying to join a party who were in front of us. Unfortunately I had told them the night before at the hotel that a somewhat disagreeable Englishman had expressed a wish to find someone ascending the mountain to whom he could attach himself, and assuming I was the party in question they did their best to keep ahead of us. However, they were unsuccessful in this, and when we got within hail they were good enough to explain that they had made a mistake and that I was not the party in question, and François they recognised as a distinct acquisition. We had a successful ascent and returned to the Riffel in about 14 hours. I was, however, again unfortunate in the state of the snow, which on the ice slope below the arête was in a decidedly unpleasant condition, and I am bound to confess that this part of the climb was to me the most trying of any I have attempted.

I had another trip with François a few years later, when we started from the Belalp and crossed the Beichgrat to Ried. From Ried we crossed the Lötschenlücke, making for the Eggishorn hotel, but finding ourselves well in advance of our time we pushed on for the Belalp. Unfortunately we tried to cross to the N. side of the Glacier too high up, and found the séracs so awkward that after wandering among them for

two hours we had to retrace our steps and get on to the rocks just where we had left them. We then had a scramble down the Moraine until we got to the usual crossing-place, and then we had to ascend some 1500 ft. in the dark to the hotel. I admit that I arrived after that day's walk in a somewhat exhausted condition.

I have paid a good many other visits to the Alps and have done some other climbing, but none I think of any special interest. One year I took what is, I think, known as the high-level route from Chamonix to Zermatt and on over the Weissthorn to Macugnaga with Henri Dévouassoud, a brother of François, and I have made other expeditions at Pontresina and in the Adamello group and at Cortina; but my later visits have been largely to the Pyrenees and to Corsica, to which island I became very much attached as a spring and early autumn resort when my walking powers were less.

I must add to this somewhat 'rambling' article a word or two about dear old François. He was a delightful guide and companion—a man to whom one became really attached. I recall his serious, almost solemn, face when dealing with a difficult spot. He did not take mountaineering lightly. I recall, as an instance, that, when coming down the N. side of the Felikjoch, we had to descend a very broken and rather steep bit of glacier well above the snow-line, and we came to a place where two wide crevasses met at right angles, and the meeting-place was the only place at which we could get over. The slope down to the crossing-place was distinctly steep and the level of the glacier on the other side was some feet higher. We were a party of four. François cut steps down to the edge, where he cut out a flat place large enough to sit upon, and, after satisfying himself by a glance behind him that we had allowed him rope enough, he sat down upon the place he had cut out with his legs hanging over the edge. He then cut out a step or two on the other side (which was almost perpendicular), drove his axe firmly into the hard névé opposite and above him, and climbed up like a cat. Once on the other side he was secure and able to hold us in case of a slip on our part as we cautiously followed in his footsteps. It was on the same expedition that I made the acquaintance of the two perpendicular ice-walls of a crevasse. My friend who was next behind me had somewhat thoughtlessly allowed me too much rope while crossing an easy piece of névé, and the snow suddenly gave way and I fell through, only being brought up by François, who was in front of me. I remember well as I looked up to the sky through the round

hole I had made in the snow in my fall seeing it obscured by François' serious but welcome face. My ice-axe had in my fall been wedged across it, and had I stuck to it as I should have done I might have held on and probably have extricated myself.

Again, when ascending the Grand Paradis, he seemed to me to spend an unnecessary amount of time and labour in cutting big steps in the final slope, but, as he pointed out to me, we should have to climb down this same slope later in the day after a hot sun had been upon it, and it would not be easy to improve the steps then, whereas the steps he had made would last all day.

Let me add here one word about climbing without guides. When I have taken on a job which requires skill and experience which I do not possess (whether it be mountaineering or the more serious work of life), I prefer to rely on a man who has that skill and experience to show me how to do it. I am enjoying sailing in my old age, but, having secured a thoroughly good boat, I employ a skilled sailor to sail it with me. In sailing as in mountaineering the unexpected happens, and I feel no pleasure in facing that contingency unaided. One's life is not given one to play with, and, after all, mountaineering and sailing are for us pleasure, not business.

I always connect François with a phrase which I have often used since, applying it to more serious business than climbing mountains, and I recall that when François first used to us that phrase, my companion, a distinguished physician, quoted it in his inaugural address to the students at Guy's Hospital at the autumn session of the year. When starting a long climb François' motto was, '*Loucement mais toujours.*' It seems to me to be an excellent motto for those who try to *rush* a serious job and then have to pull up in the middle or get tired of their task before it is finished. We had an excellent illustration of the application of his maxim to mountaineering when ascending the Aletschhorn from the Belalp. François suggested to me the night before that we should ask an English tourist at the hotel to join us, not so much for the sake of his company but because he had a very reliable guide, and the three forming our party had only François and an untried porter. Having arranged this, we found our new companion very dissatisfied with our pace up the glacier before we reached the more serious part of the ascent, and in particular he grumbled because at the foot of the somewhat long and fairly steep snow slopes at the head of the glacier we pulled up for a second breakfast.

However, we concealed our annoyance at his criticism, and roping the party we started up the snow slopes 'doucement mais toujours.' When we had been going about an hour I felt the rope behind me tightening rather frequently, but I took no notice of it and pulled on steadily until I heard a somewhat gasping voice behind me, 'Could we not pull up for a little rest?' 'Oh, of course,' I replied, 'if you are tired, but I thought we were going too slowly for you.' This went on at intervals for the next 3 or 4 hours, by which time I felt we had had our revenge. Coming down he certainly did not carry out François' maxim, as he nearly pulled the whole party off their legs, and would have done so, I think, but for François' steady hold as last man.

When François paid a visit to England he dined and spent an evening with me. He told me that he did not find his way about London very easily. When it was clear he managed to guide himself pretty well by the stars! but it was generally cloudy, and then he got into difficulties. He paid a visit to a distinguished Don at Trinity College, Cambridge, with whom he had climbed. He told me that he was followed suspiciously by the porter, who, finding him peering about the foot of the staircases, asked him his business; but when he mentioned the name of the gentleman whose rooms he was seeking, he was treated with the greatest deference and conducted to the right door.

Not a small share of the very pleasant memories that I carry into my old age of my mountain climbs is due to old François. I cannot recall ever hearing him laugh, though I suppose he did so at times; but I do recall his warm greetings, his uniform good-nature and pleasantness, and the admirable way in which he did his work.

I last saw him in September 1904, when he came up to visit me at the Col des Montets, where I was staying with my family, and we were photographed together. That photograph I am sorry to say I have lost, though an earlier one taken at Chamonix in 1869 I think I still have. We parted at Chamonix station when I was returning home, and I can never forget the warmth of his sympathy, for I had just returned from the Val Savaranche, where I had been to bury a son who, with three companions, was killed on the Grand Paradis climbing without guides!

## THE EARLY SWISS PIONEERS OF THE ALPS.

BY DR. H. DÜBL.

*(Continued from Vol. xxxiii. p. 366.)*

FATHER PLACIDUS A SPESCHA (1752-1833).

WE can now do ample justice to this remarkable precursor of modern Alpine exploration and investigation, as his biography has recently been written and most of his literary work published by three of his fellow-countrymen.<sup>1</sup> While referring my readers who may desire further details to this work and to the review of it published in this JOURNAL,<sup>2</sup> I shall endeavour to portray the man and his deeds as far as his mountaineering career is concerned.

Placidus Spescha (as he spells his name) was born on December 9, 1752, at Truns, and was the son of well-to-do peasants. His parents gave him a liberal education, first at Coire, whence he followed his tutor, the bishop's chaplain, in 1770 to Mals and Tartsch in the Vintschgau. In 1772 he returned to become a pupil in the monastery of Disentis. In 1774 we find him a novice and soon afterwards a conventual in the same house of Benedictines. In 1776 he was sent with other monks of Disentis to Einsiedeln, where he derived much profit in his theological studies from the excellent teachers there, and even more in those of history and natural science. He returned to Disentis in 1780, and the same year was appointed chaplain to the hospital of St. John, on the Lucmanier Pass. Here he began at once the memorable work of his life, climbing, travelling, mapping, collecting plants and minerals, noting facts and observations in natural history, drawing mountain prospects and outline sketches. In a few years he attained a wide reputation as a capable naturalist and mountaineer. Among his correspondents and visitors at the Monastery of Disentis, at which Spescha was librarian

<sup>1</sup> *Pater Placidus a Spescha, sein Leben und seine Schriften*, herausgegeben von Prof. Dr. Friedrich Pieth, Chür, und Prof. Dr. P. Karl Hager, Disentis, mit einem Anhang von P. Maurus Carnot, Disentis. Bern, 1913.

<sup>2</sup> *A.J.* xxviii. 346-7.

and bursar, we find such well-known men as Pol, Meiners, Ebel, Wyttenbach, and Dalberg. And, as we shall see, he frequently acted as guide to the foreigners who came to climb the mountains in the neighbourhood of Disentis. This useful and pleasant life met with sad interruption during the Revolution and the alternate invasions by French and Austrian troops in 1798 and 1799. Spescha saw his monastery sacked and burnt, his collections of manuscripts, maps and books either damaged or destroyed, while he was seized and sent to Innsbruck as a hostage. He remained there from September 6, 1799, to February 2, 1801, whiling away his exile by continuing his studies in the Academy of Innsbruck, travelling in the neighbourhood of that picturesque city, climbing the Patscherkofel and the Roskopf, visiting the mines of Schwaz and Hall, describing these travels in the most lively manner, and composing the first manual for mountaineers of which we know since the publication of Josias Simler's classical chapters. After his return to Disentis, Spescha's career presents a series of trials and tribulations, which were due not only to the unjust persecutions on the part of his religious colleagues, but also to his somewhat irascible and irritating temperament. We cannot enter into these details here, but it will suffice to say that he subsequently held livings, chaplaincies or curacies in Romein, Somvix, Vals, Pleiv, Caverdiras (near Disentis), Selva, Tschamut (narrowly escaping death in the great avalanche which nearly destroyed the latter hamlet on December 31, 1809), and Sedrun, but never remaining long in the same place and frequently scandalizing his spiritual authorities or his pious flock by strolling away from his ecclesiastical duties to make a new ascent or even a long Alpine tour, which on one occasion led him as far as the Aar glacier. Indeed, this second period of his Alpine career, extending from 1801 to 1817, was nearly as fruitful in climbs and literary work as the first. In 1817 he abandoned his peregrinations for the somewhat sedentary post of chaplain at Truns, where he died on August 14, 1833, at the great age of 81 years. Even during the last two decades of his life, when a sort of confinement in the custody of a colleague who had acted very badly towards him in 1799 much limited his activities, Spescha did not abandon his Alpine explorations. His last climb was an attempt to reach the summit of the Piz Rusein on September 1, 1824, when his companions, the chamois-hunters Placidus Curschallas of Truns and Augustin Bisquolm of Disentis, alone attained the summit, Spescha and his servant, Carli Cagenard, having halted

on an elevated spot on the right bank of the Rusein Valley, probably between Culm Gietschen and Catscharauls, from which they watched the ascent and descent of their two companions. His last Alpine publication was an unsigned article in the *Intelligenz-Blatt*, of Coire, No. 48, dated November 30, 1824, and entitled 'Die Ersteigung des Piz Rusein.' In addition to this he also sent at the time a note about the expedition to Dr. J. Hegetschweiler, who had attempted the Tödi from the E. in 1822. Spescha's detailed records of the expedition are published in the original by Father Karl Hager, with an introduction and notes.<sup>3</sup> There cannot be the slightest doubt that Curschallas and Bisquolm really reached Point 3623, the highest summit of the Tödi group. Spescha continued noting down facts and drawing maps of Alpine interest until 1830, when his trembling hand refused to hold pen or pencil.

In summing up the really marvellous Alpine work of Father Placidus, it will be better to divide it topographically rather than to arrange it in chronological order. I give below Spescha's original denominations as well as those now used officially, adding wherever possible the dates and the names of his companions and only such details as appear indispensable. For further information regarding his Alpine career, I must refer the reader to his biography, in which nearly all of his great climbs are described by himself.

(a) In the neighbourhood of the Lucmanier and the St. Gotthard :

1. Pozetta = Piz Cristallina, 3128 m., in the Medels valley, 1782.

2. Muraun, 2899 m., probably also in 1782 and again between 1812 and 1819.

3. Scopi, 3200 m., in 1782 with Johann Bagliel, 'einem erfahrenen Bergmann'; in 1790 alone; on July 30, 1814, with Baron Anton von Harthausen (near Darmstadt) in deep snow.

4. Serengia = Piz del Ufiern, 3017 m., in Val Nalps, with the servant Andreas Lei of the Zillertal in 1785. Spescha compared with a level the respective heights of the Finsteraarhorn and the Piz Rusein, and found that the former must be the higher. He also saw Mont Blanc.

5. Badus, 2931 m., in August 1785; again on September 3, 1810 (in three hours from Tschamut to the Lake of Toma, and two hours thence to the summit); and the last time

<sup>3</sup> *Pater Placidus a Spescha*, etc., pp. 360-7.



about 1812, with Father Fintan Bürchler of the monastery of Rheinau, whose principal aim was to see the source of the Rhine and who remained behind at the foot of the final summit, refusing Spescha's offer to carry him up on his shoulders !

6. In 1791 (probably) Spescha availed himself of the position he held as bursar of his monastery to recite a mass on the day of the Assumption of the Virgin (August 15) at Santa Maria on the Lucmanier. To go to that spot, distant only four hours from Disentis, he chose a roundabout route, which took him fourteen hours of actual walking. Accompanied by a hunter and a servant from the monastery, he left Disentis on August 14, at 2 A.M., went by Sedrun and Tschamut and through Val Maigels to the spot where the sources of the Rhine and the Reuss closely approach each other, thence by a saddle to the highest huts in the Sella valley, and back by Val Cadlimo to Santa Maria.

7. In 1810, on August 30, Spescha started from Selva at 8.30 A.M., with his servant Gion B. Candinas, on an exploring tour, and arrived at Airolo by Val Maigels and Val Canaria at 5 P.M. The next day he made an excursion into the Val Bedretto, in order to explore the passes leading to the Valais and Val Formazza. He returned to Airolo and recrossed on September 1 by the Sella valley and Pass to Val Maigels and Selva, arriving at the latter place at 10 P.M.

(b) In the Adula Alps :

8. Valrhein or Lentahorn = Rheinwaldhorn, 3398 m., in July 1789. Spescha alone reached the summit, his companions, Drs. Rengger of Berne, Ackermann of Mainz, and Domeyer of Hanover, and even the guide, a shepherd named Antonio, from the Zapportalp, remaining some distance behind.

9. Piz d'il Draus or Piz Ramosa = Piz Cavel, 2944 m., in Val Lugnez, in August 1799, about a week before his arrest. While on the summit he heard the gunfire of the Austrian and French troops in the Urseren valley.

10. Piz Valölia = Piz Aul, 3124 m., in Val Lugnez, with the shepherd Lorenz Peder Smet from Alp Surrhein, on August 18, 1801. He remained three hours on the top, drawing a panorama, on which he names the ' Briemontres ' (?), Monte Rosa, Mont Blanc, Finsteraarhorn, Schreckhorn, Rusein, Tödi, Urlaun, Güverhorn, and Valrhein.

11. Derlun = Piz Scherboden, 3124 m., first in 1801 with Domenico Casanova, the tenant of the Alp Scherboden, and his young son. The latter trembled so much that they were obliged to retreat before the goal was quite reached ; and

on an elevated spot on the right bank of the Rusein Valley, probably between Culm Gietschen and Catscharauls, from which they watched the ascent and descent of their two companions. His last Alpine publication was an unsigned article in the *Intelligenz-Blatt*, of Coire, No. 48, dated November 30, 1824, and entitled 'Die Ersteigung des Piz Rusein.' In addition to this he also sent at the time a note about the expedition to Dr. J. Hegetschweiler, who had attempted the Tödi from the E. in 1822. Spescha's detailed records of the expedition are published in the original by Father Karl Hager, with an introduction and notes.<sup>3</sup> There cannot be the slightest doubt that Curschallas and Bisquolm really reached Point 3623, the highest summit of the Tödi group. Spescha continued noting down facts and drawing maps of Alpine interest until 1830, when his trembling hand refused to hold pen or pencil.

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again with better men in 1808, when he succeeded in making a complete ascent.

12. Piz Terri, also called Terri de Canal or Puncion de Gûda, 9151 m., in 1801 or 1802. His companion, a young lad, refused to follow him on the last bit between the trigonometrical signal of to-day and the higher point, and turned aside, so as not to see Spescha pass a deep cleft in the arête and clamber up the final tower. Doubts have been expressed as to this ascent and as to Spescha's route (see 'Climbers' Guide to the Adula Alps,' pp. 73-74), but a careful examination of Spescha's original records by W. Derichsweiler in the *S.A.C.J.*, xlvii. pp. 141-147, has finally settled the matter in his favour.

13. Guver = Güferhorn, 3393 m., with the chamois-hunter Jörg Anton Schmidt in 1806. Spescha acknowledges the boldness of his guide.

14. Surcombras, also called Damilhorn, Piz Raschuna or Piz Tamil = Weissenstein, 2949 m., in the Savien valley, about 1807.

15. In order to facilitate the construction of a carriage road over the Greina Pass, Spescha undertook to explore and describe four routes through that district, one from Vrin in Val Lugnez by the Disruet Pass, a second from Campo Chirone by the valleys of Luzzzone and Monterascio, a third from Campo by Val Ursära and Valle Camadra-Gaglianera, a fourth from Surrhein in the Surselva valley through the 'Tenigerthal' or Val Somvix. The last of these expeditions was made in 1820, from August 7 to 13. On this occasion he was benighted, and forced to bivouac at a height of 2414 m., on the grass near the snow. He was then sixty-eight years of age!

(c) Near the Oberalp and in the Tödi district:

16. Piz Aul = Piz Ault, 3033 m., in the Tavetsch valley. Spescha ascended this mountain three times: first alone some time before 1770, a second time with Herr Karl Witte, from Saxony, in July 1792, and again before 1799 with another monk, when the bad condition of the snow forced them to retreat before the summit was quite attained.

17. Piz Cötschen = Piz Tgetschen or Oberalpstock, 3330 m. Spescha made the first ascent of this peak in August 1792 with a young servant of the monastery, Joseph Sennonner, of Gröden in the Tyrol. They employed 'alpenstocks' and 'fusseisen' and a rope, and gained the summit from Alp Run (one hour and a half above Disentis) in about eight hours. With his level he ascertained that the Oberalpstock was higher than the Titlis. During the descent they started an avalanche

and were nearly swept away by it. Spescha repeated this ascent twice; on August 11, 1812, with the pastor Joseph Hitz and a goatherd from Sedrun, and three days later with a boy of twelve years from the Alp Strim, without a rope, but accompanied by Spescha's little dog, which tried in vain to save a stick the boy had dropped in a crevasse.

18. Denter Glatschärs or 'höchster Gipfel auf dem Grispalten' = Piz Giuf, 8058 m. Spescha attempted this peak on September 12, 1804, with Hans Jacob Caduf of Ruäras, in Val Tavetsch, and ascended it in 1812.

19. In order to discover the sources of the Rhine, the Reuss and the Aar, Spescha made in 1811 a mountain tour of six days. Starting from Selva on July 29, he crossed the Oberalp, the Furka and the Grimsel, followed the Unteraar Glacier as far as the 'Abschwung,' visited the Handeck Falls, accompanied by the innkeeper Jacob Leuthold of Hasle im Grund, crossed the Susten Pass, where about 270 workmen were busy tracing the new road (abandoned in 1822), visited the Goeschenen and Kehlen Alps (to the foot of the Kehlen Glacier), and recrossed the Oberalp to his temporary home at Selva.

20. For his Alpine book, intended to be dedicated to Dr. Ebel, of Zurich, and to contain a record of his three ascents of the Oberalpstock, a description of the Kärschelen or Maderanerthal and an account of a visit to Einsiedeln, Spescha crossed the Krüzli Pass from Sedrun to Bristen, Amsteg and Altdorf (eight to nine hours' actual walking) on October 5, 1812. And on the following day he went by Flüelen, Brunnen, Schwyz, Steinen and Rothenthurm to Einsiedeln. After a stay of two days at the monastery, where he was well received by his old patrons and fellow-pupils, he went by the Hacken to Schwyz. Thence he returned with two poor students by Brunnen, Amsteg, Bristen and the Krüzli Pass in two days to Sedrun. Stormy weather and snow failed to hinder them or to spoil their good-humour.

The book (of which the preface and the dedication to Dr. Ebel was written) never appeared. We can be glad to see its contents now published by Pieth and Hager, as well as the 'Karte oder Handriss des Kärschelenthals,' which gives us a good idea of Spescha's somewhat schematic but accurate map-drawing.

Another result of this and several previous trips was the 'Carte spéciale et pétrographique du Mont St. Gotthard et de ses environs,' lithographed by M. F. Boehm and published by J. J. Waibel in Bâle before 1820. It is good work, although

financially disappointing, while the author complained of the indifferent lithographic execution.

21. Stocgron = Stockgron, 3418 m. Spescha made the first ascent of this peak (the fourth in height of the Tödi group) in 1782, a second ascent about August 6, 1788, with the sexagenarian Christian Mathiu Huonder, of Monpé-Tavetsch, and a shepherd from Alp Cavrein. They approached the mountain in a roundabout way by Val Aeletta, Lac Serein, Brunni Glacier and Cavrein, to Val Rusein, and ascended the peak by cutting steps 'across a steep glacier to a glen coming down from between the Porphyry and the Stocgron and turning west after they had gained the arête.' They returned the same way to the Rusein huts and Disentis, where a few days afterwards Spescha presented Meiners with a bit of pyrites 'from the top of the Tödi-berg.' Spescha attempted the Stockgron a third time about 1790 with the shepherd of Alp Rusein, but a hailstorm forced them to retreat when they were on the glacier south of the summit.

22. Môt de Robi = Kistenstöckli, 2748 m. After the storm had passed they abandoned the ascent of the Stockgron, and turning to the east crossed the glacier and some wild glens to the Gliemsglacier. Here they put on the rope and mounted to the Gliemslücke, where the shepherd remained behind, frightened by the view of the Ponteglias Glacier. Spescha continued alone. He crossed with considerable risk from concealed crevasses the Ponteglias Glacier to the Frisallücke, and descended by the Frisal Glacier to the hut in the Val Frisal. Here he was kindly received by the 'Rinderhirt,' who was greatly astonished to see a traveller arriving through such a wilderness. In his company Spescha, the next day, ascended the Kistenstöckli direct from Val Frisal (by the Cordas apparently) and regained Disentis by Alp Robi and Brigels. He confesses that the last bit of the way home was very tiring from thirst and fatigue.

23. Piz Urlaun, 3374 m. On his first attempt, about 1790, from Val Gliems, Spescha reached only a 'Vorstufe' of the mountain. On August 25, 1793, he gained the top, while his companions, Baron Johann Lucius de Salis and two teachers of his seminary at Haldenstein, Karl Witte and Glaubitz, remained behind, the former at the snout of the Ponteglias Glacier, the latter on the arête an hour and a half below the summit. A third attempt on August 19, 1822, failed miserably in consequence of the indiscipline and incapacity of his party, which consisted of an unnamed magistrate (probably



from Coire), Joseph de Manga, the manager of the mine at Ponteglias, an artist from Altenstadt, Joseph Nicolaus Gächter, and six servants, porters and guides. They were well equipped with plenty of clothes and food, and even carried a ladder with them, with which to cross the crevasses. They intended also to make mathematical observations with some instrument made by Gächter from indications supplied by Spescha. But all was in vain, as they reached only a spot half-way between the Gliemslücke and the top in twelve hours from Truns. The descent to the house at the mine of Ponteglias took five hours.

24. Piz Tschenclinas or Piz l'Avat = Piz Gliems, 2913 m., in July 1803. Spescha undertook the journey from Somvix to Val Gliems in order to shoot game for the Bishop of Coire, who was expected for Confirmation. For some unknown reason Spescha changed his plans, and on arriving at the foot of the mountain he laid aside his gun and ascended to the summit of the 'abbot's cap' (the Romouch meaning of l'Avat). He had a fine view, but during the descent he strained his knee, in consequence of a too rapid glissade. Perhaps this was the penalty for the unchristian pride that filled the poor old monk's soul when he looked down onto an Abbot's head!

25. Rusein or Crap Glaruna = Piz Rusein, 3623 m. In his own reckoning, Father Placidus attempted this peak, the highest in the Bündler Oberland, no less than six times, counting his ascents of the Stockgron and Urlaun as preparatory excursions for it. On August 19, 1824, with a well-tried mountaineer, Paul Benedict Spescha of Truns, and the landscape painter Johann Baptist Isenring of Toggenburg (1794-1860), who joined the party for sketching purposes, Spescha set out to try the Piz Rusein in earnest. They went by Val Barcuns and Val Rusein to Val Gliems, where they passed the night in the shepherd's hut. The next morning they mounted the Gliems Glacier, but the incapacity and cowardice of Isenring frustrated all efforts of the two Speschas. They failed to reach even the Gliemspforte. A second expedition with Isenring to the Val Rusein to explore a direct access to the Piz from there met with no better result. More fortunate and more plucky were Speschas' companions on September 1, 1824, as we have seen. Their itinerary is not quite certain. From the hut at Rusein Sura, 2092 m., where they separated from Spescha and Cagenard, they 'mounted near the foot of the glacier on the west by the middle of the rocks of the mountain in a northerly

direction, and then turned to the west in order to reach the snow slope on the other side, which they traversed to the north-west to gain the highest summit.' This seems to indicate that the two hunters passed close to the Bleisasverdas Glacier (not named, but marked on the Swiss map) by the rocks of the S.W. face of the Piz Rusein, gained its south arête by the so-called Ruseinlücke north of the Piz Mellen, went over the highest snow slopes of the Biferten Glacier to the depression between the Tödi and the Rusein, and reached the summit from the S. or S.E. They were on the summit at 11 A.M., remained there only thirty minutes, and were back at Rusein sura at 4 P.M. Here Spescha, who had watched their ascent from the opposite slopes and, with the aid of a telescope, had seen the traces left by the climbers in *descending* from the snow cone, met them again and carefully noted the details of their ascent.

Thus ended Father Spescha's honourable Alpine career of forty-two years.<sup>4</sup>

## SOME SCRAMBLES ON THE MONS LACTARIUS.

By J. L. TOD-MERCER.

THIS is the name given by the ancients to the west-running spur of the Campanian Apennines between Cava dei Tirreni and the tip of the Sorrentine Peninsula, of which it forms the backbone. The range is still known as the Monti Lattari. To the visitor accustomed to the rich verdure of our British hills the implication of opulence may sound a trifle ironical applied to the barren rocky fastnesses in the western portion of the chain here dealt with. It may be that in Roman times there was less rock and more grass; but, even now, such pasture as exists—patchy though it be—is still sufficient, with the terraced meadows lower down, to place this district among the dairying centres of South Italy, and make it one of the chief sources of supply of the excellent cream cheeses, called *mozzarella*, so deservedly popular in the Neapolitan provinces.

The range reaches its maximum elevation (4780 feet) in the nucleus of rock peaks called Monte S. Angelo a Tre Pizzi on the

<sup>4</sup> See also Mr. Freshfield's 'Placidus a Spescha and Early Mountaineering in the Bündner Oberland,' *A.J.* x. 289 *seq.*

Italian I.G.M. map, standing roughly between Castellamare di Stabia on the N. and the bay of Positano on the S., but much nearer to the latter, from which it rises in a series of very steep pitches. The eastern Lattari run up to about 4800 feet, while W. of the S. Angelo massif the hills dwindle to quite small proportions.

Despite its nearness to Vesuvius this chain is non-volcanic. It is composed of dolomitised rock up to some two-thirds of its height, and the remainder of cretaceous limestone. The tilt of the strata is towards the south; hence the pitches on the Bay of Naples side are gentler than on the other faces, which are broken by cliffs and seamed by ravines. Step-like stratification is a leading feature, especially on the S. side.

Climbing interest centres mainly in the Tre Pizzi, or triple peaks, the greater height of which, moreover, gives them panoramic advantage over the lesser summits. The bold N.W. rock tower—the Mte. S. Angelo of the map, but known to the Sorrentines as Mte. S. Michele<sup>1</sup> from a chapel dedicated to the Archangel that formerly stood on the top—is the highest of the three Pizzi. It is also the most difficult to scale from any but the regular path. To the observer on the central peak it appears as a broad-topped inaccessible monolith rising perhaps a couple of hundred feet or more sheer from the grass saddle between the two Pizzi. Its other faces are more or less precipitous, that on the S.E. plunging down on to screeslopes. Mist interfered with a complete survey of all the S. Michele approaches, but there is no doubt that here the rock pioneer would have more than one—if but a short —‘new way’ at his disposal, and for the rest he would find compensation for his toil to the point of attack in the unrivalled Campanian land- and sea-scape unfolded beneath him.

The S. Michele portion of the massif throws off two steep-sided rock ridges, with stunted trees clinging to them here and there—one running N.W. much broken, and the other S.W. This latter, called La Conocchia on the map, is said to offer a practicable route<sup>2</sup> to the top. On the E. Mte. S. Michele—the summit of which is of considerable area and itself so much

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<sup>1</sup> The miraculous appearance of the Archangel to two local saints who had taken refuge there from the Lombard invasion of the sixth century is the reputed origin of both names. The colloquial alternative name serves to distinguish this peak from the numerous summits (in and out of the district) called ‘S. Angelo.’

<sup>2</sup> See footnote 7, on p. 159.

tumbled and split up that from some points of view it looks like four small peaks—is joined to the middle Pizzo (locally known as the *Planche di Laurenzana*, *cir.* 4700 ft.) four or five hundred yards off by the above-mentioned grassy dip. This broad and irregular-shaped slabby mass in its turn is separated from the third and lowest peak—some three or four hundred yards to S.S.E.—by a well-marked narrow cleft, the *Passo dell' Inferno* (Hell Gap), the approach to which on the E. (traversed by the *Agëröla* route) is fairly steep, while the opposite face is almost precipitous and forms the head of a couloir, or wild gully, hemmed in by lofty cliffs and opening to the coast E. of Positano. From this gap both the central and southernmost Pizzi can be reached as described in what follows. The South Pizzo is the *M. della Cardara* of the I.G.M. map, but is locally called *M. Catiello* after one of the legendary sixth-century hermits who dwelt hereabouts. From this last summit the *arête* falls in an even sweep of moderate incline to the low *Paipo Col* which marks the southern limit of this little group of Salernitan Dolomites.

The literature about them is scanty, and I am indebted to the courtesy of the Naples Section, C.A.I., for some of the geological and general particulars here given. The Central and South Pizzi are often ascended by summer visitors to *Agëröla*, and the taller *St. Michael's* peak occasionally by the *Porta di Faïto*<sup>3</sup> pathway approaching from the N.W. No records appear to exist of direct assaults on any of the cliff faces. This possibly explains why only one accident is known to have occurred, viz. in March 1907, when Signori Kernot and D'Ovidio fell over 1300 feet from the *S. Michele* down the *Pimonte* chasm on the N. side.

Professional guides, porters, blazed paths, and even brigands are unknown; and reliable topographical information is difficult to obtain: shepherds, shooters, and woodmen—often met high up in summer and autumn—are the best mentors, but their times are liable to understatement. The two minor Pizzi are easy of access from E. and S., on which sides they lack the Dolomitic boldness of the higher peak.

Undoubtedly the best starting-point for them is the prettily situated *Agëröla* upland, with its cluster of picturesque villages nestling among the terraced gardens of apple, almond, and vine, situated at a height of 2000 feet—two tedious, shadeless

<sup>3</sup> *Faïto* is a corruption of *faggio*=beech, from the beech woods on the S.W. slope.

hours above Amalfi.<sup>4</sup> Very fair accommodation was obtainable at Agëröla-S. Lāzzāro<sup>5</sup> last year (1922) at about 30 lire a day *en pension*. From Agëröla itself only the two lower peaks are visible.

On the whole, from a climbing point of view, the best month for this region is from mid-September to mid-October. The higher levels are often snow-covered in winter and early spring, in which latter weather and temperature are equally erratic. Mountain springs are few and far between.

For the benefit of any who may wish to follow in my tracks I append some experiences during two recent visits to these Sorrentine hills, which I think deserve more attention than they have hitherto received even from Italian mountaineers.

#### *The Central and Southern Pizzi.*

My first expedition was made from Cāmpöra d'Agëröla. Starting at an easy pace on a close autumn morning, I struck up the first footpath beyond the bridge at the valley head, and ascending steeply through the terraced gardens—to the surprise of the puzzled but friendly peasants, many of whom, being returned emigrants, speak Yankee-English—I soon reached the chestnut woods. Bearing towards my right, in a little over an hour I struck the crest of the 'Mons Lactarius,' at a point nearly over the tunnel by which the Gragnāno high road pierces the peninsula 'divide.' The hills in this part are covered with sapling beech to the top, which, while impeding view, afford poor shade from the still powerful September sun.

Continuing W. over the rounded Acquara hill the wood ends, and one enjoys an uninterrupted prospect north and south over the Naples and Salerno Gulfs, with their populous shores, and of the now unvolcanic-looking Vesuvius (over which scarcely a wreath of smoke hovered!). Straight ahead stood the triple towers—the objective of my ramble—though the middle one especially is rather a broad craggy hill than a tower or peak. It was my first view of all three, and after the mild-lined Apennines mightily impressive they looked with their bold profile and tall northern crags of greyish rock. A vein

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<sup>4</sup> A carriage-road up from Amalfi is under construction. A motor-bus plies daily between the Agëröla villages and the Gragnāno terminus of the Naples-Castellamare railway.

<sup>5</sup> My expeditions on this side were done from Agëröla-Cāmpöra, half an hour above S. Lāzzāro. Cāmpöra has no inn (1922).

of this bluish-grey limestone runs down the west side of Italy from the Apuan Alps to the Sorrentine Peninsula, with intermediate outcroppings in M. Amiata, the Ciminian Hill, and others. Here as there grottos and caves abound.

At the last dip before entering the boulder-strewn ravine that forms the obvious approach to the Pizzi from this side, one intersects the Colle dell' Acquara track, no doubt the old pre-tunnel communication between Agëröla and Castellamare. By this much shorter route I should have come up if a general survey of the hills had not been the first item on my programme.

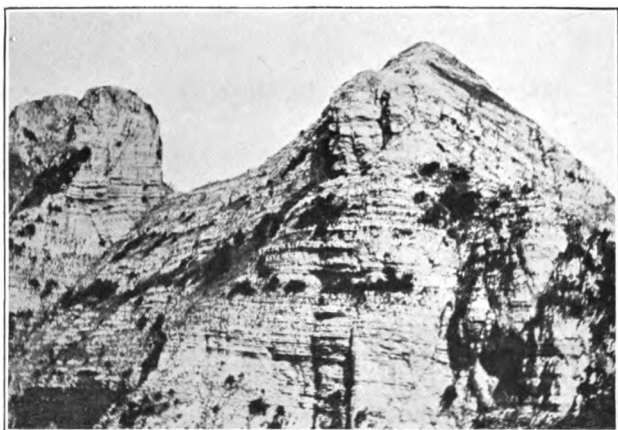
The ravine is enclosed by the ridge I had been coming along (which becomes broken and rocky with crags on its S. face as it rises and merges into the Central S. Angelo) and a wooded E. spur of the Little S. Angelo (or M. della Cardara). The upper lip of the ravine is dented at its lowest point, and this *fenêtre*, sharply silhouetted against the sky, is the Hell Gap already referred to. It is soon reached by keeping close to the base of the crags and ascending the scree and boulder slopes at the head of the ravine. My time to this point by the roundabout route from Cămpöra was  $3\frac{1}{2}$  hours. Though called a 'pass,' there were no traces of the passage of even goats into the cliff-enclosed steeps beyond.

In this neighbourhood I picked up fragments of heavy dark-coloured rock of unmistakably volcanic origin. These bits of tufa and lapilli I had not noticed lower down. They were doubtless sent over by Vesuvius—13 miles away—in one of his *strafe* bombardments centuries ago.

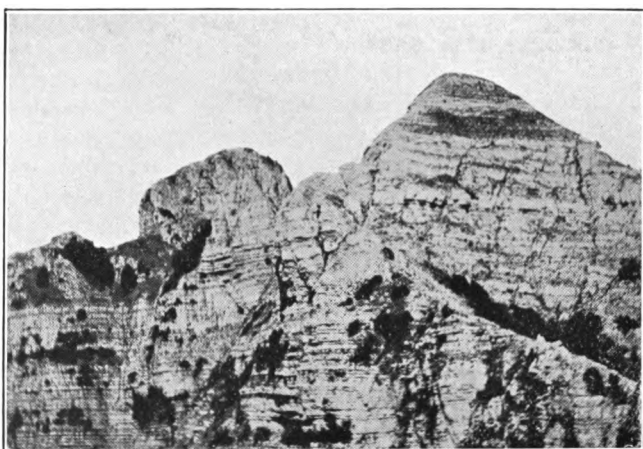
Striking up the arête to my right, and sheering away from the abyss on my left, out on to the moderately inclined S. slope, I gained the summit in 20 minutes from the Inferno Pass by zigzagging up the natural steps and horizontal scree-strewn shelves that girdle this part of the mountain and which probably suggested the vernacular name 'Planche' or 'Placche.' This last pitch, as also my prolonged sojourn on the exalted but shadeless belvedere above, would have been trying but for a friendly parasol of haze that hovered overhead. Of the view what can one say more than that it commands the famous 'Due Golfi,' together with all the Vesuvius country and the red-brown patch of the Pompei excavations on the plain?

Progress westwards as well as the prospect in that direction was barred by the seemingly impervious wall of the massive Mte. S. Michele, from the brow of which slanted skyward a beam or the shaft of a fallen cross. Having surveyed the grand cliffs of both Pizzi from the saddle between, I recrossed

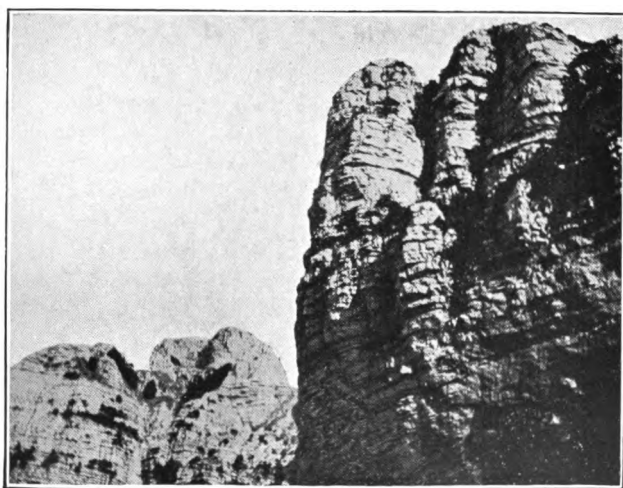




MTE. S. ANGELO A TRE PIZZI FROM BASE OF PTA. CARDARA.



IL "CANINO" ED IL "MOLARE" FROM PTA. CARDARA.



THE POSITANO FACE OF PTA. CARDARA.

By permission of SIGNOR INGEGNERE A. ROBECCI, Prest. Naples Section C.A.I.



the central summit with its rough cairn and multicoloured mixture of eruptive and sedimentary debris and retraced my steps to Hell Gap.

The little Pizzo Cardara (M. Catiello) rises abruptly to the S. of the cleft ; fifteen minutes' scramble through beech bushes on the E. side enabled me to turn the cliff and reach the top. The view from this lesser altitude is in some respects superior to that from the Central Pizzo, as its more southerly position enables one to see past the other two to the end of the peninsula and on to the rock of Capri in the hazy distance. The magnificent crags and buttresses too—especially on the Positano side—are seen to particular advantage. I came across no eruptive matter here. The descent by the stratified limestone S.E. arête with its scant vegetation of wild thyme and an occasional dwarf ilex is easily accomplished in forty-five minutes to the Païpo mule-pass, from which Agëröla-S. Lāzzāro is a couple of hours distant.

*St. Michael's Mount of Sorrento.*

A week later I climbed the Monte San Michele, or highest of the three Pizzi, from the Pimonte halt of the Gragnāno-Agëröla motor-bus (1300 ft.), a village about four miles by direct route above Castellamare-di-Stabia and to the north of the mountain. From this point there is a good track practically all the way up, and a reasonable going time would be 3¼ hours. I took an hour longer owing to halts and lost time.

One leaves the high road at a small wayside fountain a few minutes above the church and ten minutes by short-cut from the village square. An ascending wagon-track makes straight for the hills, and on entering the chestnut belt becomes a deep cutting like the bed of a watercourse, with bright green lichen ornamenting its perpendicular walls of yellow tufa. One emerges from this on to a small plâteau—in autumn studded with cyclamen and crocus—and leaving the chestnuts behind crosses a gully by a rustic bridge. For the next hour the mule-track winds upwards through copse beech till it reaches an open shoulder of the big N.E. rib of the mountain. From here a first view is obtained of S. Michele Peak, square-topped and rising from its ridge high up to the left like a stunted tower. The track onwards zigzags from shoulder to shoulder up the rib till it joins the N.W., or Castellamare, crest of the massif at the Porta di Faïto Col, some 4050 ft. above the sea. The view N. and N.E. is increasingly beautiful as one ascends, although the conditions were not ideal that day with storm

clouds gathering on the Apennines and mist rising on the S. Michele itself. A peculiar streaky sky effect—probably due to emanations from Vesuvius—was as though a mighty mass of ochre-tinged telegraph wires stretched across the heavens from out to sea, passing in front of the volcano and on to the mountains behind.

From the Fauto Pass following the easy crest to the left (S.E.) in about fifteen minutes another mule-pass is reached, beyond which the arête is considered impracticable. Directed by some mushroom-pickers, I dived down a few paces to my left through the copse on the N.E. slope and struck an excellent track skirting the mountain-side like a terrace between the upper and lower cliff belts. Looking out between the tall beech trees that here shade the path, luminous intervals in the drifting mist revealed dream-like glimpses of the wonderland below, alternating with near visions of natural flying buttresses of soft-grey rock plunging hundreds of feet in sheer drops.

The wood ends in about half an hour and the broad track suddenly dwindles to a mere footpath. At this point I deposited my rucksack in a glade, and struck up a wide grassy gully, at the top of which I hit off another track, and following it to the left was quickly led across the rugged arête and round to the S.W. base of the big Pizzo. There is a broad grassy natural terrace here from which the tower springs. A wide stony path, cut into the rock, winds up and round the S. and E. faces to the summit, passing about half-way up a small open grotto, to the walls of which (in late September) clung tufts of a lovely pale campanula, its charm all the greater for the rareness of wild flowers in that driest season of the Italian year.\*

By the time I reached the top visibility had so much diminished that I could see only the adjacent parts of the peak I was on and nothing at all of its neighbours. The highest eminence of the tumbled summit is marked by a cairn, a stone of which exhibits a whimsical colour-drawing of St. Michael standing sword and scales in hand over a prostrate human figure representing the devil! A quarry-hole or old lime-kiln on one side, together with the tilted beam I had seen from the central peak and masonry fragments strewn about, are all that remain of the former pilgrimage chapel to the Archangel. Here too was another assortment of volcanic tufas and lapilli, though, curiously, these did not seem to extend to the easily accessible S.W. turret of the tower.

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\* Italy was still in the grip of a two-year drought.

Having waited an hour and a half in vain for the fog to lift, I descended to my sack-cache in fifteen minutes and retraced my steps to the mushroom col. Following the first descending track I saw on the wooded W. slope, I soon came upon the head-works of a water-conduit. Taking this as a guide for half a mile or so, I descended through beautiful beech and chestnut woods, and, bearing towards my right, emerged from them into a steep-sided rocky ravine—the Rio Campo di Mojāno. Crossing this near its upper end and following a goat-walk on the opposite face, I came out on an open shoulder, and, having left the mountain mist behind, had my first bird's-eye view towards my left of Sorrento and its still distant shore. Between me and it lay a broad expanse of hilly country, dotted with villages and furrowed by glens, with here and there the white streak of a road contrasting with the dark green of the slopes. More directly in front were the large groups of houses of Mēta and Vico Equense, with the placid Bay of Naples beyond. Conspicuous up the sapling-clad hillside to my right was the isolated chalet of Count Giusso, loftily perched on a spur of M. Faïto.

From here a tedious descent mostly by paved tracks and stairs (on which Tricouni nails slide murderously) brings one to the famous walnut plantations and to the road at Mojāno. Turning down it to the right I made a hurried descent to Vico Equense in an hour, in time for the evening tram to Sorrento—net time from the top of 'St. Michael's Mount' to Vico  $3\frac{1}{4}$  hours. But for misdirection at Mojāno I should have gone the other way, viz. to my left, *up*, instead of down, the road, and so by the pretty glens and hamlets of Ticciano and Arōla to Sorrento in under three hours' fast going from the top. In the reverse direction this would take five or six hours.

In the following spring, lured by pre-war Baedeker and vague local reports, I tried the steep S. face of the massif, but failed to find a practicable direct <sup>7</sup> route up from Positano. The mountain on this side is defended at every point by belts of cliff of varying height, and is concealed from view from the township by the projecting rock of Montepertuso—one of the numerous naturally pierced crags, as its dialect-name implies. Arrived at the village above (half an hour up ramps from Positano), one has the peak in full view, surmounting its lime-

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<sup>7</sup> I have since learned from the Naples secretary, C.A.I., that Mt. S. Michele can be climbed from Positano via the S. Maria a Castello saddle and the W. face of the massif in 'over four hours,' but this is scarcely a *direct* route.

stone bastions. The approach at first is simple enough, a path—well marked in its lower part—leading upward from a point a few minutes beyond Montepertuso church. Within an hour, however, it dwindles, and losing it on the stony hillside, I tried (on my right) a deep cool ravine—almost a *cañon*, with pretty pansies growing in its nooks—originating in the heart of the range. From this easeful retreat I was brought back to my deviation point on the now scorching hillside by a brushwood-carrier who pointed straight up as the proper line. The faint goat-track soon petered out among the scree, and there was nothing for it but to try to force a way up to the base of what appeared to be the final crags. These I reached at a point (approx. alt. 3800 ft.) well to the S.W. of the S. Michele, after considerable beating about the bush and some scrambling up rosemary-covered rocks, but with so much loss of time and energy on that first really hot spring morning that, failing to see any way onward practicable for a solitary over-clad climber, with by that time crampy thighs, I decided to call it off and return by the way I had come. The Sorrentine noonday sun, powerfully reflected from the limestone cliffs, was scarcely tempered by a breath of air, and not a drop of water all the way up. A steep slabby gully on my right, with what had once been a fine waterfall just below me, was as dry as the rest. This gully turns a corner higher up, so that I could not see its head. It may possibly be a means of approach to the main peak. The old Italian ordnance map is so hopelessly vague and confused for the upper parts of these mountains as to be practically useless. From this vantage-point the eye swept across the Gulf of Salerno, sparkling in the noonday sun, to the Plain of Pæstum, backed by the still snow-streaked Lucanian mountains glistening here and there through the heat haze. Westwards Sorrento appeared beyond a dip in the 'divide.'

I had not gone far down and was still above the rosemary cliff cordon, when I struck a faintly traced path leading from the gully edge across the scree and rock slope in a W. direction. Following this the path improved, and after rounding the heads of many south-running couloirs (the ribs between affording fine *coups d'œil* over the W. end of the promontory with Capri beyond) it eventually led, in a little over an hour, to the crest of the spur called (I.G.M. map) La Conocchia, near its W. extremity. The pass of S. Maria a Castello, a deep dip of the peninsula watershed, was on my left front, but separated from me by the apparently impassable trough of the Gradona burn, which turns the end of this spur before precipitating

itself in a series of cascades on Positano. By retracing my steps a short way towards its head in a little, partly wooded glen, I turned the obstacle and reached the grassy 'divide,' to enjoy a final glorious panorama over the Bay of Naples to Ischia, backed by the distant hills behind Gaeta.

A cursory examination of the big deep-cut Acqua di Miloglen, a little farther to the N. and rising to the W. of my peak, did not seem to promise an easier approach to it. The chestnut woods between the two glens were bright with anemones and red and yellow orchis, in pleasant contrast to the barren declivities I had been on. The few cows grazing near the S. Maria Col were the first living creatures—except swallows—I had seen since the ilex-carrier some four hours before. After 2 P.M. the heat eased off rapidly, and I dropped pleasantly down the zigzag S. Maria path on Positano in a little over an hour from the turn of the Gradona glen.

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THE NORTH-EAST ARÊTE OF THE JUNGFRAU AND OTHER TRAVERSES.

BY D. E. PILLEY AND I. A. RICHARDS.

MOST people who went out to the Alps early this year took with them gloomy anticipations of cold, continually breaking weather. Disconsolately we envisaged the steamy ascent to the hut on the first fine day, the frustrated hours spent aloft in blanketed discomfort, the wet descent, the growing sense of futility. A regular repetition of this cycle of activity leaves so little for memory to feed upon that we felt that only an extreme resolve could save us from the calamity of a wasted summer. It took the form of an understanding that, short of absolute necessity, we would not spend more than two consecutive nights in any one low-lying region. Although a kindly fortune removed the primary reason for this resolve, we found no reason to depart from it. The thrill of descent into new country outweighed the convenience of returning to a centre. To go up by a route unknown to the party, to come down over slopes never seen before into valleys where the rocks, the trees, the houses, the very flowers are different, seems to us the way to wring the best joys from mountaineering. Though tastes will differ, even the intricate, new, or exceptional route takes, in this scheme, a secondary



place as a thing to be seized if opportunity allows, but not worth the sacrifice of valuable days in idle waiting for the propitious moment.

At first it seemed that the bad prognosis was to be justified, and we were careful to warn Miss Thompson, out with us on her first season, not to expect too much. It was cold, cloudy, and rainy on the Aiguille de l'Allée, an admirable training climb, easy rocks growing yard by yard more interesting, and culminating in really aerial scrambling. This broken weather continued. *Par un temps menaçant* we toiled up to the Mountet, and though strengthened by hot grogs on the moraine we found the walk long—and the sacks heavy.

Dark on their journey lour'd the gloomy day,  
Wild were the hills, and doubtful grew the way;  
More dark, more gloomy, and more doubtful, show'd  
The mansion which received them from the road.

Later with advantage we removed from the hotel to the Constantia Cabane, which under its present *gardien* extends a remarkable welcome.

The next day a bitter wind caught and paralysed us above the Col Durand. A crimson dawn had bathed the towers of the Vieresselgrat in ill-omened glory, and now the sky was suddenly blurred with multitudinous rapidly moving cirrus wisps. Disks of snow-crust, torn up by the whirlwinds, stung painfully, and skins not yet hardened found the blasts unendurable. We turned back from the Pointe de Zinal and hurried down to spread ourselves lazily on the Roc Noir and watch the manœuvres of a guided party on the wall of the Col. 'Deux dames,' they had exclaimed, on seeing the three of us, 'et point de guide, qu'elles sont courageuses!'

In the basin below, crevasses muffled over with snow-drift made us proceed with a caution which at the time we thought perhaps unnecessary. Next morning we saw more clearly the possibilities of the place. It was 2.30, and we were preparing in the little hotel to start for the Grand Cornier. A party from the hut had passed at 2.10, and as we laced up our boots an iterated cry came faintly up from the glacier. It might have been jodelling, but, as we listened, the cries were more distinct; indefinite alarm grew to certainty, it was 'Au secours! au secours!' Seizing axes, rope and lantern, we dashed out and down on to the glacier. Red lightning was flashing behind the Gabelhorn, and the filmy moonlight shed an indistinct illumination. On the dry glacier all the hollows,

watercourses and crevasses were filled with lingering snows from the spring. Here and there rocks and holes made dark blots on the dim expanse. Less than a hundred yards out, in a place where many experienced parties might not have roped, three such spots in a line seemed to be the place from which the cries were coming. The word *crevasse* detached itself. One figure crouching with ice-axe fixed, another prone, immobile through the tension of the rope, the third blot a jagged opening like the mouth of a well—from this came the heartrending sound that tells of pain. It was not easy to find where the crevasse began or ended, it was still more difficult to lower a spare rope to the suspended guide owing to the thick overhanging eaves; any attempt to pull on the original rope had to be desisted from, owing to his suffering. Before long further help came down from the Cabane, and soon seven people were grouped on both sides of the crevasse. A third rope was lowered, so that he could be lifted from two directions at once, and an electric torch (very useful in the circumstances) made clear the position of the victim, some twelve feet down under the overhang. None the less, more than half an hour of strenuous toil elapsed before we got him to the surface.

Fortunately a doctor was present, and broken ribs and a perforated lung, the sad effects of this mishap, could be attended to at once. It is to be hoped that the unfortunate guide, a man of over sixty, of good reputation and betrayed on the simplest part of his own home glacier, made a good recovery. When we left he was progressing as well as could be expected. The points which most struck us about the affair were, first, the danger of the practice so common among guides of carrying coils of rope in the hand (the morning was frosty and cold, the surface of the snow hard; nevertheless a bridge had collapsed beneath his feet like a trap-door just as he was testing it); secondly, the extreme difficulty of extricating any person whose rope has cut under the eaves of a crevasse.

Thenceforward, when in our wanderings we were *d deux*, we set aside the ordinary Alpine rope and used 120 ft. of Alpine line doubled and furnished with loops so as to form a rope-ladder. This lesson taught us to walk warily and delicately in places where before we should have suspected nothing.

After this excursion the Grand Cornier, for which the unlucky party had also been bound, lost its charm, and we wandered tranquilly up the Besso instead, feeling uncommonly

tired and short of breath. Running hard and hauling ropes is especially tiring before dawn. Miss Thompson now took a rest-day, and we chose the Rothorn as the expedition least involving crevassed glaciers. We have always very equally shared the responsibility and work. Up crevassed slopes it is reasonable that the heaviest should advance first, downhill over the same ground the lighter—given equal experience—should precede; but to-day a desire of some years' standing was to be gratified, and the lighter was in front throughout. A guided party we overtook on Le Blanc showed some surprise at the order in which we were advancing. But the weather was breaking, clouds swept upon us at the shoulder, and a thick black storm was coming up from the west and blotting out Mont Blanc and the intervening ridges. We went on to a sheltered nook by 'Le Razoir.' Here the three parties on the mountain assembled trying to keep warm in spite of stinging hail-storms which swept over us. At last the situation but not the weather became clear, and we followed the rest of humanity on the downward track.

Next day Miss Thompson left us for Zermatt and the Matterhorn, and we were joined by Joseph Georges Le Skieur. As we lay in the sun and watched him descend from the Rothorn with a party of friends, we remembered, with a vivid pleasure, how we first met him. We were a guideless and weary party of four crawling in the evening light along the ridge of the Douves Blanches back from the Za, when we saw two little figures coming over the shoulder of the Clocher de Bertol, evidently looking for us. They went back, only to reappear almost immediately hurrying towards us. How we resented their officiousness! How pleasant to come upon them at the N. Col de Bertol, sitting nonchalantly enjoying the view—J. G. and the deputy gardien of the Bertol. With what a friendly gesture they produced the bottle of hot tea which they had gone back to fetch for our refreshment. It was great fun to meet him again, the three of us equally full of reminiscences and enthusiastic for future plans.

We were off early in the morning, with a farewell to the gardien—a man of remarkable charm who handled even an unexpected *pensionnat* of some forty schoolgirls with perfect aplomb and equanimity. Once again we attacked the Rothorn, J. G. deriving much amusement and pleasure from the fact that 'Mademoiselle' was acting as his guide up to the summit. The other side came fully up to our great expectations until we reached that notorious moraine. It was horrible to leave a

wake of dust like any motor-car, and worse still to follow through one !

Midnight, and impossible to start for the Ober Gabelhorn ; the thunder-storm broke just in time to save us from getting up. In the morning the flowers in the Trift glen, as everywhere this year, seemed richer and more plentiful than ever before. We came up from Zermatt with a new item for the provision-sack, Basler Leckerli, henceforth a staple article in our climbing diet. Incidentally we succeeded this summer in eliminating all tins from our sacks, with great benefit all round.

The long spell of fine weather started that evening and we were away at 2 A.M. for 'la course la plus chic de la région,' as a Swiss enthusiast described it. Probably the traverse of the Wellenkuppe Ober-Gabelhorn Arbengrat deserves this tribute as well as any other which might be favoured. The Trift glacier itself as the crystal clearness of the sunrise crept down upon it was a thing almost too exquisite to walk upon. On the first rocks of the Wellenkuppe a chough kept us company at breakfast, pursuing crumbs, as they bounded down the snow slope, with hops as singular as they were absurd. 'Je me demande,' observed J. G., 'ce qu'ils trouvent à manger ici en hiver ?' We halted under the snow-cap of the Wellenkuppe to put on all the clothes we had. On the other side a draught from the north had made the fresh snow crisp and bound it tightly to the old snow beneath. At first broad and gently sloping, the ridge gathers itself together to rise as a high-pitched roof and abuts on a great red gendarme, smooth-sided and clean-cut like the spire of a church. From its most repellent corner we found hanging an immense cable. The ascent of this was the least attractive and most fatiguing section of the day. Beyond, sweep after sweep of the clear white ridge, rising and falling and lipped to the left over the Zermatt valley like a broken wave, led up to the final rocks. Along this snow ridge, as along the edge of some cloud hung in the sky, we made our leisurely, effortless, and exciting progress in a situation unsurpassed for beauty and dramatic thrill. At the summit we met a party whose hats, appearing intermittently above the ice bulges of the N. Arête, had from time to time been a distraction. After some conversation we began our descent. About the Arbengrat we knew nothing whatever except that parties following it sometimes returned very late. We therefore made some haste down these magnificent rocks, nowhere very difficult, but continuously interesting. On the Arben glacier J. G., seeing an opportunity for an intricate

but safe glacier descent, a branch of the sport which he particularly favours, left the usual route to the right and cut straight down through the middle of the ice-fall.

From Zermatt we were soon away, regretting only that an expedition planned with Dr. McCleary fell through at the last moment. We did not know that it was necessary to ask for the train to stop at Rothen Boden and were involved in a dusty descent from the Gornergrat to the glacier. The way up from the Bétemps in the morning was complicated for us by an attempt to follow the meanderings of some lanterns ahead ; eventually we ran down their bearers perched on some rocks which they declared impossible in all directions. Passing them, we saw them again from the summit not much farther on. Although no wind was stirring, this was for us the coldest day of the summer and before we reached the sunlight Monte Rosa justified its reputation for chilliness. On the rocks of the E. ridge of the Nordend we came across an immense coil of cable and several hundredweight of iron pitons hidden under a boulder. We wondered very much what they were intended for and soon found out, for it needed very vigorous efforts to overcome the steep little rock-wall on to the ridge at the point at which we climbed it.

The tour of the summits to the Signalkuppe was enchanting. The vast gulf on the Italian side, filled as the day grew older with huge towering masses of cloud which seemed always approaching us without ever coming nearer, the steep snow couloir to the Ostspitze, the hour of slumber on the Dufourspitze, the discovery of immense steps leading up the ice of the Zumsteinspitze, the ant-like aimless wanderings of tiny figures on the plateau below the Margherita Cabane, the arrival at the Cabane with its *garde-fou* and spectral *lucarne*—all these made up an unforgettable impression. We rested there the next day, distracted by streams of visitors from the Gnifetti hut, which was evidently during the holiday-time a place to be avoided. Our second night was less successful than the first as far as sleep was concerned, the window being sealed by national feeling in a manner familiar to alpinists. Only when our hearts ceased to function and a medley of snores reassured us did a surreptitious loosing of the shutters restore respiration.

There are few places more perfect at dawn on a clear morning than the Lysjoch, with the pyramid of the Parrotspitze half lit, and the rich gloom of the ice valleys contrasted with the lustre of the near ridges. The Lyskamm on this day was unbelievably simple ; the celebrated cornice whose reputation

had a little intimidated the amateurs of the party was harmless, less formidable than some on the Gabelhorn and Nordend. The whole ridge was an ethereal walk, curving, rising and falling in great sweeps which passed by without effort and without even that slight mental strain which accompanies so many glorious expeditions. On the Felikjoch we were in two minds about the Zwillinge. After some debate Joseph gave the casting vote. Pollux we cut, because its rock ridge looked uninviting, and, as the Zwillings-Pass looked to us impossible, we came down by the Schwarzthor, the final ice bulge of which was very awkward this year.

Two days later we were on the Tête Blanche. Some ideas about the N. Arête of the Dent Blanche had been disturbing the mind of one of us since a visit to its foot in 1913. These we now hoped to put to the test, but a queer lassitude which lingered for six days after the two nights at the Margherita combined with other considerations to make us decide at Bricolla to leave at once for the Oberland. The record of exploration, including a determined attempt by three Swiss who bivouacked for two nights on the Col, this year leaves no doubt that the expedition, if ever it is made, will be severe. The decision to move on at once and spend the next few days in ordinary expeditions caused J. G. intense disappointment. We went down the same night and were injudicious enough to start for the Belalp from Brigue at noon on the hottest day of the year: a gloomy party collapsed exhausted on some ant-heaps under a tree just above Naters. 'Quelle charogne de bêtes!' said Joseph, every time he woke up. None the less not till dusk did we toil on up the interminable path, sack-straps cutting through the shoulders, one foot dragging after the other; we all agreed that this promenade was the hardest expedition of the summer.

At the Aletschhorn hut we were welcomed by two cheery Swiss climbers with the best coffee in the world. They were lamenting that they had brought up too many provisions to be able to make any traverses, their sacks would not allow it. When we saw the baskets overflowing with their tinned food we could believe them. Our own sacks at the beginning had been fairly well charged, though not with tins—aneroids, telescopes, verascopes, 100-ft. coils of Alpine line, Pyrenean wine-gourds, cooking apparatus and heavy reading; these kinds of things were left behind at every halting-place. By this time we had reached the Spartan limit and were travelling fairly light.

The Aletschhorn up the S.W. ridge we found monotonous and exhausting. We were still all suffering from an odd weakness which we attribute to our Monte Rosa days. The boulders and shale of that slope which never develops into even moderate scrambling seemed even more tiresome and uninteresting than perhaps they are. The other side was a different matter. A beautiful snow-field, with beyond it the peaks of the Oberland, now seen by us all for the first time, led down to a narrow ice-ridge. The level floor of the Aletsch glacier, far down to the left, looked singularly unapproachable, until, beyond a broken chaos of overhanging séracs, we could see a thin rib of rocks rising towards us in low relief upon the great wall of ice. Gaining these we scrambled quickly down, but the way seemed long and hot; a caravan going down to the Concordia from the Lötschenlücke came and passed and vanished before we left the rocks, crossed the bergschrund, and came out into the middle of that vast corridor which to us, never before visitors to the Oberland, seems still its most moving and impressive feature.

The immense scale of these glaciers and the peculiar lure of the passes which are so often seen, indefinitely remote, as at the end of immense avenues, we felt again as we went up from the Concordia in the morning towards the Jungfraujoch. An odd place the restaurant there—a cross between a cowshed and the Trocadero, with flavours of the Bakerloo Tube and the caverns of Cheddar. We came down to it from the Mönch, which we traversed, up by the pleasant S.W. ridge and down by the E. The glacier was strewn with prodigious masses of ice—a large part of the covering of the Mönch must have fallen away earlier in the year; they formed three long curving piers from twenty to a hundred yards wide, their vertical walls sometimes 30 ft. high. J. G. no less than ourselves was amazed at the sight and suggested that we should photograph ‘ce spectacle unique.’

To enter the Jungfraujoch Hotel from the Mönch one crosses an ice slope in full view, walks a plank and clammers through a window, to land among a cosmopolitan crowd writing post-cards and drinking Asti. Water, by the way, is unprocurable at this establishment, the reason *given* being that it would be snow-water and therefore unhealthy!

All the day the fascination of the great N.E. Ridge of the Jungfrau rising in four great sweeps from the Jungfraujoch had been growing upon us. We had read of its descent in 1903 (*A.J.* xxii, p. 566), and we heard now of its first and only

ascent in 1911. By this time we had recovered and were feeling in great form, ready, as we had not been lately, for an exceptional expedition. To make sure of this we took a rest-day, but Joseph's enthusiasm was too great to restrain, and he went off early alone on a reconnaissance, about which we were sworn to secrecy. The afternoon was shadowed with the sombreness of an accident. A girl we had seen going off gaily at about 11 A.M. was struck just below the summit of the Jungfrau by an errant stone. Joseph's quick eyes were the first to see the signals, and within twenty minutes a party of guides with stretcher and sledge was *en route*. Their careful descent with her was a remarkable sight, but we wished the crowd had shown more consideration and less curiosity when they arrived. We heard that it was a head-wound and that she was conscious, but she was taken down the railway immediately.

The next morning we started at 4.45 A.M. up Pt. 3560, nowadays known as 'Matilde,' a little snow-peak on which the day before we had seen so many tourists first experience what it feels like to be in snow-steps—a form of sport this which could not have been more amusing to them than was to us the speculative game of guessing what their varying aptitudes would be as we watched them set out.

Beyond 'Matilde' the ridge begins at once and rises, at first snow, then moderate rocks, to the foot of the great gendarme or sentinel which guards and prevents access to the ridge. This gendarme we found the main difficulty of the climb. 'Ce n'est pas un gendarme, c'est plutôt une montagne,' as J. G. remarked. It is impossible direct and has to be turned on the N. or Wengern side. Here the rock is broken and deeply disintegrated. There must this year have been far less ice than when Herr Weber climbed it in 1911 (see *A.J.* xxvi. p. 344), for our route lay wholly upon rock, or rather, upon rocks. We could only advance with extreme slowness and caution, one at a time. No leader not endowed with great delicacy of movement and a fine instinct for the handling of loose blocks could possibly make the passage with safety. Every few yards it was necessary to mount straight up, and here the problem involved by the presence of those below called for very careful placing and clear thinking. The fact that it was hardly ever possible to secure the rope in these exposed situations well shows the rottenness of the face. None the less, such was J. G.'s prudence and so well was the party working together that at no point were any stones accidentally dislodged, although for some steps wheelbarrow-loads of débris were tipped into the void. Need-



less to say we had made sure of the absence of any parties below. We shall never forget the rising drone from those dreadful flocks of humming-birds as they swooped down to the Guggi glacier. During these two hours the horrible temptation to the imagination offered by these stones as we watched them leaping further and further and dwindling in size beyond the power of the eye was by far the most disturbing feature of the experience. It was nine o'clock when we reached the crest of the Sentinel and breakfasted with a distressing sense of eyes behind telescopes. From here onwards, by pleasant rocks reasonably sound, we advanced rapidly over Pt. 3788 until a gendarme-studded rise led up abruptly to a snow-capped summit (Herr Weber's 'huge secondary summit'). These gendarmes again forced us to proceed one at a time; they gave admirable sound climbing, and, unlike Herr Weber, we did not find them at all comparable in difficulty to what had gone before, although at one point we were again forced, as was he, to take to the dangerously rotten north flank. The snowy point to which they led assumes great prominence from the Jungfraujoch station and appears almost equal in height to the Jungfrau, completely hiding a long and difficult section (about one-third of the ridge) which connects it with the Wengern Jungfrau. The whole ridge divided itself for us into four sections: first from Matilde to the Sentinel, roughly S.W. in direction; second from the Sentinel to the point now gained, the 'huge secondary summit,' S.S.W.; third from this point to the Wengern Jungfrau, S.W.; fourth from the Wengern Jungfrau to the summit, S.S.W.

The continuation of the ridge gave us the most exhilarating piece of snow-work imaginable. A sharp ridge corniced on the left ran ahead for seventy feet, then turned at a right angle and became still sharper, with an immense dilapidated cornice overhanging the snow-gulf below. Across the first stretch, knocking off the cornices, which hissed like dragons in their descent, J. G. proceeded to the angle. Here there was nothing to be done but for the second to seat herself astride the edge, watching the rope, while J. G. began to make further progress. A crack of uncertain depth separated intermittently the crazy cornice from its supporting ridge. Astride himself, one knee in this crack, the other over the Giessen glacier, J. G. warned us not to be alarmed by the probable fall of the cornice. Indeed, the situation was such that if this occurred nothing more than a shock to the nerves was possible, and whoever was moving would be left safely straddled, however aerially poised, with



JUNGFRAU FROM THE JOCH.



vertiginous walls falling on either side. Though we clearly realised this, the thought of the sudden disappearance of so large a part of the landscape caused a lively perturbation. It was almost with a sense of disappointment that the third man shuffled off without anything having occurred. And now began the best rock-climbing of the ridge, culminating in three gendarmes which, progressively more difficult, led in steps to the Wengern Jungfrau. The last of these is a very wonderful affair and caused J. G. some surprise. 'Je me demandais où diable ils sont passés?' he confided to us later. Very steep slabs sprang up, holdless except for small nicks, invisible from below, near the right-hand uppermost edge. No more exposed climbing than this could be found.

It was about half-past three when we reached the Wengern Jungfrau, Pt. 4060, and the end of the serious difficulties. For some two hours the darkening sky and the sound of

‘ The archangels rolling Satan’s empty skull  
Over the mountain tops ’

had been disquieting. To the peculiar feeling in the muscles which tells of a big electrical disturbance was now added music from the axes. The party was slightly reassured by discovering that one was rendering ‘God Save the King’ and the other ‘Rule, Britannia’; what J. G.’s axe was doing we had no means of ascertaining. It was probably something inspiring, for we advanced with remarkable élan. About this time a black mist enveloped us, and as we hurried in crampons over the snow-ridge which links the Wengern Jungfrau to the highest point it was impossible to see more than a few yards in any direction. Suddenly we found ourselves apparently in the bowels of an ice-fall; in and out, up and down, through gigantic schruns J. G. led without any bewilderment; there was a dream-like, or perhaps nightmareish, quality about this which a blinding hail-storm accentuated. A singular suspense, as though the storm were gathering for a climax, caused us most apprehension. We struck rocks again, which were rapidly whitening under the hail, and suddenly we were passing through a net-work of iron struts—the signal on the summit—a by no means welcome neighbour at the moment. Down the opposite slopes of shale we scuttled as if the ghost of Satan, in that darkness, were at our heels. We were hardly 100 feet down when what we were momentarily expecting happened. It was so violent that the second member of the party dropped her axe and sat down, to the consternation of the others. In a blue

glare, to the sound of the heavens falling, a companion tumbling prone on the snow is a discomfiting spectacle. Nothing was amiss, however, and we continued to descend rapidly, although drifted hail smothered all the ice-steps and made this none too easy. It was a relief to find ourselves over the Rôthel Sattel and to eat in comparative shelter. Below during these hours the hotel had been occupying itself with gloomy expectations; they had made up their minds that we should spend the night in some crevasse. 'Nous n'y avons pas pensé!' as J. G. said. It seemed only a few minutes (actually sixty-five from the summit) before, wet through, we reached the hotel, the storm still raging. After this, since so serious a break had occurred in the weather, we decided to cover as much ground as possible, not aiming particularly at big peaks.

We went down to Grindelwald through a dull tube, to find the pastoral scenery most refreshing, and were hardly prepared for the magnificence of the Bear. We relished its baths after so many days of Cabane life, but were drawn back next day to the Strahlegg hut. Here we were lucky enough to get up the Schreckhorn, in cold conditions, before another heavy snowfall. This we thought a most attractive climb; our only regret was that the cold forced us for once to break our rule of coming down by a different route, preferably into a new valley. The next day so much snow fell that we began to wonder if we should even be able to get down from the hut. All the other parties cleared out and we had packed our sacks and locked the shutters when we spied a patch of blue sky. This sight and a new card-game we had taught J. G., from which it was difficult to tear him, turned the balance; we risked some days of short commons and remained at the hut. We were rewarded by being able to get over the Strahlegg in a snow-storm, a day made memorable by the addition to our party of two unknown boys who had arrived the previous evening. They fed J. G. with pieces of cheese, his favourite food, and hung around like retainers. When at the Gagg they imagined they were already on the pass. It appeared clear that they would be safer tied on to our rope. It was bitterly cold and they had no gloves, but had to make shift with our spare socks. As to their methods of descent, these were elementary and, unchecked, would have been speedy. The schrund was gaping rather widely, and though they might possibly have shot it headlong, of this we are not certain. However, after some explanation they began to see the advantages of more orthodox methods, and on reaching the glacier they turned delightedly to J. G. to ask if he had ever

done anything more difficult. J. G., who is the soul of tact, did not disillusion them.

At the Grimsel, which caught us instantly with its *Cymraeg* spell, the time came to say farewell to Joseph. The links of companionship formed when toil and stress, ease and triumph and disappointment have been shared in common grow firm and are not easy to sever. There are few better ways of learning the essentials of a fellow-being than such a journey as we had been together. Merely from a technical point of view the traversing of a dozen quite unknown 4,000-metre peaks without a moment's confusion or the slightest check is not an ordinary man's performance; and when to the quiet and daring mastery of every incident of high mountaineering is added an uncanny insight into the moods and half-formed feelings of companions, a delicious, whimsical play of humour, a gift for friendship and a great fund of natural, simple feeling, a devastating shrewdness and the crispest modes of expression, the personality that stands out becomes both vivid and appealing. We watched him striding up the slopes to catch his train at Gletsch, to join friends of ours, with much more than the usual regret that a party which had been happy together should break up.

Hereafter we continued our scheme of travelling light and wandering. At nightfall we were walking in the moonlight up the Lötschenthal, which, wonderful though it is by daylight, was then like a fairy tale. With Roberts and Hollingsworth we had hoped to do the Bietschhorn and other expeditions, but broken weather frustrated our plans and undertakings. From the Mutthorn hut we went on a cloudy morning to the Lauterbrunnen Breithorn, dividing at the rocks into two ropes. The sideways thrust of the wind on the final snow-cap made us glad of our crampons, even though putting them on involved an ordeal for the fingers. It was a day for rapid moving, and no sooner were we back in the hut than snow started falling seriously and continued heavily all night and the next day. There was a Swiss there supporting life under these rigorous conditions upon raw carrots; it made us shiver to see him gnaw them. The second morning a glorious sunrise and a fading moon saw us descending the Kanderfirn. On our right the south face of the Blümlisalp, so black two days before and the object of our ambition, was pure white from crest to base. We were glad, when we saw the state of the glacier, that we had not endeavoured, as we half thought of doing, to go down during the storm. Coffee and the first warmth of the sun at the Gasthaus

put us in a mood to appreciate the valley. It seemed to us as fine as the Val d'Arazas. That evening we were at the Oeschinen See, an unforgettable place, and next day we left Kandersteg for Zermatt. Here A. E. Field, indefatigable wanderer, and a friend of his joined us to go over the Théodule into Italy. We started very late, thereby enjoying a truly Italian sunset on the col. Perhaps this late start was the reason for the fatigue we felt next day toiling up grass and scree towards the Col de Vaufrède. On the glacier we felt better at once, as so often happens. Down the other side we crossed a strange chaos of boulders among which the Lac du Dragon and nine other lakelets lie bound, all of different colours, and gained the Col de Bellatsà. A little way down the fine glacier of that name, which has surprises to offer in its lower reaches, we overtook a party without either crampons or step-cutting ability. They were apparently expecting to come across the Rifugio d'Aosta at any moment! It was then towards six, so they did wisely to return to Valtournanche, whence they came, as soon as they saw what was ahead.

Prararé offers nowadays very comfortable quarters and there is no longer any reason for the peaks around to be neglected. We made an attempt to fit in a scramble on the Cengle before going up to the Rifugio d'Aosta, but merely got a soaking for our pains. It cleared next day and we bent ourselves under four days' provisions and more wood than we could burn and went up to the hut. We gazed rather resentfully, wonderful as they looked, at the whitened faces of the Bouquetins, for that white glory meant the ruin of many cherished hopes and dreams. The wind continued high, and next morning, when we had walked round by the Tête de Valpelline to the Col du Mont Brûlé, its icy breath soon made clear to us the impossibility of serious climbing. It was some consolation to crawl into shelter and look up at the wall of the Petit Bouquetin down which, with Joseph, we made at dusk in a snow-storm two years ago a descent of a kind which we none of us wish to repeat. Now in the clear light, with the ledges well picked out by new snow, we could see other and better ways. But they would need perfectly dry and warm rocks. It was annoying to be debarred from trying them. We came down to the Cabane by rocks to the right of the Za de Zan glacier, a much quicker way than walking round the snow. The Za de Zan Alp on the right, to which the cows mount after an hour's walking on the glacier, was alive with marmots and white with edelweiss.

That night snow fell again. It seemed to us plainly idle

to wait for better weather. Leaving our supplies behind with more patient friends in the hut, we were soon running down the valley below Prarayé bound for that haven of the weather-defeated climber the Couronne at Aosta. It seemed to us that the luck which had kept us company from the Mountet had at last run out only a day or two before our holiday-time expired. We were mistaken. There still remained for us the Bec de Luseney, one of those rare peaks the way up which is exactly as it should be. We came down by the S.W. face, which is much less convenient. Only the sudden emergence in the midst of an immense clavier of a good, worn path, so characteristic a relic of the time before the Great Plague when the Valpelline was a densely populated valley, saved us from being very late. Next day our luck reached its climax. A ridge noticed and explored two years ago gave us a first ascent, that of the Picion Epicoun, which as a rock-climb seemed to us to be difficult to surpass. None of the usual routes on the Chamonix Aiguilles, for instance, give more interesting climbing, sounder rock, finer situations, or a more satisfying expedition. Difficulty requires repeated attempts before it can be estimated and we are ourselves at variance upon this point. From the summit the best way back to Chamin is over the Bec d'Epicoun to the west. Here a thick local mist enveloped us, inconvenient seeing the lateness of the hour (6.0), and our complete ignorance of the very confusing topography. We were lucky to get down in comfort. In fact, only ability to descend rapidly in the dark, gained through winter expeditions in Wales, enabled us to avoid a very undesirable predicament.

This finished our summer's climbing. By the Col de Berlon and the wilderness of the Otemma moraines we crossed to the Chanrion Alp and hunted long in the early dusk for a hut, which proved to be empty. The next day, as we hurried down the Val de Bagnes under a cloudless sky, we were keenly conscious of the truth of a remark which Joseph was fond of making, 'We may none of us ever have such another season again.'



## 'LE TEMPLE DE LA NATURE' AT THE MONTANVERT.

ON September 2 a ceremony of some historical interest took place at the Montanvert, the 'inauguration' of the *Temple de la Nature*. The eyes of most of us must have rested on this tiny building, but probably very few of us imagined that it had ever been more than an insignificant appendage to the hotel, or that it could lay claim to so high-sounding a title. Forbes<sup>1</sup> describes it as 'a small solid stone house of a single apartment, built at the expense of M. Desportes, the French Resident at Geneva, having a black marble slab above the door, with the inscription, *A la Nature*.' It is ignored by the 'Alpine Guide' and in modern editions of Baedeker, but its memory has been preserved in successive editions of Murray's 'Handbook,' the later of which add the information that it was long used as a drinking-room for the muleteers, and that Desportes was a disciple of Rousseau; it also crops up, through an odd accident, as 'the so-called Temple' in the ALPINE JOURNAL.<sup>2</sup> The whole story is as follows: The earliest visitors to the Montanvert found nothing in the nature of a building save a primitive shelter erected by a shepherd. In 1779 an Englishman, Charles Blair, had a rude stone cabin erected, which, according to Coolidge, lasted till 1812 only, but which Murray (1838 ed.) refers to as still existing as a cow-house or stable. Be this as it may, some fifteen or twenty years<sup>3</sup> after its erection, the 'vain and ostentatious' Desportes supplied the funds for a new 'pavilion,' which was built by a Genevese architect, Jean Jaquet, under the direction of the celebrated Bourrit. This was the *Temple de la Nature*, which for about forty years remained the only shelter for visitors to the Montanvert. In 1840 it became an annexe of the new hotel, and later still a washhouse. It was rescued from this ignominious condition quite recently by the pious exertions of the C.A.F., the Touring Club of France, the Commune of

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<sup>1</sup> See Forbes, *Travels through the Alps of Savoy*, 1900 edition, pp. 70-71, and W. A. B. Coolidge's Notes.

<sup>2</sup> *A.J.* vii. 433.

<sup>3</sup> Modern authorities agree in giving the date as 1795, but the unnamed traveller of *A.J.* vii., whose evidence ought to be good, seems to make it 1799.

Chamonix-Mont-Blanc, and other local bodies, and now the restoration of its ancient dignity was to be suitably solemnized.

It was a beautiful day and extremely hot, and the invited guests were only too glad to avail themselves of the free railway tickets placed at their disposal. The Chamonix band, which was very much in evidence throughout, led us, to the strains of a lively march, from the station to the hotel, where we found tables covered with recently filled wine-glasses, and began the proceedings by drinking to the memory of Pocock and Wyndham. About noon we adjourned to the Temple, a stone’s-throw away, and the Mayor of Chamonix, standing at the top of the steps, and supported by half a dozen of the oldest Chamonix guides, delivered a short but effective harangue, declared the Temple open, and invited us to go inside. We found the ‘single apartment’ gay with flowers, and its walls more permanently adorned with wooden tablets, which recorded the history set out above, and gave the names of about thirty distinguished personages who had visited the building in the past.

Then to lunch; but we had hardly taken our seats when a door opened unexpectedly and admitted a lady attired in the style of a century ago, who introduced herself as Mlle. Perrichon; she was followed by a very comical figure who hardly needed her introduction, he was so obviously M. Perrichon, whose famous ‘Voyage’ we have all laughed over, and then by another lady in attire half Alpine, half Arctic, which, I was informed, represented fairly accurately the costume worn by Mlle. Henriette d’Angeville on her ascent of Mont Blanc. Mlle. Perrichon was, I learned later, a well-known member of the Théâtre Française; she delivered her monologue, which she had composed herself, with great spirit and humour.

Over the lunch and the speeches I need not linger. There was a pleasant interval for talk outside, and I had barely begun to think of getting back when the train reappeared and carried us down to Chamonix. Altogether a bright and well-organized little function, at which one was very glad to have been present.

A. L. M.

Since the above lines were written I have had the opportunity of reading a detailed account of the Temple and its fortunes, by M. Charles Gos, in *La Semaine Littéraire* for October 6, 1923. It is a charming article and will, I hope, find its way in due course into one of the Club albums.

THE MOUNTAINS OF THE COLUMBIA ICEFIELD, 1923.<sup>1</sup>

(Rocky Mountains of Canada.)

By J. MONROE THORINGTON, M.D., F.R.G.S.

*'Our course lay, for the most part, over vast fields of snow, but the early portion of it presented scenery of surpassing beauty, far more magnificent and dazzling than that of the day before. There were broad and bridgeless chasms, whose depths the eye, from their dizzy edges, vainly sought to ascertain ;—towering masses, in forms that, from their strangeness, seemed unreal ;—spires of brightness, grottos and palaces of frost,—here recent, soft, of snowy whiteness,—there older, hardened, passing into crystal azure,—sprinkled with frozen dew, festooned with silver fringe ; their inmost caverns dark,—vast stalactites of ice, in line, guarding the portals.'*

DR. MARTIN BARRY, 1836.

*'Pursuing the path, I next caught a glance of an icy forest of miniature pinnacles and spires, still freezing in the morning air. However elegantly these fairy structures may be formed, they successively dissolve in the warmer atmosphere, and being hardened again by the nightly frosts, are perpetually starting again into new objects of wonder.'*

FREDERICK CLISSOLD, 1823.

*'Now the violet tint was upon us, but the summit of the mountain was still burnished with a line of bright gold. It died away, leaving a lovely red, which, having lingered long, dwindled at last into the shade in which all the world around was enveloped, and left the sky clear and deeply azure.'*

JOHN AULDJO, 1828.

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<sup>1</sup> This article continues and completes a study of the principal icefield sources of the North Saskatchewan river ; it is a sequel to 'The Freshfield Group, 1922' (*A.J.* xxxiv. No. 225, p. 387).

While this region has long been known, this is the first account of exploration based on the maps and nomenclature of the recent Interprovincial Survey. The writer desires to acknowledge indebtedness to the Interprovincial Boundary Commission, and to the Department of the Interior, Topographical Surveys Branch, Ottawa, for many courtesies.—J. M. T.

*'Even where all men go, none may have stopped ; what all men see, none may have observed.'*

JAMES D. FORBES, 1842.

#### HISTORICAL AND TOPOGRAPHICAL.

IT is of interest to the mountaineer of to-day to learn that the question of altitude in the Canadian Rocky Mountains, and the position of their greatest uplift, was being investigated more than a century ago. Thus, in 1809, at a time when the Continental Alps were shrouded in mystery and superstition, we find David Thompson,<sup>2</sup> the explorer of the North-west Company, writing as follows :

'To ascertain the height of the Rocky Mountains above the level of the Ocean had long occupied my attention, but without satisfaction to myself. . . . I found the height of Mt. Nelson to be 7223 feet above the level of the Lake,<sup>3</sup> which gives 13,123 above the Pacific Ocean ; of the secondary Mountains on the east side, of one Peak, 10,889 feet, and another, 10,825 feet above the level of the sea, but for the primitive Mountains I could not find a place from which to obtain a measurement and be in safety ; but 5000 feet may be safely added to the height of Mt. Nelson to give the height of the primitive Mountains. At the greatest elevation of the passage across the Mountains by the Athabaska river, the point by boiling water gave 11,000 feet, and the peaks of the Mountains are full 7000 feet above this passage, and the general height may be fairly taken at 18,000 feet above the Pacific Ocean.'

This overestimation of altitude was perpetuated by later travellers, notably by David Douglas,<sup>4</sup> the Scotch botanist, who, in 1827, crossed Athabaska Pass :

'After breakfast, about one o'clock, being well refreshed, I set out with the view of ascending what appeared to be the highest peak on the north or left-hand side. The height from its apparent base exceeds 6000 feet, 17,000 feet above the level of the sea. . . . This peak, the highest yet known in the northern continent of America, I felt a sincere pleasure in naming Mt. BROWN, in honor of R. Brown, Esq., the illustrious

<sup>2</sup> *Thompson's Narrative*, 1784-1812, p. 403. Champlain Society, Toronto. 1916.

<sup>3</sup> Lake Windermere.

<sup>4</sup> *Douglas' Journal*, 1823-27, p. 72. Royal Horticultural Society. 1914.

botanist, no less distinguished by the amiable qualities of his refined mind. A little to the south is one nearly of the same height, rising more into a sharp point, which I named Mt. Hooker.'

It was many years before these great heights were proved to be non-existent, and they were the source of much perplexity to the first climbing parties. Thus, after a journey to the Freshfield Group, in 1897, Collie<sup>5</sup> and his companions are in doubt as to whether 'the high peak he had seen from the slopes of Mt. Freshfield might be either Mount Brown or Mount Hooker, the two mountains standing on either side of Athabasca Pass, and long reputed to be the loftiest summits, not only of North America, but possibly of the entire American Continent.'

The altitudes ascribed to Mts. Brown and Hooker did, however, serve a purpose, because they led to further discoveries in a land of splendid peaks and extensive icefields, and drew men into what is now known to be one of the finest scenic areas in the Rocky Mountains.

In 1858 Dr. Hector, of the Palliser Expedition, sent out from England to explore for passes across the range, discovered the Lyell icefield. He wrote<sup>6</sup> as follows :

'Two hours, with the aid of the track the men had hewn, brought us to the west end of the lake, where there is a few miles extent of open grassy plain, fringed with woods, intervening between the foot of the great glacier and the water's edge. . . . I wished Nimrod to go with me, but he would not venture on the ice, but told all sorts of stories of sad disasters that had befallen those Indians that ever did so ; how that, if they did not get lost in a crevasse, they were at least sure to be unlucky afterwards in their hunting.'<sup>7</sup> . . . I now saw that the glacier I was upon was a mere extension of a great mass of ice, that enveloped the higher mountains to the west, being

<sup>5</sup> *Climbs and Exploration in the Canadian Rockies*, p. 68. Collie and Stutfield. Longmans & Co. 1902.

<sup>6</sup> *Journals, Detailed Reports, and Observations relative to the Exploration of British North America*, p. 110. Captain John Palliser. Folio. London, 1860.

<sup>7</sup> While the Indians had a few superstitions regarding glaciers and higher mountain regions, they did not live in the mountain fastnesses, and their legends deal more with the plains, with hunting and fishing. This should be contrasted with the Swiss glacier dragons of Scheuchzer and the 'Geister' of the Mer de Glace and Gorner glacier, extant even in 1894.

supplied partly through a narrow spout-like ice-cascade in the upper part of the valley, and partly by the *re-solidifying* of the fragments of the upper *Mer de Glace*, falling over a precipice several hundred feet in height, to the brink of which it was gradually pushed forward. . . . After examining the surface of the glacier, and arriving at its upper end close to the precipice, we struck off to the north side of the valley, to ascend a peak <sup>8</sup> that looked more accessible than the others. . . . We had a splendid view over the *Mer de Glace* to the south and west, the mountain valleys being quite obliterated, and the peaks and ridges standing out like islands through the icy mantle. The valley below us is really fed by three great glaciers, but only the one we had crossed fairly descends into and occupies it. . . . The mountains to the north are very rugged, but not so high as those to the south of the valley. In that direction there is one peak <sup>9</sup> which has a pyramidal top completely wrapped in snow and at least double the height of where I stood above the valley.'

The Forbes-Lyell Group of mountains comprises the great icefield and peak area of the Continental Divide, in latitude 52, between Bush and Thompson Passes, an air-line approximating twenty miles. On the British Columbia side the South Fork of Bush river flows from Bush Pass, joined by Icefall creek, descending from the cirque between the south-west Lyell glaciers and Bush Mt. Further north, from the Divide, Lyell creek descends to the North Fork. Western streams from Thompson Pass augment the North Fork of Bush river. On the Alberta side Howse river,<sup>10</sup> formed by Conway creek, Freshfield and Forbes brooks—the latter from Bush Pass—flows northward, receiving the Lyell icefield streams, having their outlets through Glacier Lake and Arctomys creek.<sup>11</sup> Howse river joins the North Saskatchewan, flowing south from Sun Wapta Pass, the two streams meeting from almost opposite directions. The combined stream flows eastward, receiving Mistaya river<sup>12</sup> at a sharp angle from the south, and makes

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<sup>8</sup> Mt. Sullivan of the Palliser map.

<sup>9</sup> Mt. Forbes. The names Forbes, Sullivan, and Lyell appear on the Palliser map.

<sup>10</sup> The old 'Middle Fork' of the North Saskatchewan.

<sup>11</sup> The 'Valley of the Lakes.' See *In the Heart of the Canadian Rockies*, p. 393. James Outram. MacMillan. 1905.

<sup>12</sup> Also known as Bear Creek, or the 'Little Fork' of the North Saskatchewan. Its source is in Peyto glacier, below Bow Pass.

its exit from the mountains through the mighty portals between Mt. Murchison and Mt. Wilson.

The North Saskatchewan, from Sun Wapta Pass, ten miles above its junction with Howse river, receives its western tributary, Alexandra river,<sup>13</sup> which rises below Thompson Pass in the northern glacier cirques of Mt. Lyell.

The Lyell and Mons<sup>14</sup> icefields, on the Continental Divide, have a combined area of only slightly less than forty square miles, and separate the group into southern and northern divisions. The chief peaks of the southern area are Mt. Forbes,<sup>15</sup> 11,902 ft., east of the Divide, and Bush Mt.—Rostrum Peak, 10,770 ft.; Icefall Peak, 10,420 ft.—in British Columbia. The peaks of the Divide, beginning at Bush Pass, 7860 ft., are Mt. Cambrai, 10,380 ft., Mt. Messines, 10,290 ft., and Mons Peak,<sup>16</sup> 10,114 ft.

The northern division extends from Mt. Lyell to Thompson Pass, 6511 ft., in the splendid range encircling the head of Alexandra river. Mt. Lyell possesses five peaks—(1) 11,870 ft., (2)<sup>17</sup> 11,495 ft., (3) 11,495 ft., (4) 11,260 ft., (5) 11,150 ft.—of which Peaks (3), (4) and (5) are on the Continental Divide, while Peaks (1) and (2) project eastward. From Peak (3) of Mt. Lyell the Divide continues northward over Mt. Farbus, 10,550 ft., Mt. Oppy,<sup>18</sup> 10,940 ft., Mt. Douai, 10,230 ft., and rises to the abrupt, snowy summits of Mt. Alexandra<sup>19</sup>—

<sup>13</sup> The old 'West Branch' of the North Saskatchewan. The stream is now named Alexandra river below the bend where the streams from East Rice and Alexandra glaciers enter. Above the bend it is known as Castleguard river, arising in the Castleguard tongues of the Columbia icefield and receiving, in its middle course, Watchman creek flowing from Thompson Pass.

<sup>14</sup> The 'Kaufmann glacier' of Outram. (P. 311.)

<sup>15</sup> First ascended in 1902, by Collie, Outram, Stutfield, Woolley, Weed, with Hans and Christian Kaufmann.

<sup>16</sup> 'Mt. Kaufmann.' Ascended, in 1902, by Outram and C. Kaufmann.

<sup>17</sup> Peak (2) was ascended, in 1902, by Outram and Kaufmann, from the bend of Alexandra river, via the eastern Alexandra glacier. It was stated at this time that this was the highest peak of Mt. Lyell. The recent Interprovincial Boundary Survey gives equal heights, 11,495 ft., for Peaks (2) and (3).

<sup>18</sup> 'Gable Peak' of Outram. (P. 387.)

<sup>19</sup> The 'Mt. Lyell' of C. S. Thompson; 'Query Peak' of Outram. The first ascent was made, in 1902, by Outram and C. Kaufmann, via East Rice glacier and Trident Col, which was crossed to the

S., 11,214 ft. ; N., 10,990 ft.—thence crossing Mt. Fresnoy,<sup>20</sup> 10,780 ft., Mt. Spring Rice,<sup>21</sup> 10,745 ft., and descends to Thompson Pass from the summit of Watchman Peak, 9878 ft.

The bend of Alexandra river, where it is joined by its head-water from the Columbia icefield, Castleguard river, some seven miles below Thompson Pass, is the camping-place for climbs in the Lyell division. There are joined three glaciers, formerly grouped as 'Trident glaciers,' the northern now known as East Rice glacier,<sup>22</sup> while the two remaining have been renamed the Alexandra glaciers. East Rice glacier descends from a snow saddle<sup>23</sup> between Mt. Spring Rice and Mt. Fresnoy ; this col may be reached in a few hours from the tongue, and was the basic route in the first ascents of Mt. Spring Rice, Mt. Fresnoy, and the south peak of Mt. Alexandra. The western Alexandra glacier heads in a cirque between Mt. Alexandra and Mt. Oppy, a precipitous wall affording a possible but difficult route to the crest of the range. The eastern Alexandra glacier descends from a snow pass, *circa* 10,000 ft., between Mt. Farbus and Peak (8) of Mt. Lyell, affording passage to the main Lyell icefield above Glacier Lake and, apparently, a logical route for attempts upon Mts. Farbus and Oppy. The glacier fills the northern basin of Mt. Lyell, from which it pours in a broken icefall to a flat bulbous tongue, with few crevasses, turning in an eastward angle and ending near the river.

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British Columbia side, intervening slopes and ridges being crossed below the ridge of Mt. Fresnoy, and Mt. Alexandra (S. peak) ascended from the west. The N. peak is still unclimbed.

<sup>20</sup> 'Consolation Peak,' ascended, in 1902, by Outram and Kaufmann, via Trident Col, in an attempt upon Mt. Alexandra.

<sup>21</sup> Outram and Kaufmann, in 1902, ascended a peak, *circa* 10,200 ft., which they named 'Turret Peak,' traversing it from Trident Col to Thompson Pass. This was probably not the present Mt. Spring Rice, but a rocky eminence on the Divide, unnamed on the Interprovincial Survey map, midway between Mt. Spring Rice and Rice E. stations. If this assumption be correct, the first ascent of Mt. Spring Rice should be credited to Hickson and E. Feuz, who, in 1923, reached the summit by way of East Rice glacier and Trident Col.

<sup>22</sup> In the moraines of this tongue we found large balls of iron pyrite, similar to those reported by Outram and found by us, in 1922, on the Freshfield icefield. None was seen in either the Saskatchewan or Athabaska moraines.

<sup>23</sup> 'Trident Col' of Outram.



The Columbia icefield, the largest in the Canadian Rocky Mountains, covers an area of almost 150 square miles. It was discovered, in 1898, by Collie,<sup>24</sup> who described the view from the summit of Mt. Athabaska as follows :

'A new world was spread at our feet ; to the westward stretched a vast icefield probably never before seen by human eye, and surrounded by entirely unknown, unnamed, and unclimbed peaks. From its vast expanse of snows the Saskatchewan glacier takes its rise, and it also supplies the head-waters of the Athabasca ; while far away to the west, bending over in those unknown valleys glowing with the evening light, the level snows stretched to finally melt and flow down more than one channel into the Columbia river, and thence to the Pacific Ocean. Beyond the Saskatchewan glacier to the south-east, a huge peak (which we have named Mt. Saskatchewan) lay between this glacier and the west branch of the North Fork, flat-topped and covered with snow, on its eastern face a precipitous wall of rock. Mt. Lyell and Mt. Forbes could be seen far off in the haze. But it was to the west and north-west that the chief interest lay. From this great snowfield rose solemnly, like "lonely sea-stacks in mid-ocean," two magnificent peaks which we imagined to be 18,000 or 14,000 ft. high, keeping guard over those unknown western fields of ice. One of these, which reminded us of the Finsteraarhorn, we have ventured to name after the Right Hon. James Bryce, the then President of the Alpine Club. A little to the north of this peak, and directly westward of Peak Athabasca, rose probably the highest summit<sup>25</sup> in this region of the Rocky Mountains. Chisel-shaped at the head, covered with glaciers and snow, it stood alone, and I at once recognized the great peak I was in search of ; moreover, a short distance to the north-east of this mountain, another,<sup>26</sup> almost as high, also flat-topped, but ringed around with sheer precipices, reared its head into the sky above all its fellows. . . . At once I concluded that these might be the two lost mountains, Brown and Hooker.'

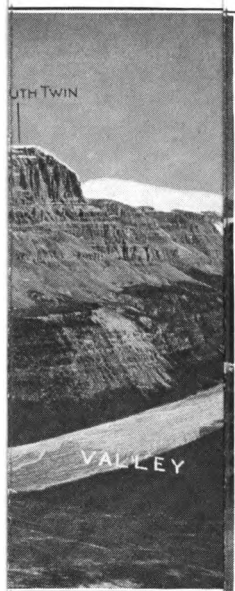
From Thompson Pass, the Continental Divide swings northward across the eastern shoulder of Mt. Bryce,<sup>27</sup> 11,507 ft., and, traversing the centre of the icefield, rises to the summit

<sup>24</sup> *Loc. cit.*, p. 107.

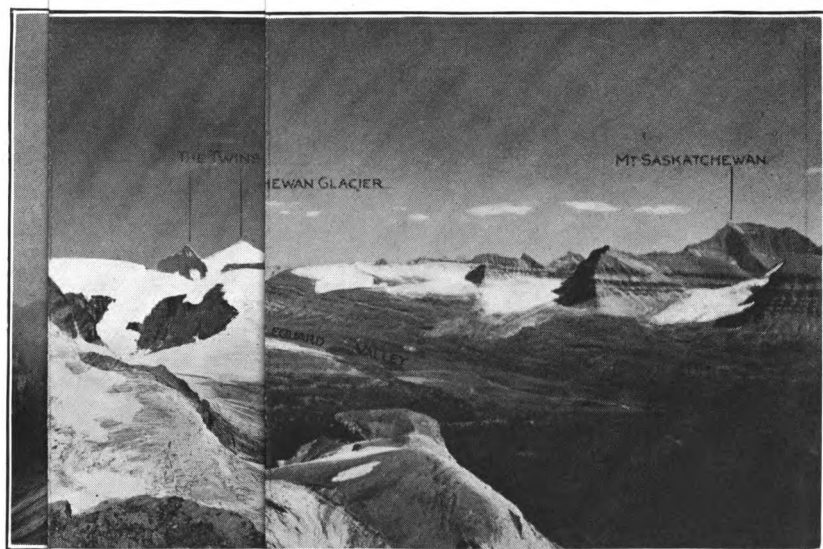
<sup>25</sup> *I.e.*, Mt. Columbia.

<sup>26</sup> *I.e.*, Mt. Alberta.

<sup>27</sup> Ascended from below Thompson Pass, in 1902, by Outram and Kaufmann.



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of The Snow Dome,<sup>28</sup> 11,840 ft., the hydrographic apex of the Saskatchewan, Athabaska, and Columbia river systems. Almost doubling on itself, the Divide then turns sharply southward and westward to the summit of Mt. Columbia,<sup>29</sup> 12,294 ft., the second peak of the Canadian Rocky Mountains, and thence to Mt. King Edward,<sup>30</sup> 11,400 ft., and Chaba Peak, 10,540 ft., and peaks along the crest of the Chaba basin, dropping to Fortress Lake Pass, 4405 ft.

In the deep valley north of Mt. Bryce, and below Mt. Columbia, three crevassed glacier tongues supply Bryce creek, which joins with Rice brook from Thompson Pass and the glaciers west of Mt. Alexandra to form the North Fork of Bush river and drain to the Columbia. From Mt. Castleguard,<sup>31</sup> 10,096 ft., the Castleguard glacier tongues form northern sources of Alexandra river, while to the east of Castleguard Valley, minor, separate snowfields supply Castelets and Terrace creeks. Above Terrace Valley rise the shattered, forbidding cliffs of Mt. Saskatchewan, 10,964 ft., filling in the angle between Alexandra river and the North Fork.

The first white men to ascend the North Fork were W. D. Wilcox<sup>32</sup> and R. L. Barrett, who, in 1896, crossed from the Saskatchewan to the Sun Wapta on their way to Fortress Lake. On the route, an ascent was made to a spur on Mt. Saskatchewan, from whence a partial view of the West Branch valley was obtained.

Based on information, from T. E. Wilson of Banff, that there was an Indian trail across a pass at the head of the West Branch, the first white man to travel thither was C. S. Thompson,<sup>33</sup> who, in 1900, with one packer, travelled as far as the pass now known as Thompson Pass. No climbing was attempted, bad weather prevailing, but the pass was explored and the northern glaciers of Mt. Lyell visited.

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<sup>28</sup> 'Dome' of Collie; name revised by Geographic Board of Canada. First ascended, in 1898, by Collie, Stutfield, and Woolley, via the Athabaska glacier, from camp near Wilcox Pass.

<sup>29</sup> First ascended, in 1902, by Outram and Kaufmann, via the southern Castleguard tongue and the icefield.

<sup>30</sup> Attempted, in 1920, from Athabaska valley, by Carpe and Palmer, who attained 10,800 feet on the western arête.

<sup>31</sup> Ascended, 1919, by the Interprovincial Boundary Survey. Other ascents made by the Survey include Arctomys and Watchman.

<sup>32</sup> *The Rockies of Canada*, pp. 137, 152. W. D. Wilcox. Putnam, 1909.

<sup>33</sup> *Appal.* ix. p. 372.

The chief source of the North Fork is from the Saskatchewan glacier, swinging eastward from the Columbia *névé* through the gateway between Mt. Castleguard and the fine unnamed snow peaks immediately west of Mt. Athabaska, in a spectacular ice river more than seven miles long and ending in a broad tongue without terminal moraine. North of Mt. Athabaska,<sup>34</sup> 11,452 ft., a similar tongue, the Athabaska glacier, supplies the Sun Wapta, Sun Wapta Pass, four miles south-east of Wilcox Pass, dividing ultimate sources of North Saskatchewan from Athabaska drainage. Near by a large dirt-covered tongue, Dome glacier, extends north-east from the Columbia *névé* and also drains to the Sun Wapta, its terminus being close to that of the Athabaska glacier.

The northern margin of the Columbia icefield is bordered by the broad snows of Mt. Kitchener,<sup>35</sup> 11,500 ft., and The Twins—South Twin, 11,675 ft.; North Twin, 12,085 ft.—the latter the third of triangulated peaks in the Canadian Rockies. Between The Twins and Mt. Columbia a magnificent precipitous cirque contains the plunging, banded Columbia glacier and the tongue from The Twins, draining to the main Athabaska river.<sup>36</sup> The Twins and Mt. Kitchener, grouped with peaks further north, Mt. Stutfield, 11,320 ft., Mt. Woolley, 11,170 ft., Diadem Peak,<sup>37</sup> 11,060 ft., and Mt. Alberta, 11,874 ft., make up the gigantic massif in the wedge between the Sun Wapta and the Athabaska rivers.

#### ROUTES AND ASCENTS.

As no one, for many years, had visited the Thompson Pass area with climbing purpose, and as there remained an unclimbed twelve-thousand-foot peak on the Columbia icefield, many of us, seeing it from afar, had been attracted toward the region.

On June 27, 1923, the climbing party—Dr. W. S. Ladd, the writer, and the well-known guide Conrad Kain—left Lake

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<sup>34</sup> First ascent, 1898, by Collie, Stutfield, and Woolley, from Wilcox Pass; second ascent, 1920, Hickson, Reford, and E. Feuz. (*C.A.J.* xii. p. 37.)

<sup>35</sup> 'Mt. Douglas' of Collie. (P. 121.)

<sup>36</sup> The old 'Western Branch' of the Athabaska. It was from the depths of this valley that Habel, the German explorer, in 1901, first saw pyramidal 'Gamma,' since identified as Mt. Columbia. (*Appal.* x. p. 34.)

<sup>37</sup> Ascended, 1898, by Collie, Stutfield, and Woolley, from the Sun Wapta.



*Photo J. Monroe Thorington.*

KAIN.      THORINGTON.      SIMPSON.      LADD.  
SUMMIT OF MT. COLUMBIA.



Louise with twenty horses, under the leadership of James Simpson, who, twenty-one years before, with Outram, had visited the icefield.

Our expedition reached Hector Slide camp in less than five hours, favoured with clearing views of the Bow Valley and the Lake Louise peaks, next morning making the short journey to Bow lake. Fisherman's luck here yielded several small trout for the frying-pan, but the Bow icefall, tumbling almost to the water, the light and shadow playing down the lake, afford a setting which makes many an Izaak Walton oblivious to his sport.

June 29 found us crossing the flowering meadows of Bow Pass, a ride of little more than four hours taking one into the Mistaya valley, with an extensive panorama from Mt. Chephren to the peaks about Nigel Pass, to camp ground between Wild-fowl lakes. There we pitched tents, the nest of a ruby-throated humming-bird on a twig above our door, and wandered along the lake shore watching the antics of harlequin duck, diving and disturbing with ripples the reflection of majestic Howse Peak and the jagged ice-hung wall of the northern Waputiks.

Between the lakes one easily fords the Mistaya, the trail passing through Pyramid Slide camp, where horse-feed is scarce, and on, in five hours, to the main North Saskatchewan river. It is a day to remember: the Murchison towers and pinnacles rising across the river canyon; pack-horses splashing through flower-bordered pools and sloughs; rushing, sparkling streams above which rise sky-soaring Mt. Chephren, ice-hung Kaufmann Peaks, and the rock wall of Mt. Sarbach filling in the Mistaya-Howse river angle. And then the long Saskatchewan ford as a climax, where, if one is unlucky, there will be swimming and wet packs; a fascinating stream flowing to far-distant Hudson Bay, but here broken by gravel bars into shallow rapids through which the horses struggle, while their riders attempt vainly to photograph, keep in line, admire the great spire of Mt. Forbes, and remain dry-shod.

The camping-ground, at the junction of the North Fork, Howse and Mistaya rivers, is one of greatest beauty, a panorama strangely suggestive of the Oberland peaks from Grindelwald, where one might pleasantly spend many days. Morning came, filled with colour, a spent moon hanging above Mt. Forbes and its miniature, Mt. Outram; we followed the North Fork trail under the unbroken cliffs of Mt. Wilson, through fine timber, cedar and cottonwood, with bars of sunlight shafting



into the forest darkness. Then out again on meadows, with little meandering streams where fish dart, and quiet pools which mirror the snowy eastern face of Mt. Saskatchewan, guarding the portals of Alexandra river.

Camp-ground, at the foot of Pinto Pass,<sup>38</sup> between Mt. Wilson and Mt. Coleman, opposite the mouth of Alexandra river, is known as 'Graveyard,' because of sundry hunting relics which once adorned it. From the gravel bar, covered with magenta fire-weed, one may walk, in a short three hours, up trail to Pinto Pass and thence out to a high forget-me-not-covered bench on Mt. Coleman, commanding a widespread and splendid panorama of the North Fork, from Bow Pass to Nigel Pass, and of Alexandra river. Here, with the winding streams and towering mountains—Wilson, Chephren, Willerval, Alexandra—as a setting, we watched three sheep walk up a near-by ridge and disappear, while evening light silhouetted the jagged pinnacles—the slender northern ridge tower known as the 'Lighthouse'—of Mt. Saskatchewan.

#### THE NORTHERN LYELL BASIN.

In little more than four hours one may travel up Alexandra river to the bend, in a valley rarely visited by white men. We passed by Outram's Camp Content, forded, and a short distance further on, close to the glacier tongues, named our stopping-place, for obvious reasons, 'Last Grass Camp.' Mt. Oppy and Mt. Alexandra raise their ice-crests above this spot, with the northern Lyell basin close at hand. It was our intention to attack this basin in the hope of attaining the Lyell-Farbus col and the unclimbed Divide Peak (3), 11,495 ft., of Mt. Lyell, equal in height to the central Peak (2), 11,495 ft., ascended by Outram. There also one might traverse the arête of Mt. Farbus, and across a steep little col reach Mt. Oppy, peaks well guarded by icefalls above the Alexandra glaciers.

But weather was ever unkind. After two damp visits to the lower ice, we ascended, on July 4, a cloudy morning, in three hours, into the northern Lyell basin. Our route was by the eastern Alexandra glacier, crevasses in the middle of the icefall soon forcing us to the eastern moraine, a direct ascent to which is unpleasant because of cliff and running water. We

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<sup>38</sup> North Fork to Cataract river.

made a little fire on a bit of meadow at 7000 ft., where camp might be established, for several hours watching the snow tops play hide-and-seek in the fog, and patches of light wandering across the banded glacier tongues. In drenching rain we descended to camp, where a roaring fire and fresh bear-meat comforted us. The basin offers great climbing possibilities and should be revisited.

#### CASTLEGUARD CAMP.

Next morning we moved up Castleguard river, passing Outram's Camp Columbia, with its surprising waterfall, and rode up the Survey trail to camp-ground above 7000 ft., in the meadows below Mt. Castleguard and its ice tongues. Here, indeed, is the spot of which wranglers dream: plenty of water, wood everywhere, horse-feed for months, and the cayuses can't get away! Castleguard Camp fulfils one's idea of Alpine Paradise. A meadow, acres of it, with a heather carpet and flowers beyond description; little cascading streams; a tiny canyon, where leaps an arching waterfall, with the peaks of Lyell above. Can you imagine it at evening? Smoke from the camp-fire rising through tall trees beside the tents; horse-bells sounding in the distance; snow summits of Lyell turning heliotrope and violet; shadowed walls of Castleguard Valley seen to the bend; Watchman Peak, with Thompson Pass patched by sunlight, and glimpses of far-away ranges in the west; Mt. Bryce, stupendous, its icy peaks silhouetted and incandescent; the low southern Castleguard tongue brilliant with light reflected from the Columbia icefield; Mt. Castleguard itself, and Mt. Athabaska, at the valley head, old-rose and golden. One despairs in the telling of it. It is a place to which one will return.

From camp, one is but a short distance from Thompson Pass. Two hours' walk to the valley head leads over a low divide to the Saskatchewan tongue, whence Mt. Athabaska could be climbed. East of camp, a range of minor peaks, of which Terrace Mt., 9570 ft., is the chief, separates Castleguard from Terrace Valley. It is easy to cross a low snow pass on the southern slope of Athabaska S. station, and reach meadows below Mt. Saskatchewan. Finally, in two hours, one may ascend the central Castleguard glaciers to the eastern ridge of Mt. Castleguard, at 9000 ft., whence a route to the summit is obvious; or, what is of equal interest, one may circle to the north-west and attain the Columbia *névé* without having crossed

a single crevasse of any size. As many of the icefield climbs are of great length, the gaining of altitude and the avoidance of icefalls is an immense advantage over Outram's route to Mt. Columbia by the low southern Castleguard tongue or Collie's attempted route through the crevasses of the Athabaska glacier.

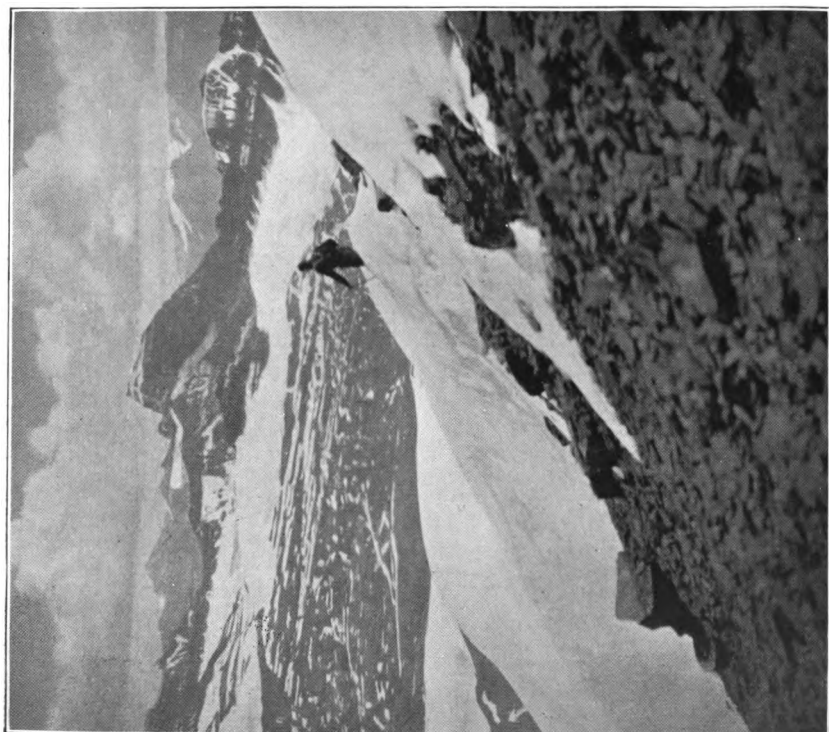
#### MT. CASTLEGUARD : FIRST TRAVERSE.

On July 6, we traversed Mt. Castleguard, 10,096 ft., taking up the entire party, including Simpson, our cook, and our wrangler. Above the eastern ridge are short stretches of steep snow, the summit being attained in four hours from camp. The mountain dominates the head of the Saskatchewan glacier and affords perhaps the finest views of the Columbia icefield, which stretches endlessly westward to Mt. Columbia, and northward to The Twins. Mt. Bryce is close at hand, and, across the Bush Valley, distant ranges appear, the Selkirks and peaks along Wood and Canoe rivers. Southward, the panorama embraces the Alexandra-Lyell angle and the great snow-fang of Mt. Forbes. Two hours on the summit flew rapidly, and we descended the northern snow ridge in exciting glissades to the icefield, marching two miles toward Mt. Columbia, breaking trail for future use. It was a day of enjoyment for all, although the disappearance of our cook in a small crevasse frightened us badly.

Next day, the climbing party again ascended the Castleguard shoulder, hoping to reach Mt. Columbia, but snow squalls prevailed and drove us back to camp.

#### TERRACE MT. : FIRST ASCENT.

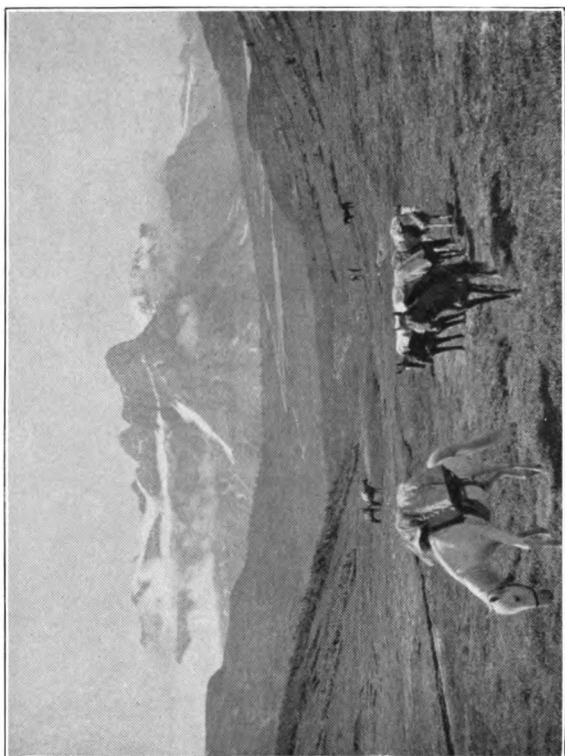
On July 9, in threatening weather, Conrad and the writer made a little first ascent of Terrace Mt., 9570 ft., by its southern glacier and the snow col at its head. The glacier is small but of great interest because of the curious wind-blown snow ridges and the fact that the surface supports no less than twelve lakelets, interconnected by ice tunnels. From the col, the south ridge is ascended without difficulty and the corniced summit reached in three hours from camp. It is perhaps the most satisfactory of the easy view-points in the vicinity: the Columbia icefield stretches ahead like a map, while the overlook to Mt. Saskatchewan served us well a few days later.



*Photo J. Monroe Thorington (Group B, No. 3).*

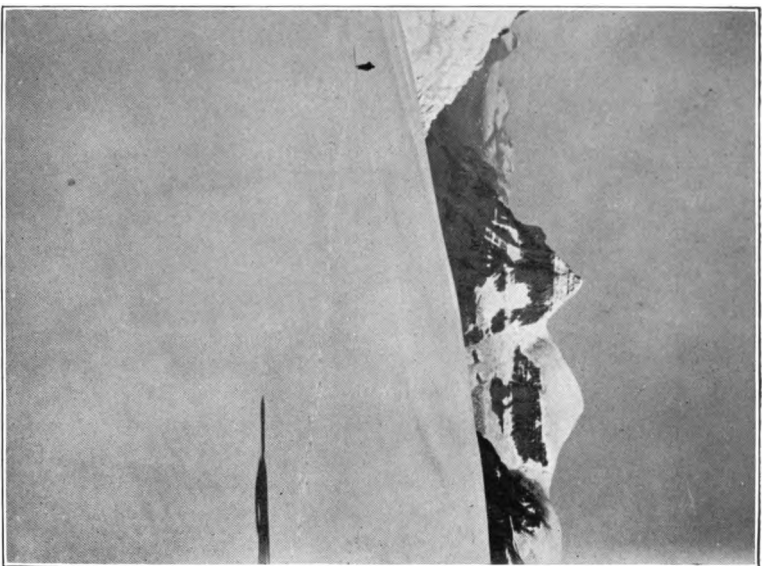
**MT. SASKATCHEWAN.**

From summit of Mt. Castleguard.



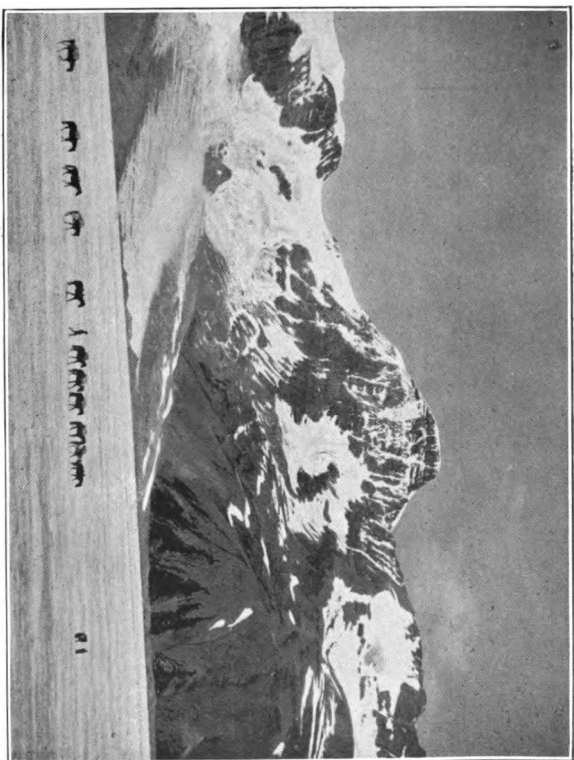
*Photo J. Monroe Thorington (Group A, No. 15).*

**HEAD OF CASTLEGUARD VALLEY, LOOKING S. TO THE  
GROUPS BEYOND THOMPSON PASS.**



*Photo J. Monroe Thorington (Group A. No. 10).*

**THE TWINS AND THE GORGE OF THE ATHABASKA**  
 From the Columbia Icefield.



*Photo J. Monroe Thorington (Group A. No. 16).*

**SASKATCHEWAN GLACIER.**  
 Mt. Athabaska in background.

NORTH TWIN: FIRST ASCENT.

On July 10, the climbing party left camp (3.20 A.M.) for the great prospective prize of the journey, the first ascent of North Twin, 12,085 ft., the third of the triangulated peaks of the Canadian Rockies, and the loftiest summit entirely in Alberta. We reached Castleguard ridge in two hours (5.30), rearranged baggage, and started again (6.00). New snow had fallen during the preceding days, and this is the story of how we came to know the Columbia icefield. It is a simple story: we saw our peak, walked toward it, up it, and back again. There was only the distance. The peak is approximately twelve miles from the Castleguard shoulder and appears amazingly near. It deceived us all, including Conrad, who had had much experience with New Zealand and other fields. One descends 400 ft. into the depression at the head of the Saskatchewan glacier. Thence a long and gradual rise toward The Snow Dome, hiding our objective summit behind its southwestern slopes, brings one past the head of the Athabaska glacier, down which one catches sight of Nigel Peak. But it is not done in a moment, and, after hours taken to round slopes of The Snow Dome, one is only half-way to North Twin. This is not easily realised; the peaks loom close at hand and level snow hides many depressions. It is necessary to circle widely in avoiding crevasses at the head of Columbia glacier, sloping into the Athabaska basin. The Twins are an isolated pair, ringed about by icefall and cliffs dropping precipitously to the Athabaska, North Twin alone being connected with the icefield by a snow col between the head of Habel creek and the southern glacier descending from North Twin toward Mt. Columbia. And then, after heart-breaking hours, when one has crossed the last deceptive slope, one must lose several hundred feet of altitude. Before crossing the col, we made the first stop, for lunch (2.00-2.15). Across the head cirque of the Columbia glacier rise Mt. Columbia and Mt. King Edward above cliff benches and ice terraces, the pinnacled walls of South Twin towering to a sharp peak, snowy and inaccessible from the icefield save by the connecting col to North Twin. Framed by North Twin and the snow humps of Mt. Stutfield, the valley of Habel creek affords views of cliff-ringed and unclimbed Mt. Alberta.

The climb from the col leads up 1500 ft. of steep snow, which at times will be icy. We reached the summit (4.20) thirteen hours after leaving camp; fog was blowing over from

the west and enveloped us just as Mt. King Edward came into sight above South Twin. On top, we had fleeting glimpses of the river valleys westward, peaks to the north-east were visible for a few moments, and then the mists closed down. We remained twenty minutes on the summit; it was warm, and we hoped for a better view which never came. We descended to the col without incident (4.40-5.40); we had made the first traverse of the Columbia icefield, from Castle-guard Valley to the head of Habel creek, and we had bagged the last of the untrodden 12,000-ft. peaks of the Canadian Rocky Mountains.

No one who does not follow in our track will quite understand that journey back across the endless icefield. The exhausting first half-hour in a little blizzard, obscuring the trail twenty feet ahead; clearing, with a crimson, gold, and orange sunset banded against lead-blue storm-clouds behind The Twins; the unearthly light in the snow banners and mist about Columbia; the soft rosy haze filtering into the distant Selkirks, lifting them up and making them unreal. We were too tired to appreciate it, plodding on and on, in deep, insufficiently crusted snow, over plateau and ridge and dip, until darkness came. The field is so huge. In one corner the stars were out; in another, beyond Mt. Athabaska, dark clouds hung and lightning flashed. We lit our lantern and went on through the night, pulling into camp at last, with morning light upon the hills as it had been twenty-three hours before when we departed.

#### MT. SASKATCHEWAN: FIRST ASCENT.

We recovered quickly after a day in camp, and, on July 12, successfully accomplished the first ascent of Mt. Saskatchewan, 10,964 ft., that formidable appearing and long-sought guardian of the West Branch.

We knew the mountain well before starting, having seen its eastern face from the slopes of Mt. Coleman, its south-western face and bounding ridges from Mt. Castleguard and from Terrace Mt. It is a huge sky-cleaving wedge, in contour triangular, the plunging, jagged, N.E. ridge supporting the Lighthouse and other pinnacles; the eastern and northern faces snowy and unbroken. The south-eastern ridge offers a possible though difficult route from Alexandra river, with much timber to be overcome, and a deep break in the rock below the summit arête. The N.W. ridge, with many gendarmes, is not attractive, thus leaving only the south-western face, rising

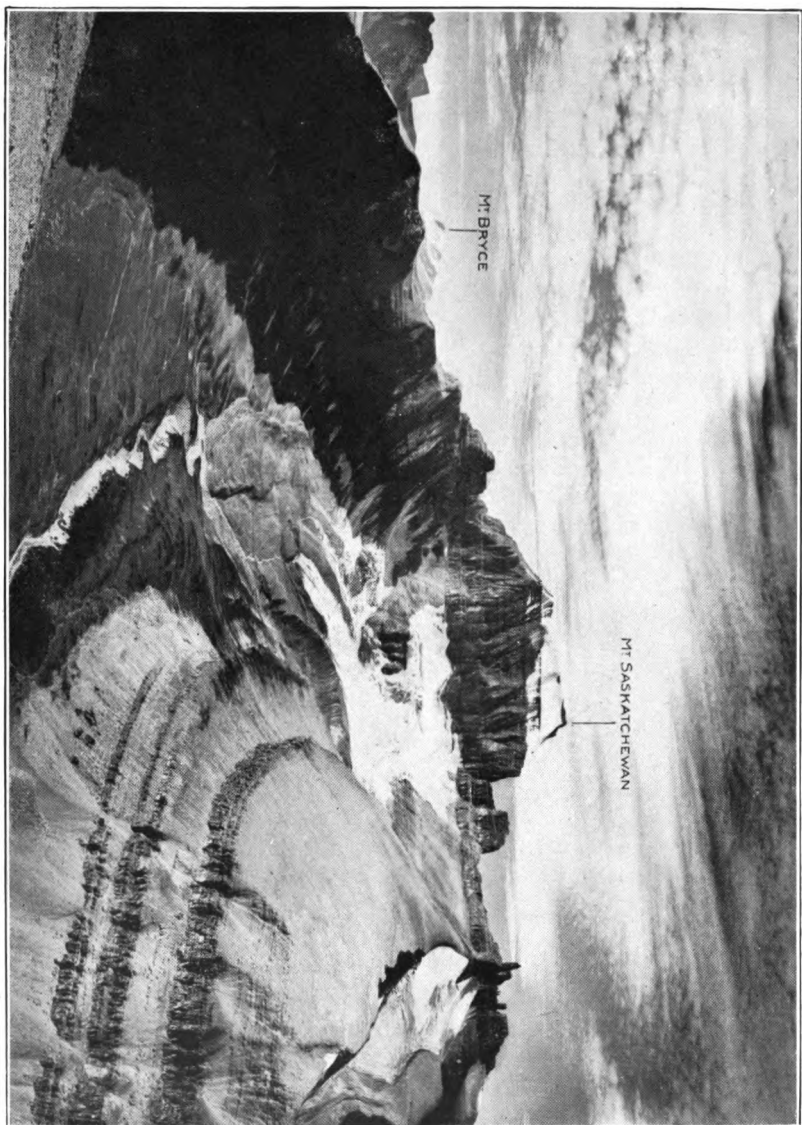




*Photo Interprovincial Boundary Survey.*

TERRACE VALLEY AND SOUTH-WEST FACE OF MT. SASKATCHEWAN.  
Showing route of ascent





*Photo Interprovincial Boundary Survey.*

EAST FACE OF MT. SASKATCHEWAN, 10,964 FEET.

above Terrace creek. A slanting, subsidiary ridge descending, north of the summit, into the valley, breaks this face into an eastern and a western cirque, the eastern being the larger and least precipitous. From Castleguard camp we reached the snow pass below Athabaska S. station (5.00-7.00), and crossed meadows of Terrace creek to the south-western face. Entering the western cirque of this face, over scree and winter snow, we came close to a herd of five goat and several kids, who scurried off across the subsidiary ridge. A conspicuous, snow-filled couloir breaks into the cirque from the ridge and leads one, with some three hundred feet of scrambling, to the crest between the eastern and western cirques; the goat did it much more gracefully and rapidly than we. One follows the scree to the first cliff belt, under which it is easy to traverse eastward into the larger cirque in which the remainder of the ascent was made. The first cliff belt, about forty feet, was surmounted by two slabby chimneys, the uppermost containing a goodly stream of water; these chimneys are about 250 feet east of the subsidiary ridge, and we crossed some bits of steep snow to reach them. Under the second cliff belt, we traversed several hundred feet east in the cirque, again finding a chimney which led upward.<sup>39</sup> Traversing short distances further east, we reached 10,000 feet in the cirque, at a point below and north of the summit. Nearly three hundred feet of steep, wet scree, in down-tilting strata, was next ascended and the remaining distance to the summit arête made in snow. The snow was soft and pitched steeply, but the cliffs were well covered. It was hard work, and, once or twice, small superficial avalanches went down behind us. Once on the arête (2.40), it became apparent that the point we had aimed for was not the highest, but that the true summit lay several hundred yards further east. To reach it required attention to the cornices which overhang the northern face, and there was a bit of good rock-scrambling at the very finish (3.00).

The North Fork and Alexandra river form a huge sparkling angle below; with care, we looked down the northern wall to the Lighthouse tower almost under us; a sea of peaks was everywhere. We built small cairns, leaving a record of our

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<sup>39</sup> A direction cairn was built on a small buttress at this point, and may be of service to future parties. Examination of photos by the Interprovincial Survey leads one to believe that the snow of the cirque is not permanent, and that later in the season the amount of rock work is greater than we encountered.

North Twin ascent as well—there had been no visible rock outcrop on its summit—and started down (3.30). We had barely gotten off the snow pitches when a thunder-shower swept over and accelerated the descent. Going with all speed, we were soon on the meadows (6.00), whence, after a bite to eat, we rounded the valley head, crossed the snow pass (7.40), and returned to camp (9.00), just sixteen hours after our start.

On the following morning, none the worse, we rode over to Thompson Pass, enjoying the reflections of Watchman Pk. and Mt. Spring Rice in the summit lakes. One is close under the southern cliffs of Mt. Bryce, which descend into the depths of Bush Valley.

#### MT. COLUMBIA : SECOND ASCENT.

On July 14, we carried out the second ascent of Mt. Columbia, 12,294 ft., the second in altitude of the Canadian Rockies. The climbing party derived added pleasure in including Simpson, who had been with Outram, but had not climbed, at the time of the first ascent twenty-one years before. Reaching the Castleguard shoulder (3.50–5.30), we found the snow in fine condition and rapidly traversed the tracks made some days previously. Weather was perfect, although the wind blew forcefully. Air currents, from the British Columbia side, are quite constant, and carry thousands of insects up on the ice ; at 10,000 feet and above, we found many varieties of moth, bugs and beetle, most of them alive but torpid from cold. These insects serve as the principal food supply of a large number of snow-finches which are seen darting about on the icefield.

Far out on the icefield, a deep crevassed snow saddle, between the heads of Columbia glacier and Bryce creek, was crossed, and we had lunch (10.15) on flat snow above, looking across at our friendly deceivers The Twins. Then up to the bergschrund, easily crossed, and the steeper snow beyond. At 11,000 feet we roped, stopping by a trickle of water—there had been none on the North Twin ascent—on a small rock outcrop. We were in the centre of and more than half-way up the great eastern snow face, practically treading the Continental Divide. The pitch steepened, step-cutting was occasionally required, and wind tore up the snow crust until the air seemed full of flying white shingles. Traversing slightly northward to avoid the cornice, we were soon shaking hands on the summit (1.30).

Time is insufficient on such occasions to comprehend the complex topography of all that we overlooked, and words fail. We were above the sources of four mighty rivers, Saskatchewan,



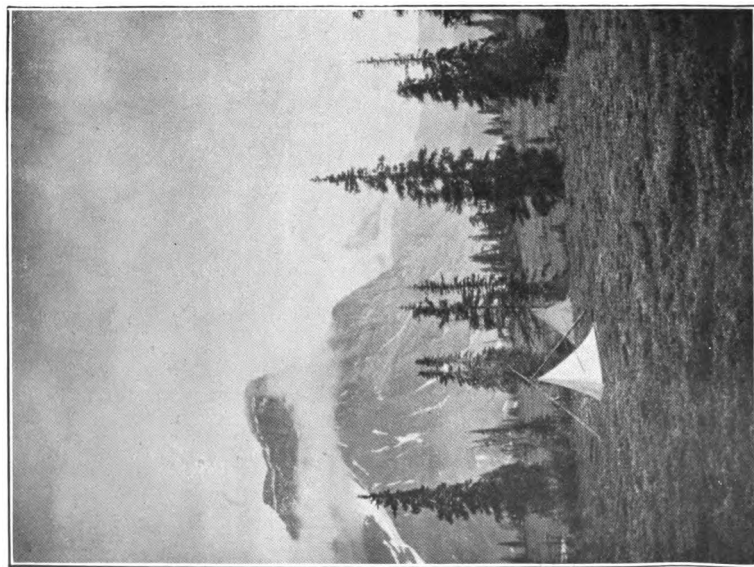
*Photo J. Monroe Thorington (Group B. No. 1).*

MT. COLUMBIA AND COLUMBIA GLACIER BASIN FROM SLOPES OF N. TWIN.



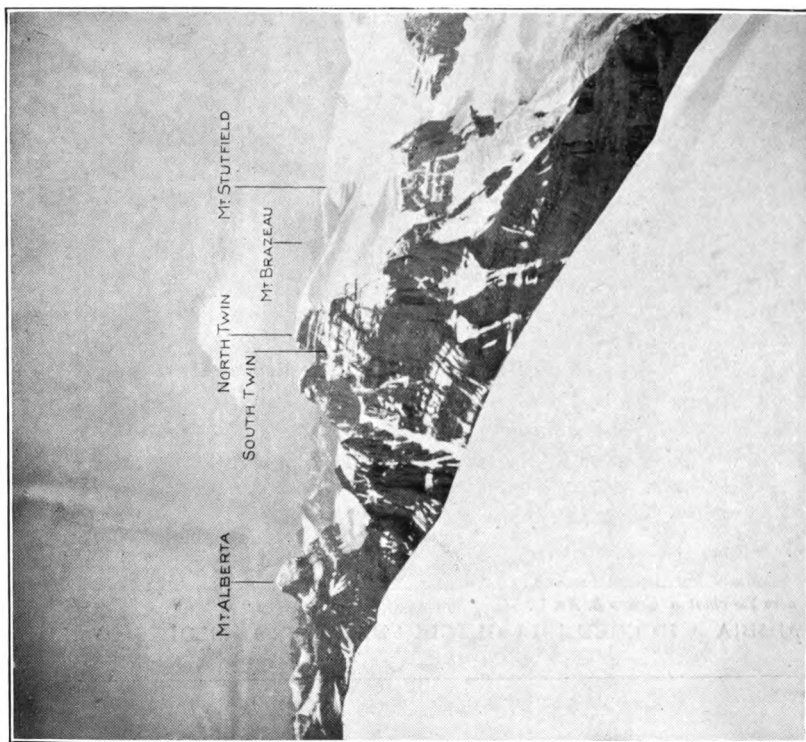
*Photo J. Monroe Thorington (Group B. No. 1).*

THE N. SASKATCHEWAN VALLEY, LOOKING FROM SLOPES OF MT. COLEMAN  
TOWARDS BOW PASS.



*Photo J. Monroe Thorington (Group A. No. 2).*

**CASTLEGUARD CAMP WITH WATCHMAN PEAK AND  
THOMPSON PASS.**



*Photo J. Monroe Thorington (Group B. No. 5).*

**VIEW NORTHWARD.**

**From the summit of Mt. Columbia.**

Athabaska, Columbia, and, not far away, the Fraser ; surely one of the world's greatest watersheds. How shall one describe a panorama extending from peaks north of Mt. Robson to summits south of Bow Pass ; from ranges west of Wood and Canoe rivers to unnamed groups eastward on the Brazeau and Cataract ? Range upon range appeared before us : the Selkirks ; the Bush-Wood river watershed, with Mt. Clemenceau looming ; peaks between Wood and Canoe rivers ; northward, peaks of Jasper Park, Geikie and Edith Cavell, and afar, Robson ; north-east and east, jagged peaks near Maligne lake, shining in new snow ; rock towers down the Cataract river ; southward, Mt. Forbes, Mt. Lyell and a host of others. The foreground is the widespread icefield, Mt. King Edward and The Twins seemingly far below. But one retains chiefly the impression of rivers, sparkling in the sunlight, flowing to three oceans. The eye follows the wild gorge of Bush river, dominated by Mt. Bryce, tracing it nearly to the Columbia. Eastward, across the icefields, are Saskatchewan sources, finding exit between Mts. Wilson and Murchison. One gazes into the abyss of the Columbia glacier and down the Athabaska Valley, past The Twins and Mt. Alberta, into the distant north. Forty minutes were spent on the summit, and fifteen more, out of the wind, on a level spot below the cornice. The top of Gamma !

Let no one think that Columbia is a mere snow hump rising from a *névé*. It is a distinct peak ; it looks its height and is quite worthy of its place. Simpson intends to climb it every twenty-one years from now on !

Return to Castleguard shoulder (2.30-7.00) was made in good time, softened snow permitting a rapid though cautious descent of the face. Sunset illuminated the icefield in a radiant golden sheen, the last lights, as always, filtering down through the Selkirks and intensifying their altitude. In a little while (8.30) we were back at the camp-fire.

#### CASTLEGUARD AND SASKATCHEWAN PASSES.

Two days later, July 16, Simpson carried out a long-cherished plan of taking horses in direct passage, by way of Saskatchewan glacier, from the Thompson Pass area to Wilcox Pass. Castleguard river heads in a low divide,<sup>40</sup> 7,600 ft.,

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<sup>40</sup> To identify the route, and because of the dominating peak, the name 'Castleguard Pass' is suggested for the pass between the head of Castleguard Valley and the Saskatchewan glacier.

which was crossed to the middle course of the Saskatchewan glacier. The horses were taken on to the flat ice, close to a tiny marginal lake nearly opposite Mt. Athabaska. In descending the glacier with horses, it is advisable to remain on or near the south lateral moraine, taking to the ice only to avoid, some distance down, a side glacier entering from the south. About four miles of the glacier was descended and camp made below the tongue, on the southern side, near a pleasant waterfall. There is also a suitable camping-place on the north side, just opposite, with a small lake on a timbered bench above the gravel flat.

The glacial stream flows down a deep little canyon, with a natural bridge, making direct entrance with horses almost impossible. There was no evidence that any other party had ever stopped with horses at our Saskatchewan Glacier Camp.

On the next morning, without difficulty and no cutting, we took the horses northward, in four hours, over a meadowed saddle,<sup>41</sup> *circa* 7500 ft., on the eastern shoulder of Mt. Athabaska, and made a direct descent to Sun Wapta Pass, the true Saskatchewan-Athabaska divide, whence trail was followed to Wilcox Pass.

Camp was made by a stream not far from the Athabaska glacier, the tongue spreading, with only a small terminal moraine, close to the trail. It descends from the Columbia icefield in three icefalls, through the gap between Mt. Athabaska and The Snow Dome. The ice ends in a flat fan, its stream to the Sun Wapta augmented from the fall of Dome glacier, plunging between the ice-crowned cliffs of The Snow Dome and Mt. Kitchener, and ending in close proximity. Three lakelets are found near the trail, reflecting the snows of Mt. Athabaska. The shores are alkaline, covered with recrossing game tracks, and, on our first walk, four sheep bounded away and up the slopes of Wilcox Mountain. Several days later the cook served bear-meat which could not be distinguished from mutton.

#### MT. ATHABASKA : THIRD ASCENT.

On July 19, the third ascent of Mt. Athabaska, 11,452 ft., was made by the north glacier and north-west arête. Under

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<sup>41</sup> The name 'Saskatchewan Pass' is suggested, as indicating the only feasible route for horses from the Saskatchewan tongue to the North Fork.

favourable conditions there is not the slightest difficulty, and even on a wretched day the climb was rapid (8.00–1.30). On the summit it was snowing hard, giving us only an occasional glimpse of Saskatchewan glacier; if Collie had had our weather, the Columbia icefield might not have been so readily discovered.

Descent was made by the north-west glacier to the Athabaska glacier, a variant of former routes, but repaying, as the north-west glacier possesses a magnificent icefall which may be closely approached.<sup>42</sup>

Our programme in the north was now complete as far as weather had permitted. North Twin, Saskatchewan, Columbia, Athabaska, and lesser peaks were ours.<sup>43</sup> We had made a complete crossing of the Columbia icefield and had taken horses by a direct route from the West Branch to the North Fork. North Twin, 12,085 ft., in distance had been a climb of thirty-three miles; Saskatchewan, 10,964 ft., seventeen miles; Columbia, 12,294 ft., twenty-six miles. These three ascents, made within five days, perhaps constitute, if there be any honour in it, a new long-distance and altitude record in Canadian mountaineering.

On July 20, camp was broken, and in seven hours descent made of the 'Big Hill,' past Panther fall, with a fleeting glimpse of the north face of Mt. Saskatchewan, to Graveyard Camp. Next day we travelled to the Forks, making the ford without difficulty and enjoying an afternoon bath in the warm, shallow lake below Mt. Murchison. The old route was followed to Wildfowl lakes and Bow Pass. A repaying hour from the pass leads to a rocky bluff above the ultramarine waters of Peyto lake, with a view of the glacier and its ice arch; one follows

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<sup>42</sup> A fine trilobite fossil was found in this basin, the only one we saw in the North, although shell and other fossils occur near by, notably below the summit of Nigel Peak.

<sup>43</sup> Of any of the icefield climbs, it can only be said that difficulties will vary greatly with the snow conditions. At times, skis or snowshoes would be useful. The finest unclimbed peak of the icefield is now South Twin; it will be very long if climbed directly from Castleguard Valley, the only approach from the icefield coinciding with our route to North Twin. The lower slopes of North Twin must be crossed if South Twin is to be climbed from the icefield; it will perhaps be necessary to camp on the icefield itself or descend into the valley of Habel creek. As for other unclimbed peaks, Kitchener and Stutfield, from the icefield side, are merely long snow-walks.



the course of Mistaya river to the Saskatchewan Forks, beyond which Mt. Wilson's snows are plainly visible.

At Bow lake we left the horses, on July 24 ascending beside the Bow icefall to the Waputik *névé* and by Vulture Col to Mt. Gordon, 10,336 ft. (5.00-12.45). There was cloudless weather and we again saw our old friends in the north, from Freshfield to Columbia. Across the Balfour glaciers the view sweeps over Hector lake to the Lake Louise peaks and down to the Yoho Valley, into which we descended.

But Jupiter Pluvius would not let us go free. Yoho glacier has retreated, so that it is no longer possible to cross the stream on the ice tongue. A violent cloudburst assailed us; water rose and bridges went out. After an hour spent on the rope in a vain attempt to ford Yoho river we were obliged to cross the canyon lower down, on a log which seriously damaged water-soaked clothing. We built a rickety bridge of logs across the Twin Falls stream and arrived at Takkakaw Camp as daylight was failing.

Journey's end! But what memories of peaks and ice-fields, sunset and smoke of camp-fire, laughter and song! Youth on horseback, in the midst of a little sparkling ford, playing a mouth-organ; mountain spires dim blue in the noon haze.

Our return eastward by rail, made through the valley of North Thompson river, leads, past many a forgotten cabin, to Robson, Yellowhead Pass, and beyond. There, with but little imagination, one may dream until the puffing locomotive is forgotten, and in every wooded cove one half expects to see the Headless Indian<sup>44</sup>; or, just around a bend, the tragi-comic starving party of Milton and Cheadle, the Assiniboine, and mysterious Mr. O'B. mounted on Bucephalus, straggling down to Fort Kamloops.

The frame of mind is perhaps akin to that of childhood, when a belief in fairies was implicit. But in such wise is it best to visit these far-away peaks of the Canadian North: it is not without reward.

NOTE.—It is hoped by the kindness of Dr. E. Deville, Surveyor-General for the Dominion of Canada, to publish in the next JOURNAL the Boundary Commission's maps Nos. 21, 22 and 23.

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<sup>44</sup> Cf. *The North-west Passage by Land*, Viscount Milton and Dr. W. B. Cheadle. Cassell, Petter, and Galpin, London. 1865. This entertaining volume contains apparently the first reference in literature to Mt. Robson.

THE COLUMBIA GROUP AND ROUND BOW PASS AND LAKE  
LOUISE IN 1923.

By J. W. A. HICKSON.

(Communicated by Mr. de Villiers-Schwab.)

**M**R. AIMÉ GEOFFRIM and I, with Edward Feuz, spent almost four weeks between Lake Louise and the head of the N. and W. Fork of the Saskatchewan River: July 23 to August 19 of this last season. Persistently bad weather interfered greatly with climbing plans and prevented our attempting Mt. Columbia, or any peak of the Columbia icefield. After a couple of minor ascents from a camp at almost 6500 ft. near the Athabasca Glacier, where we experienced three heavy snow-storms within five days, we moved down the N. Fork and up the W. Fork (now known as Alexandra River), and Castleguard Creek to Thompson's Pass. From here the easy Watchman's Peak was ascended, and an attempt made on Mt. Springrice, 10,745 ft. Mt. Bryce, which we had hoped to ascend, appeared to be in an unclimbable condition owing to fresh snow.

After returning to a camp near the Alexandra Glacier, Feuz and I climbed Mt. Springrice on a stormy day, and regard this as a first ascent, since we did not find any traces on it of earlier mountaineers in this region. The glacier, East Rice, below Trident Col (Sir James Outram's designation) was difficult to ascend.

On the return journey to Lake Louise we made a longer stop at Bow Pass, about 6800 ft., explored Peyto and Wapta icefield lying to the W., and ascended a peak, Mt. Rhondda, over 10,000 ft. on the divide between Alberta and British Columbia, and immediately S.E. of Mt. Baker. There was no indication of any cairn on the rocky summit ridge which we traversed, but some hundreds of feet lower down there was a small stoneman. Two days later, Feuz and I climbed Mt. Hector, 11,135 ft. At 10,000 ft. we noticed several flocks of snow-finches, doubtless attracted by dead and paralysed beetles, mosquitoes, and other flies which were closely strewn on parts of the glacier.

A week after our return to Lake Louise, Feuz, his brother Walter, and I went by midnight train to Hector, whence we walked up the valley of Cataract Brook for some three miles,

crossed the stream on trees, which the guides felled, and made our way to Cathedral Crags, 10,083 ft., which had been tried unsuccessfully a couple of years before by Edward Feuz and myself. All is simple going until the rock wall is reached on the E. side (rather than on the N. according to Outram), at some 450 to 500 ft. below the highest tower. Here the glacier has greatly shrunk and things are much changed in twenty years, since Outram's first ascent. According to the picture in his book, 'In the Heart of the Canadian Rockies,' p. 173, the snow extended well up into, indeed almost to the top of, the couloir, by which alone it seems possible to make an ascent. Now one cannot reach this couloir directly from the snowfield. It is quite dry, very steep, and at some 50 ft. above its base presents a formidable obstacle in the shape of an overhanging rock. At this place the handholds are scanty and slight. A couple of hours were spent in making 70 ft. On the way down the guide managed to fix a second rope that we had brought in anticipation of trouble, and we had an experience, the only one last season, of *Abseiling*.

[This district is shown in the outline map in the 'Climbers' Guide to the Rocky Mountains of Canada,' by Mr. Howard Palmer and Dr. J. Monroe Thorington.]

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## ROCK PEAKS AND SNOW PEAKS, 1923.

By T. HOWARD SOMERVELL.

WHILE tramping among the Himalayas last year, in spite of the fine scenery and the interest of the unknown, one was constantly longing for some real climbing. 'This may be mountaineering, or exploration, but it isn't climbing,' one was constantly saying to oneself. Accordingly, endeavouring to get a good contrast, my brother and I went this year to the Dolomites. We knew we should find plenty of climbing there, and, in order to get in the mountaineering side as well, we naturally eschewed guides, except for the printed variety (the excellent 'Hochtourist,' vol. iii.). We really didn't do anything very wonderful, but had a first-rate good time, which after all is the chief (perhaps the only) object of a holiday amongst the mountains. Before the arrival of my brother, F. S. Smythe and I did a few climbs, beginning with the Kleine Zinne, which

may or may not be dull for a guided party, but which afforded quite an amusing little expedition for a couple of amateurs. The chimney near the top, named after Zsigmondy, is much the best part and almost raises the standard of the climb to what a British trained climber would class as 'difficult.' The deserted paraphernalia of war all around, and the way every little overhang had been used as a bivouac, added much interest to the climb, but made us fairly certain that somebody had been there before, a conjecture which the thousands of names in the book on the summit proved to be probable. Altogether, a very sociable little peak after the lonely Himalayas.

Our next climb was the traverse of the Croda da Lago, going up by the Pompaninkamin, on the W. side of the mountain. The Reichenberger hut, now tactfully (?) rechristened *d'Italienne*, is very comfortable, and its proprietress most kind. So our start had to be delayed for the elaborate breakfast she insisted on preparing, and it was after eight o'clock when we began the climb. One has to cross to the E. side of the ridge and go down 1000 feet or so before the starting-point is attained, and it was more by good luck than good management that we began the climb in the right place. The bibulous nature of the parties that had preceded us during the last few years proved a blessing, and the climb starts from a bottle-decked ledge. For several hundred feet it is easy, leading up a subsidiary buttress to the main mass of the mountain where the difficulties begin. There is a good chimney, a delightful and very exposed 100-ft. traverse to the right, another chimney, another short traverse of considerable difficulty, and an easy gully, leading in a short time to the foot of the Pompaninkamin. This is a vertical, smooth-sided rift, smaller than the Schmittkamin and rather more interesting, one pitch being quite a struggle. At the top some loose chock-stones must be treated with that respect which amounts to complete aloofness, rather a difficult business; but there is a good resting-place above them. A traverse to the left leads one to the N. ridge of the peak, whence the summit is reached by an overhang of remarkable soundness which alone renders it possible. The rock scenery of this route is very fine, and in the middle distance the S. face of the Tofana is a magnificent sight. We had little difficulty in climbing down the ordinary way, though more than a little in finding the route. Following downwards a climb which is described upwards in an unknown tongue is not always very easy,

but is quite amusing to one who is uncertain of the difference in German between a ridge and a gully. Perhaps the French will remedy this defect by making the Germans realise that there is such a thing as having to climb down.

That evening I was eating a twopenny ice in Cortina, when I was surprised to see my brother ; a fortunate encounter, as I was going to meet him in Toblach next morning, and we might have wasted several valuable days looking for each other. We sped on to Pordoi the next day, where (after two days in a tiny inn) we were honoured by being the first visitors in the newly repaired Christomannoshaus. While sojourning there we climbed the Fünffingerspitze by the Schmittkamin, and also the Third Sella Tower ; neither is very hard, but the Tower is quite an amusing climb, with a spiral staircase round it, from the far end of which a broken ridge led us (in a thunder-storm) to the top. Both of these climbs were done in rain, the only bad weather we got on our holiday.

On the way to Pordoi we had passed the scene of the tremendous rock-avalanche by which the Italians destroyed a trench-full of Austrians, blowing up (or rather down) the whole side of a mountain ; but as we approached San Martino the devastation of war was more impressive even than that, so widespread is it ; for miles on either side of the Rolle Pass there are no buildings left at all, though few of the Tyrolese towns are so badly shattered as Ypres or Bapaume. The San Martino Dolomites are in many ways the most striking, and one felt sorry to have spent four years on the Western Front when one might have fought under the shadow of the wonderful Cimone della Pala, the most impressive mountain, in some ways, in the whole of the Alps. My brother and I took the W. face of the Rosetta as our first climb ; starting at 2 p.m. from our hotel in San Martino, we clambered up easy rocks until 300 feet or so from the top, and thence struggled up the right-hand chimney of two which lead to the summit. The chimney is quite hard in places, and almost to be classed as 'severe.' We just arrived on the highest point of the Rosetta in time to see a truly marvellous sunset of orange and purple, and half an hour later were ordering our evening meal in the hut. We started early next day for the Cimone by the ordinary route, a very unusual variety of climb, including a crawl through a natural tunnel in the rock, and a fine, steep pitch, spoiled by a fixed rope. The summit ridge is exceedingly sharp and narrow, and the downward views are more impressive than those from the Grépon or Géant. In order to join our anxious parents for

a picnic tea above the Rolle Pass, we elected to go down the Travignolo Glacier.<sup>1</sup> A guide whom we met dragging his poor Herr with terrific force up the fixed-rope pitch told us it was madness and impossible, as it was never done now, and so on ; but once arrived on the col between the Cimone and Vezzana, we found the snow on the N. side in beautiful condition, and in spite of its steepness, and of the fact that we had only one axe, we soon got down to the Schrund, from which we enjoyed the second longest glissade I have seen, keeping to the left close under the rocks of the Cimone, a place quite free from crevasses and 'glissadable' right to the foot of the snow. We were soon enjoying a delightful tea, with the Cimone towering impressively overhead. This system of climbing to a picnic is a very jolly one for a family holiday, and is easy to manage in the Dolomites ; later on, in Switzerland, we felt quite lonely by contrast, when descending from a peak to a prosaic and not always too clean hut where we had our own meal to prepare. The following day we climbed the Sass Maor by Neruda's route (more or less)—the rock is all steep, but so universally climbable that I doubt whether two parties have ever gone up exactly by the same way. The Sass Maor is not a very exciting mountain, but its neighbour, the Cima della Madonna, we found much more interesting. From the gap between the two, one mounts a little ridge, traverses to the right, and then goes up a stiff little chimney, ultimately traversing back to the left to the foot of the Winkler Kamin. This looked a bit strenuous for the end of a day, so we invented another way to the top, traversing a long way to the right, round an amusing corner. Coming down from the gap, we had the usual difficulty in trying to read the German guide-book backwards, so to speak, and wasted an hour following the foot-steps of a supposed cow ; but how on earth the cow ever got up there, I cannot conceive, as the only way off the mountain that we (or apparently anyone else) could find entails a severe pitch of 50 feet <sup>2</sup> at the bottom of the gully where the cow's track was seen. There must be some other way up that nobody has yet discovered ; but we could get no intelligent information from the only cow we saw. In spite of this delay, we arrived in the fields above San Martino in time for the usual

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<sup>1</sup> [The line of the first ascent by Mr. E. R. Whitwell, with Ch. Lauener and S. Siorpaes, in 1870.]

<sup>2</sup> [This is easily negotiated by threading the rope through a hole in the roof of a cave under the pitch.]

picnic, unfortunately our last, as our parents left for England the following day.

The Vajolet Towers were our next objective, and we found the way up the Winklerturm without difficulty; one of the pitches (a chimney above a long horizontal traverse to the right) is very stiff, though only for a short distance. In boots it would be well-nigh impossible. It is, I believe, usual to abseil from the Winklerturm to the Stabeler, but we managed to climb down without actual dependence on the rope. This was no doubt in part due to the efficiency of our shoes, thin leather boots with soles of a single layer of crepe rubber. We found that after three weeks' climbing and much work on screes, etc., the soles hardly showed a sign of wear, and at all times they gripped the rock magnificently, even when wet, provided only no lichen is growing on the surface; in that case scarpetti are slightly better. To resume our climb: at the foot of the steep pitch on the W. side of the Winklerturm, one steps across a gap of four or five feet, though the two towers actually touch each other very many feet below; the Stabelerthurm is now easily ascended, and the traverse to the Delagoturm is equally simple. After climbing half-way up the latter, however, I misread the guide-book as usual, and came to a deadlock; verticality plus loose rock is not to my taste, and we ignominiously retreated, finding a way down the Stabelerthurm. We discovered later that the key to success is round a corner to the right of the place where we stuck. A guide would, no doubt, have known the way, but it is much more fun to climb two of the towers without a guide than to do all three of them with one.

That evening we walked on to Campitello, and put up at the comfortable Mulino hotel. In search of excitement at another hostelry, we dropped into a very 'rough house.' The harvest had just then been gathered and there was a dance going on; a girl was (as usual) the cause of the trouble, and two men began quarrelling about her; nearly all those present joined one side or the other, and bottles were soon in evidence as weapons; the anxious manager protected his glass doors from injury in a truly marvellous way, and somehow got the fighters through them into the street without the breaking of a pane; this done, they all presently returned and went on dancing (with black eyes) as if nothing had happened.

On the morrow we walked up to the Sellajochhaus, and made plans for the N.E. ridge of the Langkofel. We were joined by Smythe, and started from the Haus at four next

morning. The route<sup>3</sup> goes up a slanting easy groove on the E. end of the N.E. face, along a traverse a kilometre long, but all of it very easy, being a walk over most of its length. At the end of this, one strikes upwards, still keeping to the right, until the great gully just E. of the true N.E. ridge is attained. Here we had breakfast under some overhanging rocks, which were just steep enough to send the falling stones beyond us ; it was a fine but windy day, and many little stones fell down as the sun got up, for which reason this climb should always be started at an early hour. From the gully we went up a deep chimney on its true left, that is, on our right, and reached a gap in the N.E. ridge. Thus far the climb was straightforward, but here the difficulty—both of climbing and of route-finding—began. We took a slanting traverse to the right, on to the N. side of the ridge ; then another back to the left, gaining height, but slightly. A series of easy chimneys led us to another short traverse to the left. Here we attempted to go straight up the face of the rock, but it was red, which in the Dolomites usually means loose ; it was moreover vertical, possibly overhanging, and I didn't relish the extreme likelihood of a fall, so explored the continuation of our traverse to the left and slightly downwards. Here we found the solution of the problem. There is another traverse upwards and to the left, on very steep rock with small holds ; but here the rock is sound, and, though difficult, the traverse is apparently safe, and leads into a long shallow chimney with good anchorage. We soon went up this, and, after sundry adventures with loose rock, attained the true crest of the ridge. It is a long way up this to the top, and one has to be very careful of the shattered rock on the ridge. Temptations to traverse to the right should, I think, be avoided ; the others were very anxious I should go to the right on several occasions, but I was fortunately convinced that our route lay up the steep and shattered ridge, which turned out to lead straight to the summit. We *did* enjoy the rest on top ; we had been climbing rock for nearly ten hours, often with great care and sometimes with considerable difficulties ; moreover, it was one of the finest days for a view that I have ever experienced, and we felt the half-hour, which was all we could afford on the top, was far too short. One saw everything there

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<sup>3</sup> [See marked Sketches in Purtscheller and Hess, *Hochtourist*, vol. iii. pp. 42 & 43. The whole group is the subject of an exhaustive, magnificently illustrated monograph by Guido Mayer, in the *Zeitschrift D. und Ö.A.V.*, vol. xlv. (1913).]



was to be seen : all the Dolomites and most of the Eastern Alps, with the fantastic pinnacles and towers of our own peak and its neighbours as a wonderful foreground. But we had very little idea of the way down the other side, so we had to set off to find it, all too soon. By this time my 'climbing German' was a little better, and we found after slight delays the key to the descent : along a ridge leading S.E., and across it down a small chimney on its N.E. face to a horizontal traverse 60 feet below the ridge ; this leads to an otherwise inaccessible gap between the ridge and a fine red tower. Over this gap we went to the S.W. side of the ridge, and down broken ground to another large red tower, several hundred feet below. At this point we couldn't tell where on earth we were, according to the guide-book, so resolved to find our own way down to the Langkofel Glacier. We went to the right of the tower, down a series of steep but not over-difficult grooves to a broad shelf. Here we traversed to a gap to our left and below us, which was, we found to our delight, the top of a long couloir running down to the glacier. The ordinary way or Felsenweg leaves this couloir on its true left, about half-way up ; but the snow was good on the whole, and our way down, if not the right one, seemed to work out all right. The glacier was easily attained, and below that the route, quite a complicated one, is well cairned. We were delayed in the descent by the fact that Smythe's Kletterschuhe, new that morning, were completely worn through by the time we reached the top ; several pairs of gloves, stockings, and so on, had to be called into action as a substitute for soles, and after our descent there was very little left of them ; so I hurried over the Langkofeljoch to the Sellahaus, and returned with boots, which arrived in time to give Smythe a good scree-run home. Here we did ample justice to the food, and felt, as I still feel, that it had been one of the finest mountain expeditions of our lives. The climbing and route-finding are interesting throughout, and the way up consists of over 3000 feet in vertical height of rock-work.

On the next day we did the Zahnkofel by way of a rest, and the day after saw my brother and me on the Cinque Torri, on our way to Venice. A few days later we re-started our climbing holiday at Grindelwald, where we were joined by Beetham, W. V. Brown, and A. J. Rusk. Here we did very little of interest, though we had magnificent weather. After the usual Wetterhorn for the first day, we attempted to traverse the Schreckhorn on the second, but thunderstorms compelled us to go instead for the Klein Schreckhorn, where

we acted as lightning conductors for a time before glissading down to the Schwarzegg path. After a day's rest, we tested the provisional oxygen apparatus for the next Everest Expedition by taking it over the Eiger, a mountain whose general slope and character are very like those of Mt. Everest. The way up from the Eiger Glacier station is, of course, quite easy, but on the S.W. ridge 'baby' gave us a lot of trouble, though the ridge gives perfectly good going for one who is not burdened with a 40-lb. child. On our way down this we saw the best Spectre of the Brocken any of us had ever witnessed, which showed that for our trouble with the apparatus we had been duly crowned with halos. This led, however, to a serious quarrel, for each claimed the halo for himself, and protested that it was not visible on the heads of the others. Of course, it never is; neither in the Brocken Spectre nor in real life.

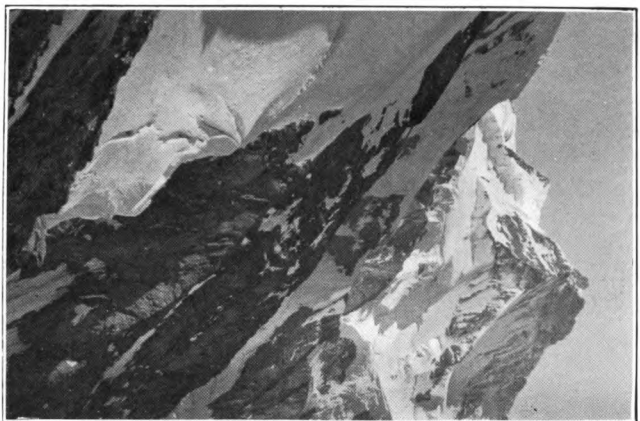
The Bergli hut was crowded when we arrived there, and our correspondingly bad tempers made us all lose what chance of a real halo we otherwise might have had—all except Beetham and my brother, who, as usual, were indefatigable in their preparations for the evening meal. By way of a rest on the morrow, we climbed the Mönch (by the slackest way, of course), and arrived in Grindelwald in time for tea, ending this meal with a dead-heat of eleven pâtisseries apiece, and uncounted cups of tea. Beetham and I then proceeded to sell our mountaineering souls by climbing the Jungfrau, largely by means of the railway; we went down past the Bergli hut, and thence, after descending a few hundred feet, contoured to the Schwarzegg. On the following day, we did the Schreckhorn, back to the hut; near the summit I unfortunately sprained my ankle by jamming a foot, and could hardly walk the next morning; however, by starting half an hour ahead of Beetham and Rusk, I managed to get it going, and together we traversed the Finsteraarhorn to the Concordia hut. (I found on getting to England that the injury was a small fracture, and not a sprain, and this no doubt accounts for the fact that one was able to use the foot with but little disability. Sprains are beastly things, and usually disable far more seriously than these little fractures.)

On the next day we went up the Aletschhorn by its N.E. ridge, and down over the Lötschenlücke to Ried; a good long day following on three others almost as big, which landed us tired at the Hotel Nesthorn. We had done no climbing of

any difficulty, but had, at any rate, managed four of the highest peaks of the Oberland in four days. The Bietschhorn, which we climbed from Ried, disappointed us : it is such a fine peak to look upon ; but we felt both the N. and W. ridges<sup>4</sup> very poor climbs, especially since there were several other parties, all very slow, who kept getting in the way in just those places where a detour is impossible. By walk and train we reached Randa the next day in time to go up to the Weisshorn hut, which we hailed with joy as a welcome contrast to those of Ried and Grindelwald, for it was empty, and we had it all to ourselves. Our objective was the Schalligrat, and we started early, about 8.30, too early as it proved, for we had to wait for daylight when we reached the first spur of rock that comes down from the E. shoulder of the Weisshorn. This was crossed at the place used for the ordinary way up the mountain. The next and largest rib of rock delayed us nearly two hours ; we struck it far too high, and indulged in quite a severe bit of climbing to surmount it. At one point I touched a large block, weighing perhaps 10 tons, which began to move ; it was just lying at the angle of friction, and stopped when I pressed my hand against it. I told the others to get into safe places while I held it, and then left go and hurried back across a sloping slab, which in itself was not too easy. The block remained still for two or three minutes, until, just as we were about to proceed to traverse below it, it slid off, missing us all, but hurtling down five hundred feet to shatter itself at the bottom of the cliff. A few seconds later, and we should very likely have been carried away or crushed by its fall. Once this tongue of rock was surmounted, our way lay almost horizontally along glacier and easy rocks to the Schallijoch, which we reached at 9.30 A.M. The ridge was at its best, and scarcely any snow was encountered ; it is a pure rock-climb, for the most part sound, and in two or three places quite difficult, but on the whole straightforward. We took all the gendarmes direct until fairly near the top, when one has to keep on the S.E. side of the ridge ; and here there is quite a steep bit of climbing with holds that make it surpassingly safe. Thunder had been brewing for the last hour or two, and threatened very imminently when we reached the summit, so, forgoing the usual halt, we hurried down the E. ridge, and the storm burst on us while we were on the

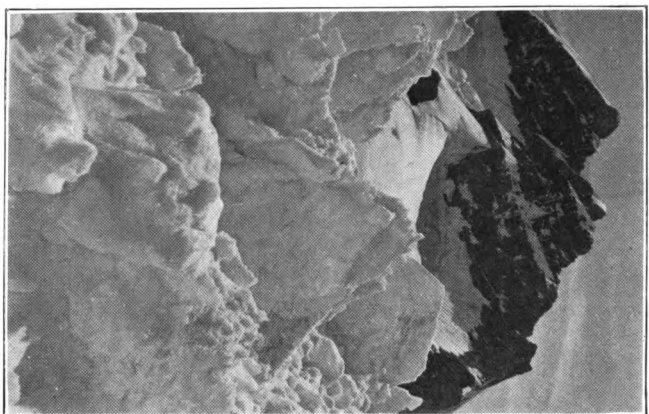
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<sup>4</sup> [The E. ridge or S. face will be found more interesting. The S. ridge from the Thiereggghorn has not been ascended.]



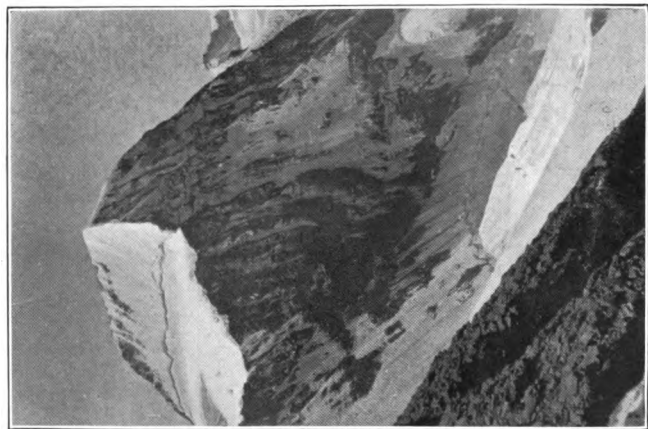
*Photo B. Beetham.*

JUNGFRAU.  
From Eigert.



*Photo B. Beetham.*

JUNGFRAU.  
From below Ober-Mönchjoch.



*Photo B. Beetham.*

**MÖNCH.**

From Eiger.



*Photo B. Beetham.*

**ALETSCHHORN.**

From ice ridge on way up from Aletschfirn.

sharpest bit of snow-crest. Beetham and Rusk declared they felt the flashes, but, personally, I was so much engaged in deciding whether to run along the ridge or to climb it properly that I cannot claim to have felt the lightning. We soon got shelter just below the crest, and witnessed for half an hour one of the finest storms, and certainly the most menacing, that I have ever seen. In a short time it appeared to be fairly safe to continue the descent of the ridge, and in due course we got back to the hut at about six, to find it so full that we decided to go down to Randa.

After a day of leisure in Zermatt, Beetham and I went up to the Trift to essay the traverse of all the central Pennines from end to end in one expedition, sleeping in bags on the way; but the wind was very high, and the fresh snow very awkward and annoying, blowing about the ridges in a most inconvenient manner; so after ascending the Gabelhorn and traversing to the Wellenkuppe, we decided the rest of the ridge must be left to a future date. It could not be done, we had calculated, unless we could do every bit of it in two-thirds the 'book' time, or less, and as far as the Wellenkuppe we had, owing to the bad conditions, taken exactly text-book time. And so, with disappointment at the failure of this long-projected expedition, we returned to Zermatt, and so home. We had done nothing out of the ordinary, though we had had a fairly energetic holiday, spent almost from first to last in gorgeous weather.

[Mr. Somervell, although much occupied, was good enough to write this paper on board ship between Liverpool and Marseilles. This accounts for a somewhat tantalising absence of detail, which one would have been glad to have from so capable a mountaineer. His record for the season was 35 peaks for 35 days.

His estimates of 'difficulty' in the Dolomites are interesting, but would not, I think, be generally accepted. The Zsigmondykamin is very short, with one awkward place, whereas the Schmittkamin is a much longer affair, with several delicate bits.

Mr. Somervell has now taken up the appointment of Medical Missionary at the London Mission Hospital, Neyyoor, Travancore, South India, but, it is satisfactory to know, he will be available for the next Everest Expedition.—J. P. F.]

THE EVOLUTION OF A MODERN *GRANDE COURSE*.*The N. Face of the Dent d'Hérens.*

By GEORGE FINCH.

[This ascent is not likely to find much favour. It is a traverse right across the N. face from one bounding arête to the other, a class of route not to be recommended. The somewhat detailed paper is printed mainly as a very instructive object-lesson—not least to the aspirant to Everest honours—of the meticulous preparatory observation and study which a master in mountaineering, of equal experience in rock and ice, considers necessary to give to the safe solution of an alpine problem of difficulty involving, otherwise, considerable danger. So long as a problem is approached with equal care, capacity, and knowledge, it is as legitimate a mountaineering undertaking as other great expeditions—but not otherwise.

The main title of this paper is inserted by myself.

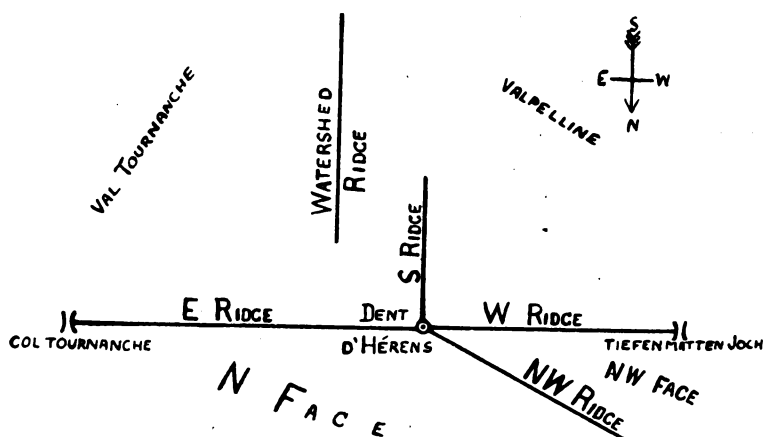
J. P. FARRAR.]

ONE of the younger generation of mountain climbers once complained bitterly to me that there were no new climbs to be done in the Alps, the pioneers having, in his opinion, with extraordinary thoroughness and selfish disregard for their posterity, climbed every virgin pinnacle and explored all climbable ridges and faces. To his surprise I replied that our thanks were due to the pioneers, for, though some had no doubt digested much of the grain, the fattest and best grains remained for the man of to-day who knew where to look. The good grain that is left can no longer be picked up without trouble. We all know what faces and ridges of mountains have not been explored, but the successful climbing of these must be preceded by careful and patient investigation.

In August 1911 I enjoyed a happy day of perfect laziness on the Stockje. My main purpose was to examine the Zmutt ridge, with the intention of climbing it on the following day. But ever and again my gaze was irresistibly drawn, as if for relief, from the solemn, dark magnificence of the Matterhorn to the white purity and graceful curves of the hanging glaciers of the N. face of the Dent d'Hérens; and I found myself seeking in vain to trace the way by which it had been climbed. That winter, on searching Alpine literature, I discovered, with no little astonishment, that the whole vast N. face of the mountain, from the Col Tournanche right round to the N.W. ridge, was every inch of it virgin ground. Here truly was a

grain fat enough to satisfy the greediest appetite, and I made up my mind to secure it.

It was not until 1913 that I had an opportunity of returning to the Schönbühl hut. From there I set out on a prospecting trip and, traversing the Wandfluh from the foot of the Dent Blanche down to the Col d'Hérens, not only succeeded in spying out a feasible way of conquering the N. face of the Dent d'Hérens, but also gained some insight into the geography of the mountain itself. The peak is a curiously complicated one, and the errors into which even surveyors, especially on the Italian side, have fallen are well known. The summit is supported by four ridges—the S. ridge which leads down



to the lower Za-de-Zan glacier, the W. ridge to the Tiefenmattenjoch, the N.W. ridge to the Tiefenmatten glacier, and the E. ridge to the Col Tournanche. The W. and N.W. ridges meet at a point less than 100 ft. W. of the summit. The N.W. ridge, when seen from the Schönbühl hut, is usually confused with the W. ridge, from which it is actually separated by the steep, glaciated slopes of the N.W. face. The fact that the ice cliffs of this face seem to be perched on the N.W. ridge has probably given rise to the impression that this ridge can no longer be climbed owing to the formation thereon of a hanging glacier.<sup>1</sup> In reality the ridge is entirely free from such encumbrances. Between the N.W. and E. ridges lies

<sup>1</sup> Dübi, *Guide des Alpes Valaisannes*, II. p. 238; and Illustration, A.J. xxvi. opp. p. 410.



the N. face. The watershed ridge between the Val Tournanche and the Valpelline does not reach up to the Dent d'Hérens; shortly above the Col des Grandes Murailles it loses itself in the southern slopes of the E. ridge.

From my point of vantage on the Wandfluh, I saw that the N. face of the Dent d'Hérens carries a huge glacier terrace, or corridor, which, beginning low down near the foot of the N.W. ridge, rises diagonally upwards across the face and reaches the E. ridge just below the great final gendarme E. of the summit. It was perfectly clear that, could this terrace be gained at its lower end and left at its upper, the problem of climbing the face would be solved. Despite my conviction that the climb was feasible, however, the objective dangers—that is, unavoidable dangers from falling ice and stones—appeared so great that for the time being I gave up all idea of making the attempt.

During the war a handful of mountain photographs beguiled many a weary hour, and among them was one of the Dent d'Hérens as seen from the Wandfluh. I studied this picture intently, and finally promised myself another look at the mountain as soon as possible after the war. In 1919, therefore, the Schönbühl hut became once more my base of operations. I again traversed the Wandfluh, and later, by climbing the Tiefenmattenjoch from the N., was able to inspect more closely the possible approaches to the lower end of the great ice corridor. Eventually, in order to obtain a more comprehensive view of the upper reaches of the corridor, I climbed the Matterhorn. At last, believing that nothing else would furnish the required information, accompanied by Mr. Hafers, I made the ascent of the N.W. ridge. This climb showed me that the dangers of the N. face were by no means to be underrated. The whole terrace gathered up much of the rock that crumbled away from the uppermost slopes of the mountain, and the approaches to its lower end were not only swept by stones from sunrise to sunset, but were also defended by frequent falls of ice. Indeed, real safety there appeared to be none until the E. ridge had been gained at the foot of the great gendarme before mentioned. I retired discomfited. But the magnet was strong, and in 1921, having meanwhile somewhat modified my views as to what precisely constitutes objective dangers, I returned to the Schönbühl hut, whence a series of visits to the Pointe de Zinal, the Stockje, and the Tête de Valpelline at length convinced me that what, in ordinary circumstances, would be a dangerous climb could, if tackled properly, be converted into a safe and justifiable undertaking.

The lateness of the season, however, prohibited my putting any theories into practice, but plans were maturing favourably. By gaining the lowest rocks of the N.W. ridge and climbing up either these or the rocks and ice of its N. flank to the level of the terrace, a short traverse over steep ice would give access to the terrace itself. On account of the frequent stonefalls which ricochet across the barely emerging rocks of the N.W. ridge when the sun is shining on the highest slopes of the mountain, this part of the climb would have to be completed during a cold night before sunrise. As the ground was obviously difficult, a moon would be of advantage. Two-thirds of the way along the terrace a large bergschrund threatened trouble, but, this overcome, there seemed to be nothing to prevent one's gaining the E. ridge at the foot of the great gendarme. The whole of the route along the terrace itself appeared to be swept by falling stones and, in its lower end, by falling ice; but, owing to the comparatively gentle angle of the terrace, I believed that stones would be held up in the snow. In 1921 I also crossed the Col Tournanche, and from there received confirmation of the fact that no insurmountable obstacle barred the exit from the upper end of the terrace to the E. ridge.

Unfortunately, in 1922, being busy elsewhere, I was unable to return to the fray, but this year the long-wished-for opportunity arrived. Towards the end of July I set out on a final series of investigations, determined that they should lead to the conquest of this great N. face. My friend Raymond Peto and I climbed the Dent Blanche, returning by the 1862 original route of Kennedy, leaving the gendarmes above us, while we traversed back along the snow and ice-plastered slabs of the S.W. face. The ascent was made with a twofold object: firstly, to get one more thorough insight into the great terrace of the Dent d'Hérens, and secondly to give Peto, whose maiden climb this was, a chance of finding his mountain legs, it being my intention that he should be one of my companions on the new venture. And here I may be permitted a slight digression. I have more than once been criticised for taking inexperienced people on difficult, and what my critics, too readily, refer to as hazardous, climbs. In reply I would point out that a difficult enterprise is not necessarily a rash one, though it may well be made so if one embarks upon it without thorough investigation and detailed planning. If, by the simple inclusion of a beginner in the party, the difficult be transformed into the hazardous, the reflection is on the capabilities of the leader.

Also, fifteen years of guideless climbing have taught me, *inter alia*, that in the mountains one must not take one's responsibilities lightly. Furthermore, the inexperience of the beginner who is physically sound and no coward is a much less dangerous drawback to the leader of a party than the argumentative embryo-mountaineer who, after three or even fewer brief summer seasons spent in climbing, often only in a secondary capacity, imagines that the mountains hold no more secrets for him. To the experienced climber who feels that there is still something new for him to learn, I would commend the tyro as a companion—for his puzzled, but often fundamental, questionings may suggest a new train of thought or throw fresh light upon what seemed but the obvious and commonplace.

To return to our problem. From the Dent Blanche I could see that both the bergschrund at the foot of the N.W. ridge and the one intersecting the snows of the great terrace were of formidable proportions and likely to give a great deal of trouble. Next day, by going up the Tête Blanche, I was able to get a better idea of the ground from the foot of the N.W. ridge up to the terrace.

On the strength of the knowledge now possessed, I drew up a provisional time-table. At midnight we would leave the Schönbühl hut. Going round the Stockje and passing through the two icefalls of the Tiefenmatten glacier, we would reach the bergschrund at the foot of the N.W. ridge not later than 3 A.M. The bergschrund and the difficult ground above, consisting of ice interspersed with rock, would have to be tackled in the moonlight, and this would give us time to gain the lower end of the terrace about six o'clock, before the sun's rays had become powerful enough to start stones falling. All would then be plain sailing until about two-thirds of the way across the terrace, where the formidable bergschrund would have to be negotiated. Should this obstacle prove impassable, we could return in all haste to near the end of the terrace where, in the shelter of a great ice-cliff, it would be possible to bivouac. In the earliest hours of the following day the retreat would be completed *via* the N.W. ridge and the summit. Should the bergschrund go, however, there would be nothing to prevent our gaining the E. ridge.

These studies of the N. face of the Dent d'Hérens had entailed in all eight visits to the Schönbühl hut of a total duration of nearly six weeks. Was it time thrown away, or is not mountaineering worth the endeavour to make it a

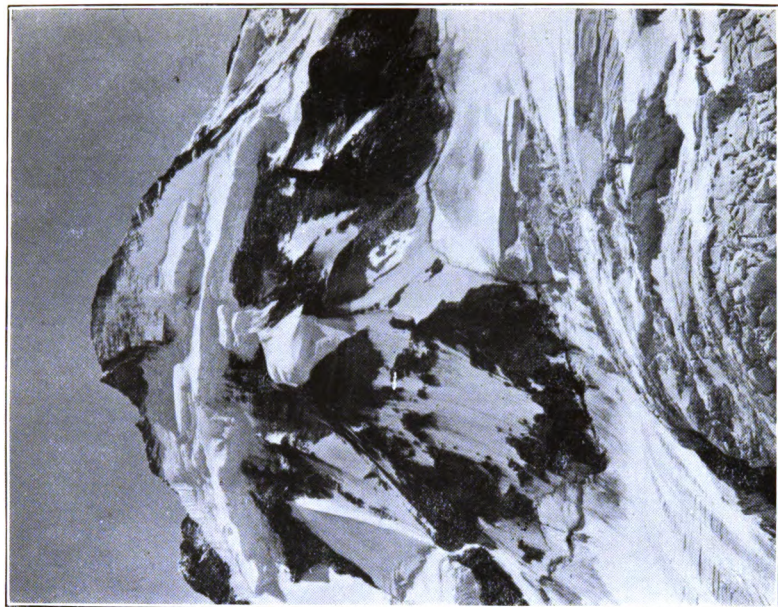
justified source of intellectual and physical training invaluable in every phase of one's daily life ?

On returning to Zermatt we were joined by Guy Forster, an old and tried companion on many difficult ascents, more than one novel. The functions of the various members of the party were easily arranged. Forster and I were to act as guides and Peto as porter. On July 29 Peto, bent on sketching, set off once more for the Schönbühl hut, and on the 30th Forster and I followed with the necessary provisions, climbing-irons, 100-ft. A.C. rope, and 200 ft. of cotton sash-line. The latter might prove useful in the event of a forced retreat back to the N.W. ridge and perhaps also on the terrace. At a few minutes past midnight we left the hut, telling the caretaker of our intentions. We crossed the glacier to the Stockje in the light of a strong moon. Just beyond the ruins of the old Stockje hut we put on climbing-irons and roped. The first ice-fall of the Tiefenmatten glacier was easily overcome near the left bank. But the second, which experience had told me was most vulnerable on the extreme right bank, gave more trouble. Here, close under the Dent d'Hérens, we were in the shadow of the moon, and had to make use of our lantern. For perhaps a quarter of an hour, while making our way as fast as possible up through a series of steep ice gullies and crevasses, we were in danger from the séracs perched on the great cliffs above. Once in the upper basin of the glacier, we ascended the slopes, bearing to our left round towards the foot of the N.W. ridge, and eventually arrived on the lower lip of the bergschrund which defends the foot of the ridge. The spot was strange, forbidding. In the gloom, a hundred feet above us, towered the upper lip—inaccessible. In dark, shining patches the rocks of the N.W. ridge showed through, pitilessly smooth, and glazed with a thin covering of treacherous ice. To cross here was impossible, but, by working out into the N.W. face and following the bergschrund to where it curves upwards almost parallel with the N.W. ridge, we found a likely place. The first attempt to get over the bergschrund met with failure. The bridge selected afforded, it is true, a means of access to the slopes above, but I quickly discovered that it was too delicate a structure, and preferred to go back to where we could descend a few feet on to some snowed-up blocks in the steeply rising schrund whence we could cut up the vertical other side. I gained the upper lip, but the work involved was far from easy, and before its completion I had to retire for a rest while Forster

improved my sketchy foot- and hand-holds. It was then that I took stock of the time : it was four o'clock ; we were an hour too late, and there was nothing for it but to go back. On Forster's return I recommenced work on the ice-steps, converting them into great holes which would be certain to hold out until the following day. This done, I informed the others of my decision and, without a murmur of dissent on their part, we turned back. Instead of going straight down on to the glacier, however, we worked down along the lower lip of the bergschrund to some distance beyond the foot of the N.W. ridge, in an endeavour to find another way across which would give more direct access either to the N.W. ridge or to the slopes leading up to the lower end of the terrace. The search was vain, and, just as the first red rays of the morning sun touched the summit of the Dent d'Hérens, we fled towards the Tiefenmatten glacier from the stones that were soon falling. No time was lost in hurrying through the upper ice-fall—for here safety lay in speed. That morning, in time for a belated eight o'clock breakfast, three dejected climbers arrived back at the Schönbühl hut to a welcoming chorus of 'We told you so.' The one crumb of comfort was the word 'Unmöglich,' freely applied by all and sundry to the N. face of the Dent d'Hérens !

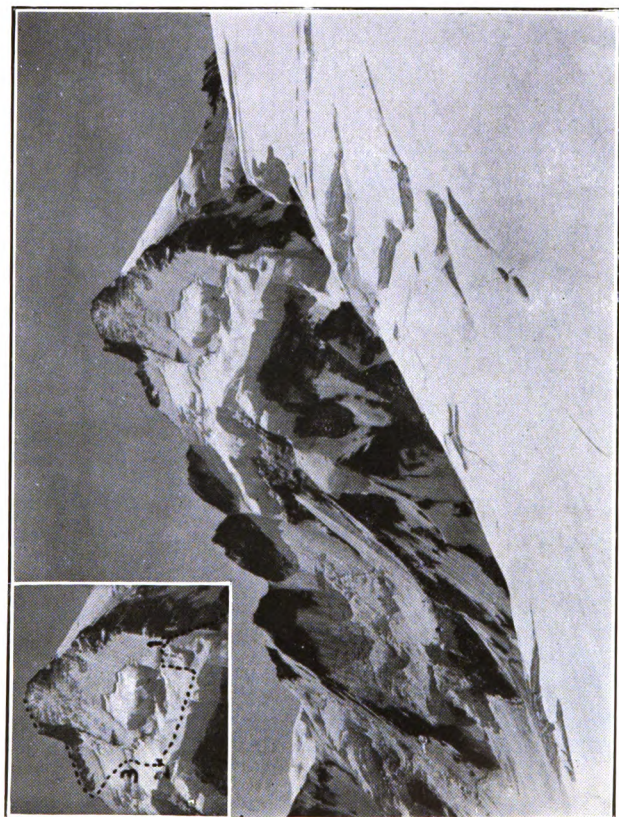
In the afternoon the weather changed for the worse. At 11.30 P.M. we looked out to find rain falling heavily ; towards morning it actually snowed in the vicinity of the hut. It was not until after midday on August 1 that a strong N.W. wind set in and swept away the clouds—all but the gossamer-like streamers which clung tenaciously to the Dent d'Hérens and the Matterhorn, and the thick banks of mist that sought and found refuge from the gale in the grim recesses of the Tiefenmatten basin. Heavy, new snow had fallen on our mountain, and great wisps of it were being torn up over the ridges and the slopes of the N. face and borne away on the wind. But the weather was good ; and the new snow, though it would undoubtedly impede us in some places, would hold loose stones firmly in their beds for longer after sunrise and thus actually render our climb more safe. That night was the coldest I have known in the course of this wonderful summer of 1923.

At a quarter to midnight, on August 1-2, we left the Schönbühl hut. The moon was hidden behind the Matterhorn, which was silhouetted against its light with almost startling clearness, and it was not until we had gained the moraine of the Stockje



*Photo G. I. Finch.*

DENT D'HÉRENS  
From Stockje.



*Photo G. I. Finch.*

# N. FACE OF DENT D'HÉRENS

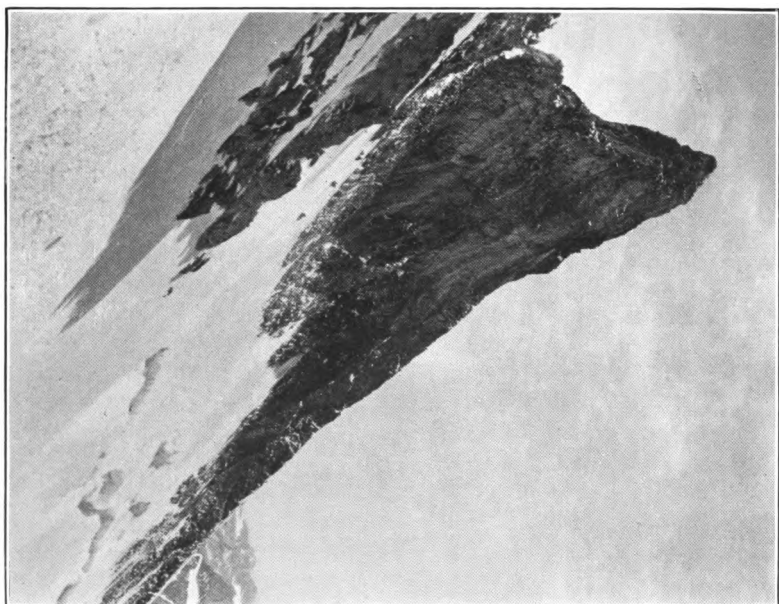
From near Col d'Hérens.

1. "Immense gully," p 219.
2. Breakfast place, p 220.
3. Bergschrund, p. 221.





*Photo G. I. Finch.*  
**TIEFENMATTENJOCH AND ICEFALLS, ALSO END  
 OF "TERRACE" OF DENT D'HÉRENS.**  
 From Stockje.



*Photo G. I. Finch.*  
**GREAT GENDARME ON E. RIDGE.**

that we were able to dispense with the lantern. Walking rapidly, and finding our way through the ice-falls without hesitation, we arrived in the upper basin of the Tiefenmatten glacier at a point below the N.W. ridge just where the slopes steepen up towards the bergschrund. Here, sheltered from the cold wind behind a huge block of fallen ice, we halted (2.30 to 3 A.M., August 2) to adjust climbing-irons, breakfast, and rearrange knapsacks. I had the pleasure of handing mine over to Peto. We re-lighted the lantern and climbed up to the bergschrund, to find the steps cut two days before quite usable. Once over the bergschrund a steep ice-slope lay between us and the nearest rocks of the N.W. ridge, now about 200 yards away. Alpine literature contains many examples of that looseness of description which permits the raconteur to describe, as ice, a slope covered with inches of good firm snow. But here in front of us was the real thing. On warm days water from the ice-cliffs perched on the rocks above flows down over this slope, not in well-defined channels, but fanwise, so as to leave bare ice. What the angle of the slope is I cannot say, as I had no clinometer, but where we cut across, always keeping about 100 to 150 ft. above the upper lip of the bergschrund, it was very steep. Higher up, the inclination was somewhat more gentle; but for two reasons we chose to cross the slope at its steepest—in the first place, fewer steps would bring us to the ridge, and in the second, should stray stones or odd blocks of ice fall in spite of the early hour and the intense cold, there would be much more chance of such missiles going over us than if we were standing on the less steep slopes higher up. The order of the party was as follows. I led, untrammelled by a knapsack, Forster came in the middle, and Peto brought up the rear. How Peto would manage was rather uncertain, as this was his first serious essay with climbing-irons. Forster was to look after both my rope and Peto's, and would, in the event of a slip on the part of the latter, have to hold him—a task of which I knew he was fully capable if only the steps were well cut and reasonably large. Just as we began to cut our way across the slope a fierce gust of wind blew out the candle; and henceforth, though it was still rather dark, as the light of the moon did not reach the secluded spot directly, we decided to dispense with artificial light. I cut the steps as quickly as possible without wastage of blows, but very carefully. Always the same method—left-handed cutting, for we were traversing from right to left; six or seven medium blows



marking out the base, twice as many heavy blows to break down the roof of each step, half a dozen dragging hits to make floor and wall meet well inside, a scrape or two with the adze to make sure that the floor was clean and slanting into the slope, and another of the many steps was ready. But while I was steadily cutting out my first rope's length from Forster, he and Peto were getting the worst of it in a heated difference of opinion with the lantern. Now a lantern which is not burning should be folded up and put away. But this particular sample proved stubborn. Peto's struggles to make it behave being unavailing, he very considerably passed it on to Forster, by which time I was already straining at the rope to cut a next step. Having only two hands, both of which were wanted on more important business, Forster thrust the lantern between his teeth, came up a few steps, and so gave me sufficient rope to proceed. After a further desperate but vain effort to fold the lantern up—with the candle still in it!—and handicapped by his limited number of hands, he at last solved the difficulty by biting the candle in two, and eventually succeeded in stowing away the very refractory and useless article in his pocket. From then onwards we really got into our stride. I worked away in a perfectly straight, almost horizontal, line towards the rocks of the N.W. ridge; my comrades moved one at a time, Peto evidently enjoying the slope in spite of its appearance—particularly formidable with darkness surrounding us and the ever-increasing drop beneath.

It was very cold, and from time to time the fierce gusts of a fresh wind made us pause in our labours and crouch well down on to the slope to retain our balance. At a quarter past four the last step had been cut and the rocks of the N.W. ridge gained at a point a little above the bergschrund. We immediately crossed over to the N. face, where the rocks were more broken. They were well plastered up with ice and snow, but nevertheless we all tucked our axes into the rope at our waists and, with both hands free, moved upwards at a good pace. Our mode of advance consisted in my going out the full 60-ft. length of rope between myself and Forster and finding good standing-ground or reliable belay; whereupon the other two, moving together with a taut rope between them, would climb up to me. There was much verglas on the rocks, and everything was buried in fresh snow; but I steadfastly refrained from using the axe, utilising hands and fists to clear doubtful places and relying as much as possible on the climbing-irons. To use the axe on this kind of ground

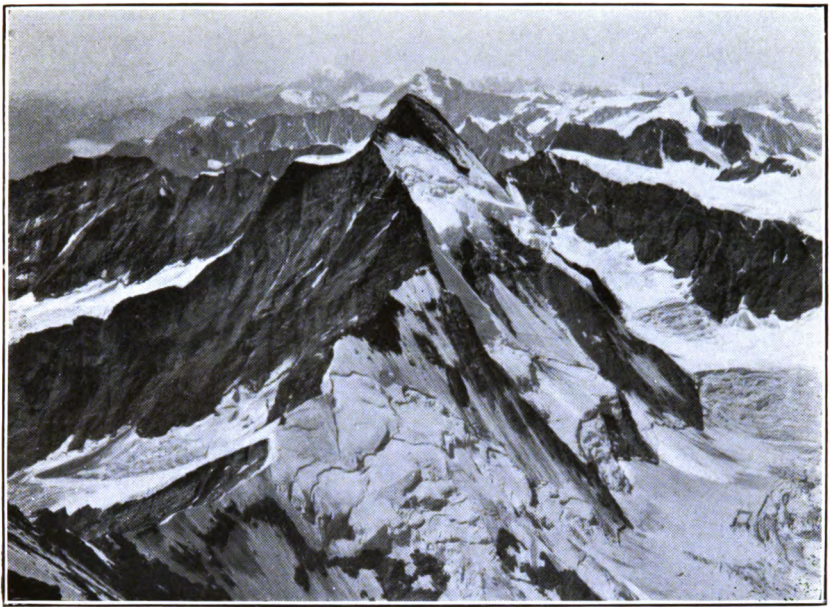
before it is absolutely necessary invariably results in the loss of valuable time. We kept to the N. side of the ridge, only twice touching the crest, and, after one and a half hour's climbing at full pressure, arrived at a point high up above the lower end of the great terrace where a feasible way of gaining it at last appeared. Between the terrace and the rocks of the northern flank of the N.W. ridge lies an immense gully, at the narrowest point of which we now stood. It was extremely steep, as the ice had run and formed a sort of bulge. Forster and Peto having stowed themselves firmly away on the last little island of rock, I started to cut across it. After some heavy step-cutting in extraordinarily steep ice, I arrived in the middle of the gully, only to see about 100 ft. lower down a better means of gaining the terrace. So I returned and, joining the others, descended these hundred feet and once more set out to cross the gully. It was not very wide, being only some 80 ft. from the last of the rocks to the terrace itself, but the work was certainly hard. After about twenty minutes' step-cutting, I found myself standing in the bergschrund formed by the terrace and the ice-slopes above, and there Forster and Peto soon joined me. By following the lower lip of the bergschrund for a short distance and leaving it at a point where it curved abruptly upwards, it would have been possible to make a horizontal traverse of about 300 ft. across a steep snow-slope to where the terrace was more gently inclined. Unfortunately, owing to the state of the snow, such tactics could not be indulged in. The slope was heavily covered with an accumulation of new snow, much of which had fallen down from the steeper slopes above. The old snow underneath had a smooth surface and was hard frozen, and the fresh snow was of that powdery, non-cohesive quality which already possessed the thin, dangerous, wind-formed crust so respected by the winter mountaineer. To traverse such a slope would be simply asking for trouble: there was almost certain danger of our treading loose a snow shield and being swept down by it across the terrace and over the cliffs below. The only alternative lay in descending for a distance of about 200 ft. and then crossing the slope at its very foot, where it was no longer steep, hard up against the lower edge of the corridor where it breaks away in the vast ice-cliffs overhanging the Tiefenmatten glacier. It was here that our spare rope proved most valuable. We cut out a large block of snow in the lower lip of the bergschrund and laid our doubled spare rope over the improvised belay. With Peto going first, we then went

straight down the dangerous slope towards another suitable belay lying about 100 ft. below and consisting of a large stone which had fallen from the Dent d'Hérens and was now firmly embedded in the old snow. By means of this second belay we descended another hundred feet, and then arrived at the very foot of the slope, where its angle eased off so rapidly that in spite of the great masses of powdery snow, it was at last possible to cross, in safety and without fear of loosening a snow shield, over to the great terrace.

The angle of the ground where we now found ourselves was gentle—sometimes no more than  $20^{\circ}$ ; but, under the threat of ice falling from the hanging glacier above, Forster and I urged Peto, who still led, to move forward with all haste until clear of the danger zone. At one place our way passed through an extensive field of ice-blocks—débris from the cliffs above. That practically the whole of this particular fall of ice had been arrested on the terrace will indicate how easy is the gradient at this point. 7.30 A.M. saw us more than halfway along the terrace at a point where it appears almost level. We were more or less directly below the summit. Close to the edge of the ice-cliff in which the terrace breaks away, we were at last in perfect safety. Nothing falling from above could reach us now; for the gentle slopes of the terrace between us and the final wall of the mountain provided an efficient trap for all stones tumbling down from the summit rocks.

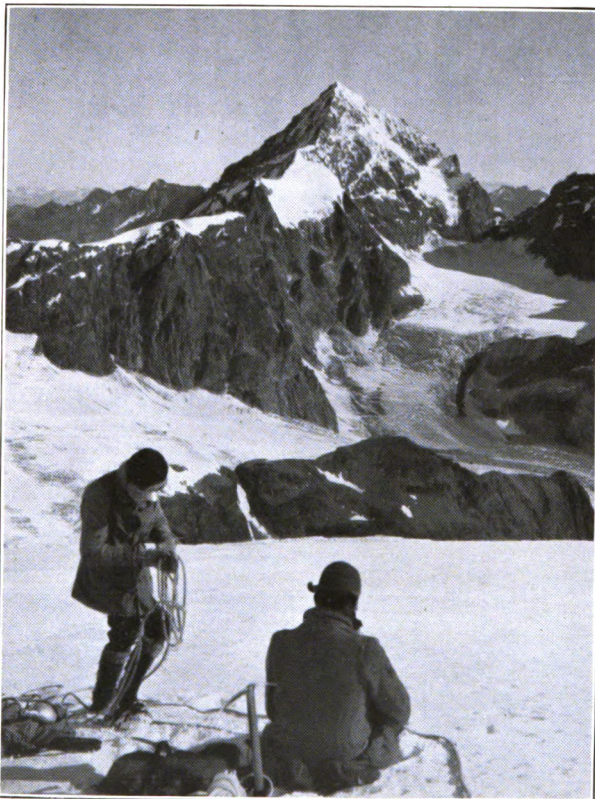
It was with a sense of complete security that we sat down to another breakfast and to enjoy a well-earned rest; for, since crossing the bergschrund four and a half hours ago, we had been working at high pressure. The spot must be one of the wildest and most solitary in the Alps: behind us a rampart of precipitous cliffs, before us at our feet a few yards of gently sloping snow, then nothing until the eye rested on the Stockje, a mile and a half distant and nearly 3000 ft. below. Several parties were toiling up the Tête Blanche, but halted upon hearing our exuberant yells of delight as we settled down to our meal. It was cold; the wind was still strong and blowing snow-dust about, and, though all wore extra clothing and windproof overalls, we were by no means overburdened with warmth.

Shortly after eight o'clock we again set off. The slopes of the terrace now steepened up rapidly, and soon we were once more cutting steps—this time in good hard snow—up to the bergschrund separating us from the upper end of the terrace.



*Photo G. I. Finch.*

DENT D'HÉRENS.  
From Matterhorn.



*Photo G. I. Finch.*

DENT BLANCHE.  
From "Terrace" of Dent d'Hérens



Just before gaining the lower lip we heard the rattle of falling stones, and a generous avalanche from the gully between the great gendarme on the E. arête and the summit crashed down straight towards us. During one of my reconnaissance trips I had watched through the telescope stones falling down this gully, and had observed that they were all caught by the lower lip of the schrund. Indeed, it was precisely this fact that had led me to the conclusion that the lower lip must protrude very much beyond the upper, which would therefore form a serious barrier in our path. On this occasion again every stone of the avalanche was swallowed up by the bergschrund, without the slightest danger to us. As soon as all was quiet we resumed work and, on gaining the lower lip, moved down along it to the left, where it approached more under the upper lip. The obstacle we now faced was assuredly a difficult one. It appeared to me that the upper lip could be attacked, with fair prospects of success, at its lowest part by cutting steps up about twelve feet of very steep ice and then drilling one's way through a cornice formed of hard frozen snow, some three feet thick, extending from the edge of the upper lip. An alternative way lay in making a difficult traverse still further to the left across the ice-face leading to a fault or notch in the cornice, affording access to the slopes above. At first I chose the former way. Forster anchored himself well and, holding both my rope and Peto's, let us across the debris-choked floor of the bergschrund to the foot of the steep pitch. I was soon cutting my way up this, while Peto held me steady, so as to avoid the necessity of making handholds. Now out of arm's reach, but jammed against the ice by his axe, I began to drill through the cornice. I succeeded in driving my axe through into daylight, but only after a great effort, and was forced to return for a rest. Forster then followed up in my steps, but, not liking the idea of laboriously enlarging the hole in the cornice, returned to investigate the possibilities of the alternative traverse to the left. For some distance Peto was able to support him with his axe, but for the last ten or twelve feet Forster had to cut with his left hand, relying on his right to help him retain his balance. By a brilliant piece of ice-work he wormed his way through the fault in the cornice out on to the slopes above. As soon as he had obtained good standing-ground and driven his axe to the head into the snow, I followed quickly, and together we gave Peto the necessary aid to enable him to join us.

Once more I took the lead. We were now aiming straight

for the eastern extremity of the level section of ridge lying immediately to the E. of the great gendarme. Everywhere the ground was so steep that steps had to be cut, but four or five blows with the axe were always sufficient, as the snow was hard and of good quality. To gain the foot of the gendarme over the slopes directly above us was out of the question on account of the impassability of an intervening bergschrund. Further to the E., however, this schrund was well bridged, and we crossed without difficulty. Here the snow changed. It was still good, but no longer so hard. Roped on to our 200-ft. length of sash-line, Forster now took the lead and kicked his way right up on to the ridge, while Peto and I enjoyed a welcome, if brief, respite from our activities. At eleven o'clock we were all sitting together on a great flat slab on the E. ridge overlooking the Val Tournanche, protected from the wind and revelling in the warm sunshine. We had won. From here to the top was merely a question of time and patience. The great N. face of the Dent d'Hérens, which had so long been spoken of as 'unmöglich,' had this day at last suffered defeat, and many were the shouts of triumph hurled down at its hitherto hidden recesses. In the simple amusements so dear to the mountaineer, a whole hour was spent at this delightful spot. We ate, we sunned ourselves, and drank in the beauties of the marvellous view. I will not expatiate thereon, but will content myself with paying tribute to the Matterhorn, which, seen as we saw it that morning, must surely be the most strikingly wonderful mountain in the world.

At noon, having discarded our climbing-irons, we again roped, Forster leading, I coming as second man, and Peto, as before, bringing up the rear. Making our way up a steep snow-ridge, followed by a vertical chimney—which, thanks to liberal handholds, was not difficult, though somewhat strenuous—we had soon covered the distance of about 80 ft. that had separated us from the E. end of the horizontal stretch of ridge and now overlooked the uppermost snows of the Za-de-Zan glacier, from which we were divided by less than 200 ft. of easy scree-slopes. Early in the day we had noticed the formation of fish clouds, and from up here saw that Mont Blanc was 'smoking a pipe.' The weather was obviously breaking; but, provided no time was wasted, we counted on its holding out long enough to enable us to finish the ascent. The horizontal stretch of ridge, despite the fresh snow that was lying about, gave no serious trouble, and soon we were at the foot of the great gendarme. It was plain that the latter, even

in the best of circumstances, would prove a stubborn customer if tackled directly over the ridge. For the sake of economising time, therefore, we moved out on to the S. side, and for more than two hours were kept fully occupied on slabby rocks where the handholds tended to slope downwards. Had the ground been dry, the climbing would probably have been fairly easy ; but to-day verglas and new snow were everywhere. Forster, free from the burden of his knapsack, which now graced my shoulders, was in his element. Our pace was not rapid, because the conditions rendered it advisable to move only one at a time, and the rock, apart from being glazed, was so unreliable that great care was necessary. At last, shortly before drawing level with the summit of the gendarme, a scramble up some particularly nasty slabs brought us on to a buttress of blocks where we were able to climb together. Forster dashed away in great style. We regained the ridge at the lowest point in the slight depression that lies between the summit of the great gendarme and that of the mountain itself. From there the climb along the final ridge was pure joy. Nowhere did we meet with the least difficulty. The rock was extremely good and wind-swept free from snow. The ridge was very narrow—in places even sensational. Sometimes it hung over to one side, sometimes to the other, and once it actually assumed a mushroom-like appearance and overhung on both. Our pace was furious, and Forster's exclamations of delight at the splendid climbing quite invigorating.

At 3.15 p.m., fifteen and a half hours after leaving the Schönbühl hut, we passed over the little snow-crest which forms the summit of the Dent d'Hérens. We did not halt : the weather was too menacing, and it behoved us to get off the mountain as quickly as possible. Just beyond the summit we again altered the order of the rope—Forster retained the lead, Peto came next, and I brought up the rear. After a short, easy climb down the steep but firm rocks of the little summit cliff overlooking the N.W. face, we struck a well-trodden track in the scree-slopes, and passing down these and two ice-slopes—the first a short one, the second long enough to induce us to put on climbing-irons—we reached a point on the W. ridge whence a convenient descent could be made over broken rocks towards the Za-de-Zan glacier. With the exception of one chimney, which might well have been avoided, all was easy going until, at the foot of the rocks, we had to descend a little ice-slope and cross the bergschrund below it. The deep snow covering the ice-slope was in a parlous condition,



and Forster had to cut well into the ice beneath in order to obtain secure footing. As luck would have it, we chanced to strike the best place to cross the bergschrund; for the misty haze now obscuring the sun also hid detail to such an extent that, until we were actually on the bergschrund, it was at times hard even to detect its presence. The usual sort of little zigzag manœuvre by means of which the weak points in the bergschrund's defences were connected up, saw us safely over on to the soft snow-slopes below. We had no difficulty in getting through the first small ice-fall of the Za-de-Zan glacier, though at one place we had to descend into a crevasse and make our way up the other side in order to effect a crossing. Passing close under the Tiefenmattenjoch, a long tramp in soft, wet snow brought us to the edge of the lower ice-fall. Having been through this fall in 1919, I now went ahead. But, failing to keep sufficiently far to the left, I did not succeed in finding the quickest way through, with the result that, to escape from its clutches, we finally had to resort to the spare rope to descend a bergschrund which must have been nearly 50 ft. high. From there onwards all was plain sailing. A glissade and a gentle walk over the nearly level basin of the glacier led to the top of the moraine, whence, free from the sodden rope, we plunged down towards the corner of the W. ridge of the Tête de Valpelline, at the foot of which stands the Cabane d'Aosta. The ten minutes' uphill walk to the hut was, for three weary mountaineers, as hard a pitch as any they had tackled that day. The hut was none too tidy, but we had food and, some kindly climbers having provided us with sufficient wood, we were able to cook quite a passable meal. The weather did not actually break that evening, but the whole sky was filled with dense masses of cloud driven up by the S. wind, and we went to sleep expecting to have a lively time in crossing the Col de Valpelline on the following day.

Next morning we were under way at 6 A.M., and in less than three hours had gained the Col de Valpelline. The sky was completely overcast and all major summits were hidden in cloud, but we suffered no inconvenience from mist and, in under four and a half hours after leaving the Cabane d'Aosta, were receiving the warm congratulations of the Schönbühl hut-keeper, who had watched our ascent through his telescope with such assiduity that he had strained his right eye and was now in a state of perpetual wink!

## THE SCHALLIGRAT.

BY SIDNEY YOUNG.

(Read before the Alpine Club, June 7, 1921.)

I HOPE that the title of my paper this evening will not have led you to expect too much, but I am here to fill a breach ; if it falls below your expectations you must blame our Honorary Secretary.

In June last I went out to Switzerland, and after spending a fortnight at Grindelwald and a fortnight at Saas Fee, at both of which places I did a little climbing, I made my way over to the Weisshorn Hotel at Randa.

I had never been to the summit of the Weisshorn, although I had tried it on two previous occasions, the last time in 1912 by the ordinary route, when, after eight hours' hard work, the weather compelled us to turn back not far from the top.

The Weisshorn has, I think, always appealed to me more than any other peak in the Alps, and each of my attempts had made me only more keen on trying again, although my ambition did not soar above an ascent and descent by the ordinary route. I had quite made up my mind if I had not accomplished it last year to go straight out to Randa in 1921, and wait there until I did succeed.

Shortly after my arrival at Randa in July, I found that the first ascent for the season had just been made, and as the weather was fine on the afternoon of July 16, I went up to the hut with my guides, Alois Pollinger and Franz Imboden of St. Niklaus. On the way up the weather got better and better, and by the time we arrived at the hut I heard Alois muttering something about the Schalligrat to Gabriel Lochmatter and another guide who had come up with a Japanese climber likewise with the idea of ascending the mountain by the usual S.E. arête. Whispers soon developed into conversations, and, to cut a long story short, during supper we were discussing the possibilities of ascending by the Schalligrat, and after supper, as the weather still looked good, we all decided to have a try at it by that way. Consequently we went to bed early, and arranged to get up about one o'clock, which we did, had some coffee, and made a start between 1.30 and 1.45.

The line of approach to the Schalligrat crosses the great southern buttress, which intersects the Schalliberg glacier. We reached the Schalligrat, slightly above the Schallijoch, just as it was getting light—I should think about 4.30—when we had some difficulty in getting off the glacier on to the rocks. I believe this frequently happens, as I understand that some years ago, when *descending* the Schalligrat, our Honorary Member, Signor Cav. Guido Rey, and Daniel Maquignaz were held up by a huge crevasse, and spent the night out.

I shall not attempt to rival the graphic description of the climb given by a very regular attendant and speaker at our meetings—I mean our sometime Vice-President, the late Mr. Broome. He enumerates quite a little regiment of towers that have to be turned or climbed. The simplest way is to turn the first few, which are not very pronounced, by traversing on the rather inviting and not really difficult E. or Schalliberg flank. In this way the main arête is gained in about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  hours at a little window in the arête. From this point the rock-climbing is of sustained interest. One formidable gendarme has a great upward-slanting semi-spiral gash in its Zinal side. Up this gash the leader crawled almost under cover, until he disappeared to emerge on the ridge above. Another great square-cut pillar of a gendarme, some 12 ft. high, was climbed with considerable difficulty by a crack in its face.

After about  $2\frac{1}{2}$  hours going (I did not keep any detailed notes or times, as I was climbing gaily, never dreaming in my innocence of being required to give an account of myself before this technical and critical audience) we arrived below the great yellow gendarme, or rather 'tête,' which is so marked a feature. This 'tête' is not on the direct arête. It is just where the arête makes a bend to the W., and is not necessarily climbed. A traverse of about half an hour on the Schalliberg face brings one back to the arête. The next tooth can also be turned on the same face, by a difficult slab, and the arête regained above it in a quarter of an hour. A further traverse on the same face, close below the crest, can be made which brings one back in about three-quarters of an hour on to the arête, at a well-marked little gap.

From this point the line is along the actual crest, decidedly hard, steep slabs, and up a chimney, in the centre of the arête. This last  $1\frac{1}{2}$  hours is much the most difficult part of the climb.

Our pace had been fairly steady, getting, however, a good deal slower as we neared the summit, and the halts becoming more frequent—sometimes for a drink and at other times to

admire the view. We reached the top about 12.30, or about 11 hours after leaving the hut. I should think altogether our halts totalled  $1\frac{1}{2}$  hours, so it left  $9\frac{1}{2}$  hours for the actual climbing.

I am afraid that those of you who have made this ascent will think the pace was slow, but it was entirely my fault. My Japanese friend was like a young chamois, and Alois and the other guides would, I think, have liked to go rather quicker, but they were all much too polite to say so. As a matter of fact, I had slightly strained myself in doing the traverse of the Portjengrat a few days before. I was a bit tired, but after a rest of half an hour and something to eat and a little brandy to drink, I was soon myself again.

We came down by the usual S.E. ridge at a very easy pace, and reached the hut about 5.30, where we had a meal, and got down to Randa about 8.30, after about nineteen hours of very hard work, which included some of the best climbing I have ever had.

I cannot find anything in the JOURNAL about this ridge of the Weisshorn except Mr. Hartley's paper in 'A.J.' viii., on the expedition in 1877, when Sir Edward Davidson, Mr. Seymour Hoare, and he made the first ascent of the upper and more difficult part of the arête; and Mr. Broome's paper on the first complete ascent by this ridge in 1895. Mr. Broome told you then that he only kept shirt-cuff notes, and I kept no notes at all, as I did not happen to be wearing a shirt with cuffs, so that I am really worse off than he was—but I have very vividly in mind the number of 'gendarmes' we had to go over, and a few that we turned as he did on the E. side, with, I think, a single exception. There is also an account in the *Zeitschrift* of the D. and OE.A.V. for 1907, of a traverse of the Rothorn and of the Weisshorn, ascending by our ridge, on two consecutive days in 1901, by Herren Pfann and Christa. They had arranged for two of their friends to meet them on the Schallijoch with blankets and provisions. These friends, however, bivouacked 2000 ft. below the Col, leaving the two climbers to sit out all night. Nothing daunted, they completed their task next day.

On our ascent, speaking generally, the rocks were in excellent condition. There was only one contretemps, and that was in going up a very steep bit. A stone weighing about a hundred-weight came loose directly I put my weight on it. I managed to keep it in place till Alois came to my help, although I got my fingers crushed a bit.

As I have already said, the traverse of the Weisshorn by this route is an undoubtedly fine climb, and is one that I strongly

recommend, especially to the younger members of the Club ; but don't do as I did, and attempt it in your first season for seven years, when you are the wrong side of fifty.

The view was magnificent, especially of the stupendous western or Zinal face of the mountain, and of the striking great gendarme on the northern arête.

I should like to remind you that the guide who accompanied me, Alois Pollinger, is a son of the Pollinger who accompanied Messrs. Hartley, Davidson, and Hoare on their famous climb in 1877. Alois was also, as most of you know, Mr. Broome's guide for a number of years, and I am sure I have to thank him for the success of my venture. In fact, it was much more his climb than mine.

Before I close I should like to acknowledge my grateful thanks to Captain Farrar for his very willing and material help in the preparation of this paper. I expect that some of you who know him well will recognise quite a lot of his phraseology ; in fact, it is practically Pollinger's climb and Farrar's paper.

## THE BRENVA FACE OF MONT BLANC.

By J. P. FARRAR.

THE 1911-12 Anglo-Saxon onslaught on this face is fresh in our memories.

It produced a literary outburst, viz. :

1. My summary of the known ascents ('A.J.' xxvi. p. 171 *seq.*).
2. Narratives of ascents (*ibid.* p. 203 *seq.*).
3. Dr. Wilson's paper, 'The Col de la Brenva' (*ibid.* p. 264 *seq.*)—a narrative of an expedition in 1904 by Wicks, Bradby, and himself, which, like Mummery, Collie, and Hastings' ascent of 1894, is a glorious page of English mountaineering attainments.
4. A record of Mr. Coolidge's ascent in 1870, with some topographical notes by Dr. Wilson and myself (*ibid.* p. 428 *seq.*).
5. Mr. R. W. Lloyd's paper (*ibid.* p. 431 *seq.*) describing his momentous descent of the face.
6. My paper in 'A.J.' xxviii. p. 306 *seq.* on some topographical points.

Until 1919 the face was immune from onslaughts by axe and pen. Early this year M. Claudius Joublot, the able *rédacteur en chef* of the *Revue Alpine*, was good enough to send

me the *Revue*, vol. xxiii. No. 4. This revealed a previously unrecorded ascent—the first by a Frenchman, whether monsieur or guide—made by M. J. Manoury on July 19, 1906, nine days after Mr. Ryan's ascent.<sup>1</sup> The guides were Camille Ravanel, Jean Amiez, and A. Ravanel (porter), all of Chamonix. From the Géant inn the party, hindered by mist, took to the foot of the buttress (8 to 9 on illustration, 'A.J.' xxvi. opposite p. 203<sup>2</sup>) nearly 6 hours; main arête at c. 4000 m., c. 2½ hours; summit and down to Vallot hut, c. 9 hours.

But the same *Revue* contains an account of an even more interesting expedition made on August 21, 1922, by MM. Tom and Jacques de Lépiney and Dr. A. Migot, without guides, viz. the passage of the Col de la Brenva, the hardest Col and one of the most strenuous expeditions in the whole Alps. The brothers de Lépiney, Dr. Migot, M. Henri Bregeault, M. Lagarde, and M. Savard are among the most active spirits in the Groupe Haute Montagne of the C.A.F.—a group which has done great things towards the splendid, if still limited, revival of enthusiasm and enterprise in French high mountaineering. Nothing is more gratifying to us Englishmen than to read of their exploits, among which is the completion of Mr. Geoffrey Young's attempt on the Col des Nantillons, mentioned elsewhere in this number—a rock climb of the highest class. To no one will we more willingly cede the entry upon a domain like the Brenva, which up to now has been a sort of reserve of ours.

The party left the Géant inn at 0.25 h. and gained the Col at 14 h. The narrative is a most workmanlike production, and enters into the closest technical detail, the following of which is eased by a marked sketch.

Arrived at the point where the Wilson party was cut off by a wall of séracs and forced to make the memorable traverse to the Col, the French climbers found 'l'aspect des lieux a beaucoup changé depuis leur ascension: il n'y a point de glace lisse cette année. A une quarantaine de mètres au-dessous de nous, dans la branche droite du fer à cheval, c'est à dire dans la cascade de glace, existe une sorte de crevasse qui permettra de graver le versant opposé du couloir et nous fera accéder à une pente formée de glace grumeleuse irrégulière; nous traverserons cette pente pour arriver à un

<sup>1</sup> Accordingly the ascents No. 11 onwards (*A.J.* xxvi. 175) must go down a place.

<sup>2</sup> See also sketch, *Revue*, p. 159.

second mur de séracs peu élevé (environ 5 m.) dans un angle dièdre où un cône de blocs écroulés monte au niveau de la neige . . . et cette neige, c'est celle des douces pentes aboutissant au Col de la Brenva.'

In the same *Revue* are some 'Notes sur le versant de la Brenva du Mont Blanc' by M. Jacques Lagarde. They deal with the subject in a more complete and much more critical manner than did my summary in 'A.J.' xxvi. 171 *seq.*, and are, in effect, a précis of the narratives of previous ascents.

M. Lagarde distinguishes :

Route I. Moore, 1865.

Variation (1) Ryan, 1906.

(2) Güssfeldt, 1892.

(3) Caesar, 1911.

(4) Lloyd, 1912.

(5) Coolidge,<sup>3</sup> 1870.

Route II. Gruber, 1881.

Among guides, Adolphe Rey has made two, Emile Rey two, Daniel Maquignaz two ascents, and Joseph Pollinger one ascent and one descent. Mr. Lloyd is the only traveller to have faced the expedition twice. There have now been three guideless expeditions, viz. 1894, 1904, and 1922.

Both papers, admirably documented, are great contributions to one of the most magnificent ice-climbs in the Alps—a great memory to its devotees, a great hope for its suitors.

The G.H.M., newest brotherhood of mountaineers, may rest assured that they will find nowhere keener and more interested admirers of their work or more assiduous readers of their admirable narratives than members of the older Club.

#### A WINTER ASCENT OF MT. COOK.

**M**R. R. L. WIGLEY, with the guides Frank Milne and Murrell, left the Hermitage in perfect weather on the morning of Thursday, August 9, and reached the Ball hut at 4.30 A.M., Friday.

<sup>3</sup> My expedition in 1893, led by Daniel Maquignaz and Klucker, appears to have followed the line of Mr. Coolidge, led by Almer, which is satisfactory!

' From this point to the foot of the Haast Range . . . snow conditions were against us, the surface being too hard to use the skis, but not hard enough to bear our weight. . . . In some places the snow was very steep, and in others it presented an even coating over very steep rocks. We arrived at the Haast Hut too late to make any preparations in the way of kicking steps over Glacier Dome in readiness for climbing Mount Cook next day.

' Saturday, however, was spent in kicking steps over the Dome and round Silber Horn corner. . . . Sharp at 4 A.M. on Sunday we started off and tramped to the top of Glacier Dome.

' From here we skied to the Silber Horn Corner, and found skiing in the dark a most novel experience. Leaving our skis at the foot of Silber Horn we started off in the steps kicked on Saturday, and by daylight were well up the Linda Glacier. From this point on, conditions were fairly good, the snow being very soft. The prospects of reaching the top looked good. Several recent avalanches were crossed. . . . Some of the crevasses on the Linda Glacier are of great size, and absolutely magnificent. . . . The summit rocks we found in good condition, which luckily made climbing good. We halted a few minutes for a bite of bread and cheese and a drink from our water-bottles, which we had previously filled with cold tea. . . .

' Resuming the climb, we found the rocks were ice-glazed and very steep, but otherwise conditions were good right to the summit, which we attained at 1.30 P.M. . . .

' It was a glorious day, giving great visibility. Both coast-lines were clearly seen, as were also numberless peaks both north and south, Mount Aspiring being particularly noticeable. . . .

' At 1.50 P.M., after taking several photographs, we left on the return journey to the Haast Hut. . . .

' The rest of the journey was accomplished without incident, and after climbing over soft snow and ski-ing across the Hochstetter Plateau, we arrived at the Haast Hut at 8 P.M., very tired but very pleased with ourselves.

' Next morning we glissaded from the Haast Hut right down to the glacier and skied from here to the Ball Hut, and thence to the Blue Lakes, where we were very thankful to find the horses waiting for us. We were away from the Hermitage for five days, and had glorious weather the whole time.



' . . . On the day we climbed Mount Cook, we found the "wind clothes" used on Shackleton's expedition very good, being put on over our ordinary clothing. It may give you some idea of the temperature when I state that, on getting back to the Haast Hut, one of the party had to leave his socks in his boots, as they were frozen solid through the leather. We were very lucky in having such a glorious day. With a wind, it would no doubt have been so cold that we would have had to abandon the climb.

' We did not expect to be able to do the ascent from the Haast Hut in the excellent time of 16 hours. The record time for a summer climb was made by Lieutenant Gran with Guide Graham in 18½ hours. . . .

' I was blessed with two fine companions for such a trip, in Messrs. Milne and Murrell, but the success of the whole trip was due to Frank Milne, who is an absolute marvel on ice and rock and has a wonderfully fine judgment for snow conditions.'

(Curtailed from the narrative in *The Dominion*, August 18, 1923.)

## EXPLORATIONS IN THE MOUNTAINS OF EASTERN SPITSBERGEN.

By N. E. ODELL.

THE sledging journey into Eastern Spitsbergen undertaken in 1921 ('A.J.' xxxiv. 102 *seq.* and 506) had been regarded by R. A. Frazer and the writer as merely introductory and preliminary to a bigger attack on the unexplored parts of this region, to be carried out when opportunity offered at a later date. The opportunity presented itself this summer, when an invitation was received to join the Merton College (Oxford) Arctic Expedition and also financial assistance was forthcoming from generous friends in the Club. A party of four seemed to us the best working unit, and we were fortunate in getting A. C. Irvine and G. Milling of the Oxford Boat to join us.

The original plans of this year's sledging party provided for a journey into Northeastland to explore the inland ice cap, partially crossed only by the Swedish explorer and geologist Nordenskiöld in 1873, as well as to traverse if possible the unexplored region of Eastern Spitsbergen and come out on the western side of the main island at the head of Ice Fiord.

It was realised that the whole programme could only be carried out in the event of a very good ice year in the polar seas, which in particular would enable our crossing of Hinlopen Strait to be effected by the awaiting sloop, or by small boats, should the sloop have to retreat on account of the approaching pack-ice. To safeguard the latter proceeding in the event of delay owing to adverse conditions, it was intended initially to establish dumps of provisions on either side of Hinlopen Strait.

Arrived in Hinlopen Strait at the end of July it was found that the whole of the Northeastland shore for a varying distance of 2 to 4 miles out into the strait was blocked with drift-ice. It would have been possible for us at some points, though not without difficulty, to have landed on the drift-ice and so have reached the shore. But at the pre-determined site on Northeastland for the laying of the provision dump, chosen on account of its proximity to the Foster Islands and the narrowness of the strait at that point—an important consideration if on the return journey the strait should have to be crossed by small boat—it was found that the disposition of continuous ice and open leads was continually changing owing to a considerable current from the S. We waited for twenty-four hours to see if conditions would change and allow of our attempting the Northeastland part of the programme without undue risk. But time being pressing and no indication of a change in the ice conditions forthcoming, it was felt to be unwarrantable to delay the sloop further for the special benefit of the sledging party, since the sloop party had a very full programme of exploration, scientific work, and hunting to carry out. In order therefore to free the latter of all anxiety as to the welfare of the sledging party, since the conditions for retreat from Northeastland by small boat across Hinlopen Strait were distinctly unfavourable, it was reluctantly decided to give up the Northeastland project, and proceed forthwith with the programme for Eastern Spitsbergen.

At the western end of the Foster Islands at Cape Duym on the mainland a break in the long line of glacier ice-fronts was noticeable as affording a possible landing for the sledging party, and here after a short reconnaissance ashore the disembarkation of stores and equipment quickly took place. Bidding us a grand farewell, duly celebrated by a sumptuous dinner off eider duck and reindeer, the sloop sailed away, leaving us to our task of surveying topographically and geologically the unknown region of Eastern Spitsbergen lying

between the Lomme Bay Peninsula and the Chydenius Range away to the S. Our plans were to make as direct a line southward as the topography and complex glacier systems would permit, with frequent journeys right and left of the line in order to include in the survey as wide a stretch of the region as possible.

For the first ten days on the journey inland neither the weather nor the running conditions were by any means good, the way lying over hummocky glacier often in a very water-logged state, necessitating constant deviations and careful handling of the sledges. Over the whole of this section our heavily loaded sledges, with their scientific instruments, six weeks' food rations, and general equipment, had to be relayed one at a time, thereby in reality trebling the distance to be covered. Incidentally it may be mentioned that included in the equipment was a small wireless set—a feature new to polar-sledging work. By means of it we were enabled to 'receive' from the sloop at a pre-arranged time daily and hear the whereabouts of our companions, though of course in the absence of any adequate power unit we were unable to transmit—at least to the necessary distances involved.

Several interesting features presented themselves on this section in the southern part of the Lomme Bay Peninsula. A noteworthy one was a frozen glacial lake that barred our way, extending as it did across the full width of the glacier. Its surface was broken in various parts into enormous ice-blocks piled together in wild confusion, with wide stretches of undulating ice between the piled masses. All around the lake was an obvious 'high-water' mark where the frozen surface had formerly stood, and now, owing to the draining of the water beneath, had sunk 50 ft. or more. The method of this drainage was not apparent until on ascending a neighbouring height another glacial lake, distant about three miles from the former and lying at a lower elevation, was seen to be in a state of great commotion, its surface being studded with whirlpools and one in particular larger than the rest. The two lakes were separated by an ice-col, and at some time not long previous to our arrival a movement in the glacier must have opened a sub-glacial channel which allowed of the pent-up waters of the upper lake draining beneath the col and emerging from below the ice basin of the lower lake with a force sufficient to create the whirlpool, the roar of which could be heard several miles away. We came across several of these lakes with their gigantic ice wreckage, and they were

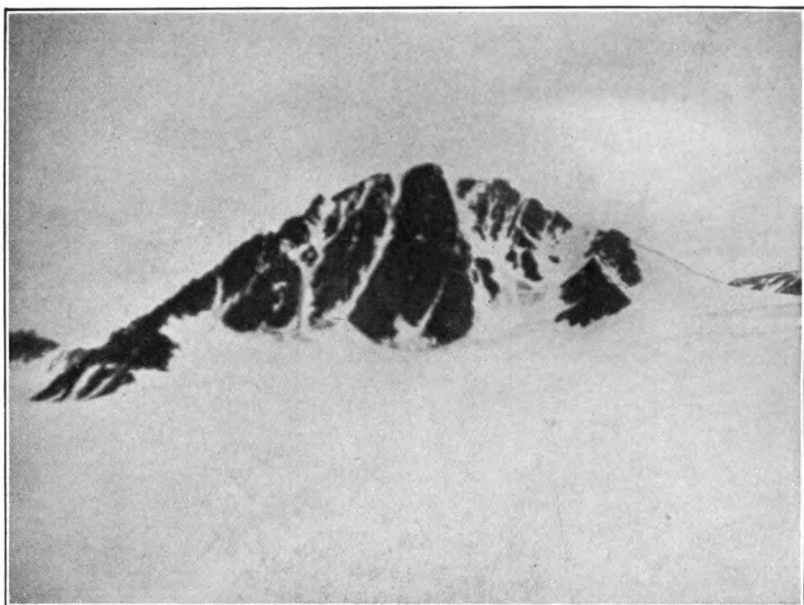
**Mt. Newton.**



**UPPER PART OF BEAR BAY GLACIER (MT. NEWTON IN CLOUD).  
From North Red Crag, looking S.**



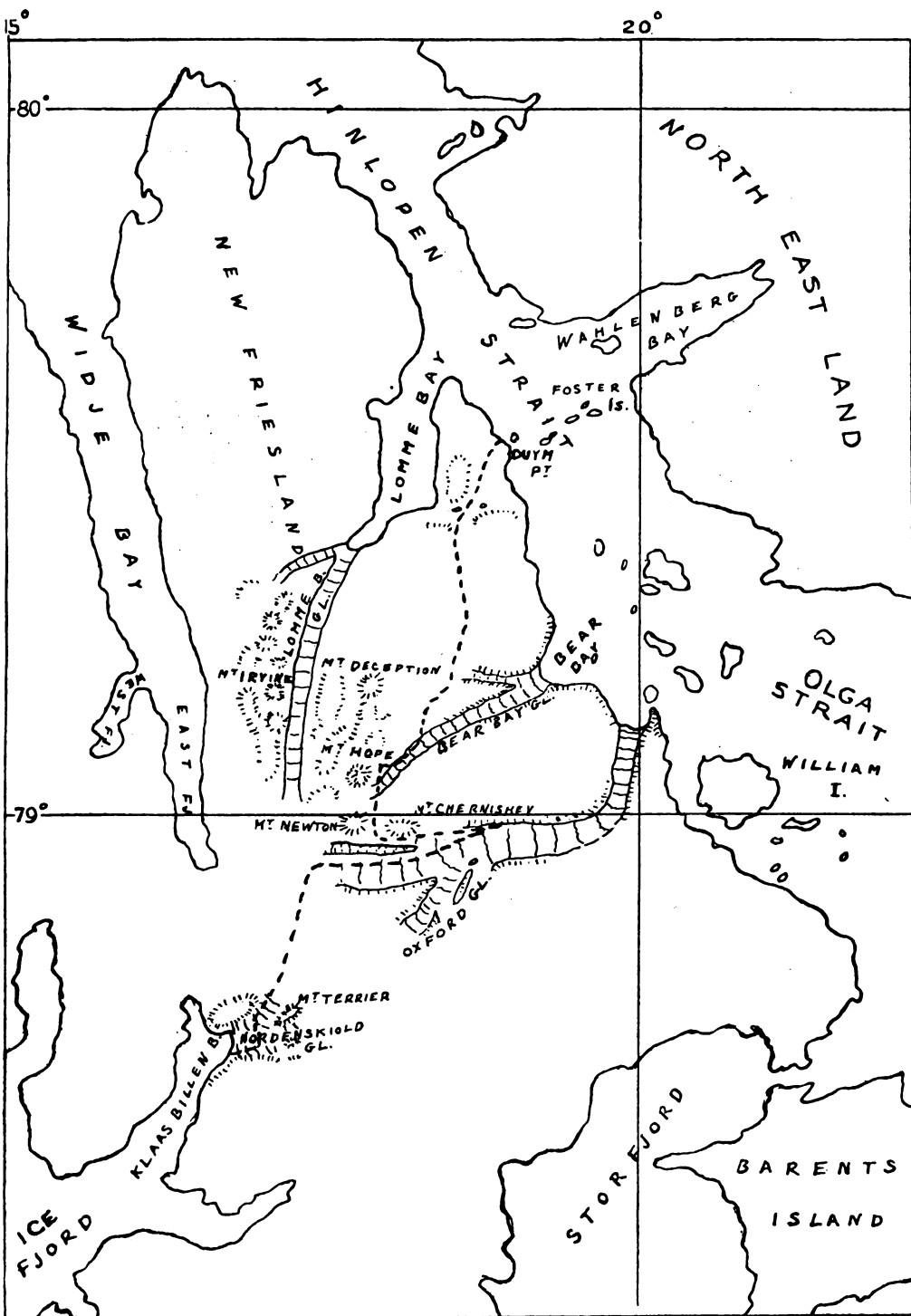
**SAILING SLEDGES.**



MT. IRVINE (EAST FACE).  
From about 3 miles off.



"WIJDE BAY MATTERHORN."  
From Mt. Irvine.



EASTERN SPITSBERGEN. SCALE 1:1,000,000. APPROX. SLEDGE ROUTE.

never more impressive than when suddenly encountered in a fog, but only this one example had the mechanism of its formation so strikingly demonstrated.

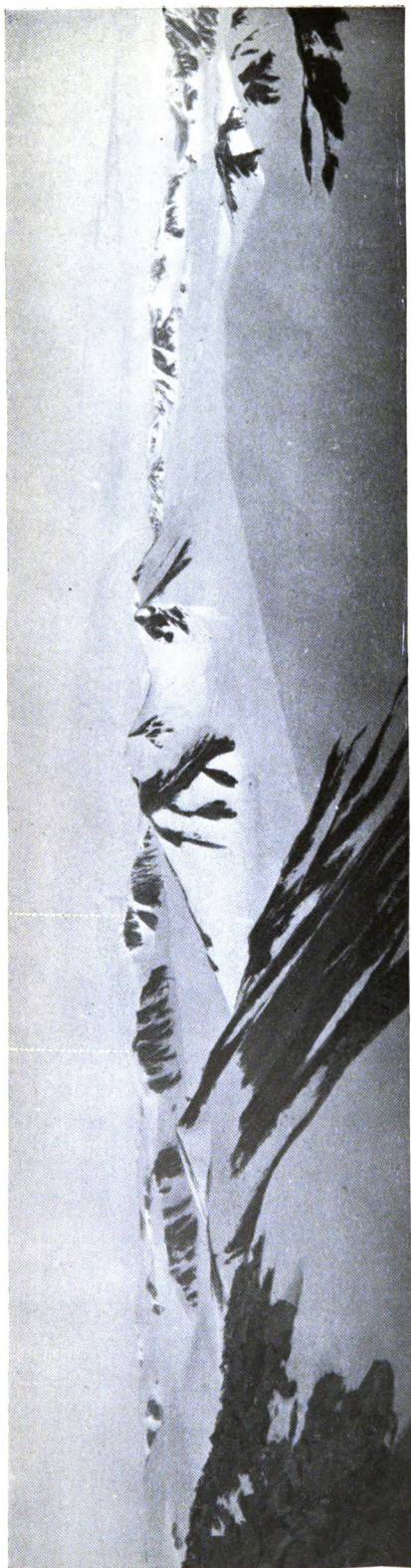
Another remarkable sight not far from the E. coast was the washing clean from the glaciers of their winter snow covering, such that every glacier owing to surface contamination appeared jet black instead of the normal bluish tint.

To the S. of the Lomme Bay Peninsula we crossed a high undulating stretch of country consisting of vast snow-plateaux and ice-domes—a detached and outlying portion of the highland ice-cap of New Friesland to the W. and N.W. Here the travelling conditions were at their worst, the snow being of such a consistency that large masses stuck to the sides and undersides of the sledges and piled up in front of them. Our skis similarly got clogged, and we were forced in the end to use crampons, only to sink in above our knees. On the more level areas there occurred numerous morasses, where one sank into the watery snow-mush without warning. In one such place the writer had suddenly sunk to his waist, and his companions had the audacity to photograph his struggles, beset as he was with skis, before attempting rescue! And to add to our difficulties we were at times forced to find our way in thick mist entirely by compass for hours and days at a time. These mists vary peculiarly in character from being sometimes wet and at other times extremely dry. The writer remembers once drying his wet sleeping-bag in the space of ten minutes in a thick fog by merely laying it out on the stones. And in general it may be said that the climate of Spitsbergen is of that invigorating dry cold character, the temperature rarely falling below about  $-8^{\circ}\text{C.}$  in summer even in the eastern parts, and usually being in the neighbourhood of  $0^{\circ}\text{C.}$ , though rising higher at times when the sun is shining and the air still. Blizzards at times occur, but are confined to the northern and eastern parts. Actual precipitation either as snow or rain is slight, except perhaps along the W. coast, and in reality it may be said that Spitsbergen is at present undergoing a period of desiccation, a factor no doubt that is mainly responsible for the widespread shrinkage of the glaciers.

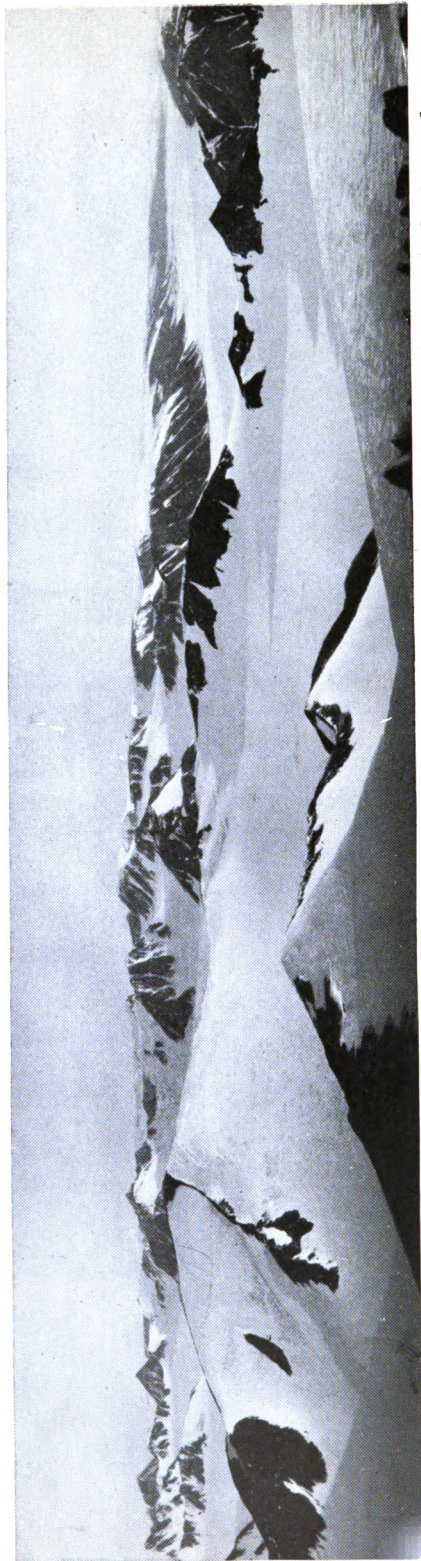
On reaching the higher interior the weather and with it the running conditions improved, and we were able to make better progress, travelling more frequently on skis and pulling both sledges coupled up together, or separately with two men apiece according to circumstances, and at times with sledge sails set, taking advantage of a favourable wind. We were



Bear Bay Gl.      Mt. Newton.



Panorama from Mt. Hope looking from S. to W., showing Mt. Newton and Bear Bay Glacier (total about 180°)



Panorama from Mt. Hope looking from W. to N. Lomme Bay Glacier seen flowing towards Lomme Bay on extreme right background.





extremely fortunate in having perfect weather for mapping the very complex topography and geology of the region immediately to the N. of the Chydenius massif. The relationships of the great glaciers draining that highly dissected region—two at least of which, the Bear Bay Glacier (main branch) and the Lomme Bay Glacier (southern branch), are we believe more than 80 miles long—will, we hope, emerge from our photogrammetric survey. Amongst other ascents Mt. Newton, probably the highest peak in Spitsbergen, was climbed by Frazer and Milling, and a valuable round of panoramic photographs taken, including details of our survey of 1921 to the S. To the N.W. of Mt. Newton exists a group of high rock-peaks little short of 6000 ft., and of such truly alpine aspect that their existence came as a surprise in a region where great snow-domes and broad ridges are predominant. A day which will have lasting memories for the writer on account of its pleasure and interest, apart from the acquisition of important geological evidence, was that on which Irvine and he skied off about 13 or 14 miles from camp in a westerly direction, crossed the great Lomme Bay Glacier, and at the head of a tributary glacier ascended a fine rock-summit situated in the above-mentioned group. The ascent by the S.E. ridge gave 8000 ft. or more of magnificent climbing on hard metamorphic rock and was rather reminiscent of the Tower Ridge of Ben Nevis on a larger scale. From its summit we had a commanding view over the whole group and away across Widje Bay and the vast snowy uplands of Central Spitsbergen to 'Three Crowns' in Western Spitsbergen, 100 miles distant. This imposing array of rock-peaks situated between us and the East Fiord branch of Widje Bay was a sight which held our attention for some time. There was one huge tower in form like the Matterhorn as seen from Breuil, and right and left of it sharp crests as impregnable-looking as the Weisshorn or the Chamonix aiguilles. We descended from our peak by the steep N.E. ridge which gave a sporting way off over alternate rock and sharp snow crest, and then traversed round beneath the great eastern precipice to the point where we left our skis, and so back to our far-distant camp by the light of the midnight sun, whose rich golden rays mingled with the deep purple shadows thrown by the surrounding mountains and subtly blended with the delicate opalescent tints diffused from the glacier surfaces, formed an ineffably beautiful scene not to be experienced in lower latitudes. These arctic mountains without doubt have gems that the Alps can never

offer! To the writer also not the least factor in their charm is their remoteness and the feeling that one is the sole undisturbed and undistracted worshipper at their sanctuary.

A particularly interesting occasion to the two of us who took part in the sledging journey inland from the S. in 1921 as part of the Oxford University Expedition, was the ascent of Mt. Chernyshev<sup>1</sup> and the definite linking up therefrom of our two surveys. This was the second ascent of Mt. Chernyshev, which in 1901 had been first reached by the Russian Arc of Meridian Expedition and utilised by them as a geodetic beacon. It was specially interesting finding their records on the summit enclosed in a metal cylinder with maximum and minimum thermometers (the latter of which read  $-38.6^{\circ}\text{C.}$ —a rather inconsiderable degree of cold when compared with that recorded at sea level in Spitsbergen, *i.e.* approximately  $-50^{\circ}\text{C.}$ ), and copies of Russian newspapers. The metal Russian flag had been broken and partly blown down from its position on the beacon. We were also particularly gratified at seeing in the view to the eastward, and ascertained in greater detail on a later ascent further in that direction, the course taken by the Oxford Glacier and its outlet in Hinlopen Strait, a problem that in 1921 we had been obliged to leave unsolved owing to persistent fog. The panoramic photographs taken from Mt. Chernyshev, Mt. Newton, and other summits of the high interior of Eastern Spitsbergen will, we venture to hope, clear up many disputed points in connection with this particular part of the country both in regard to its topography and also the state of its glaciology. As regards its geology the relatively undisturbed state of the rocks has enabled the writer to collect evidence which he hopes will be of considerable assistance in elucidating some of the problems of the Palæozoic rocks of Spitsbergen, the study of which was embarked upon from material collected in 1921.

We had no sooner made the connection with our survey of 1921 and mapped the features around the immense glacier-confluence there existing, than the weather, after a fortnight's perfection, reverted to that state characteristic of Eastern Spitsbergen—thick fogs with intermittent blizzards. We were held up for three days in a blizzard on the eastern slopes of the ice-divide, but eventually made our way, largely by compass,

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<sup>1</sup> Spelling of R.G.S. "Permanent Committee on Geographical Names."

across it, until on reaching the head-snows of the Nordenskiöld Glacier it again cleared for us to select the best way down the main branch and its rather complicated series of ice-falls. A strong E. wind sprang up, and for several miles, with sails spread on the sledges, we were carried down at an almost uncontrollable speed, until the constantly occurring schrunds made more wary going desirable. The lower part of the Nordenskiöld Glacier seemed in an even worse state than in 1921—hummocks of the worst description abounding from the foot of the Mt. Terrier nunatak right down to the fiord, besides troublesome areas of crevasses through which to negotiate the sledges. We recognised, however, from certain features, such as dirt cones noted in roughly the same position in 1921, that the actual flow of the glacier had been extraordinarily slow. Our progress down the lower glacier was eventually seen by telescope from our awaiting sloop at the head of Klaas Billen Bay, and a party setting out up the glacier we had a memorable meeting fifteen minutes before the expiration of the appointed day.

In conclusion we wish to express our grateful thanks to those members of the Club who so generously granted us the necessary financial assistance without which it would have been impossible to carry out that part of the expedition above briefly described.

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#### THE AMERICAN MEMBERS OF THE ALPINE CLUB.

Minutes of Meeting held May 5, 1923.

THE fifth Dinner of the Association was held on Saturday evening, May 5, 1923, at the Tennis and Racquet Club in Boston. The following members were present: Freeman Allen, Allston Burr, Charles E. Fay, J. W. A. Hickson, Howard Palmer, J. Duke Smith, H. B. de Villiers-Schwab, and William Williams; and Mr. Flichtner attended as guest.

Mr. William Williams announced his desire to retire from the chairmanship after two years' service. Professor Charles E. Fay was then unanimously elected Chairman, Mr. Allston Burr as Vice-Chairman, and Mr. H. B. de Villiers-Schwab re-elected as Secretary. There was some discussion as to whether, in view of the growing number of Canadian members, it would not be well to have a second Vice-Chairman, who would be

moon hanging over Mt. Forbes in the early dawn,' or his description of Castleguard Camp, 'an Alpine Paradise.'

It is a regret that this delectable land is so far away. But it will be many a long year before much change can happen to the country round Mt. Columbia; it is too far away from the railways. There one will be able to pitch one's tent, and wander free, it may be through primæval forests, or along the shores of a lake, set like some great emerald in dusky gold with the white silk of the snows as a foil, or the forbidding limestone precipices may urge one to try some new and perilous ascent of a mountain. For those who delight in unclimbed peaks there will be plenty and to spare for many a day. And how fortunate we are that there still remains this land of virgin summits, for were we not told in the *ALPINE JOURNAL* (year 1868) that 'so far as the Alps are concerned we can now, I fear, expect nothing free altogether from the taint of staleness. For us the familiar hunting grounds exist no longer, etc., etc.' The Alps have paid the penalty of civilisation. Still, civilised life no doubt is a great blessing, but an occasional return to the wilds will also teach us much that is good for both one's mind and body, much undreamt of in the philosophy of the ordinary man.

In the camp life amidst the far valleys at the headwaters of the Athabasca, the Fraser, and the Saskatchewan rivers, this teaching will come clad in not too strenuous a garb. In that land things are not too easy and not too difficult. In the Himalaya one must be a giant to cope with the vast heights, and one wearies of the immensity of everything. Those, however, who wish to be free from all the unnecessary annoyances of everyday life, let them spend a month camping in the Canadian Rocky Mountains; there they will find one thing at least, that life is worth living, and that for the time being nothing else is worth troubling about.

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#### IN THE OBERLAND AND SAVOIE, 1923.

By GEORGE S. BOWER.

**A**FTER months of, at times, almost fierce discussion of equipment and plans, Pryor and I, with a feeling of relief that the first pitch was over, collected enough francs of the right type to satisfy an obviously thirsty porter, and secured our seats in a Lötschberg bound train. So thorough

had been our discussion that we had not as yet decided where to begin operations in the Oberland, while Pryor had come to the firm conclusion that, next year, his equipment would be limited to Cockle's pills and crampons. Anyhow, the following afternoon (July 30), we plodded up to the Eggishorn, and, the next afternoon, up to the Concordia, where, judging from the polar aspect, we were in the middle of things.

We started at 3.15 next morning and, not knowing of an easier moraine route, encountered a steep and lengthy slope of hard snow, before arriving on the Ewigschneefeld. The summit of the Klein Grühorn was reached at 8.30, by a route to the right of the ordinary one, as we had hoped to attain its Gross namesake from the saddle between the two. As it was, we looked long and earnestly at the inviting but distant ridge of the greater and greener Horn, talked 'true mountaineering' to each other for a decent length of time, and—returned to our base, which we reached at 2.30 p.m.

Next morning was stormy, and, judging it useless to go to the Finsteraarhorn hut, we returned to the Eggishorn in continuously improving weather. Yet was the day made perfect, for, it being the Swiss National Fête, the dinner was worthy of the attention of a Fellow of the Royal Gastronomical Society.

The following morning, in beautiful weather, we walked to the Rieder-Furke Hotel along an enchanting path rendered still more attractive by the picturesque summer activities of the peasants. After provisioning, internally and externally, we continued to the Ober-Aletsch hut, following, to our sorrow, a 'path' taken by a man and his guide or rather, we believe, incarnated chamois. We dared not lose sight of our pace-makers lest, at the same time, we should lose what little path was to be found by the foot of faith.

We started at five o'clock, on a damp warm morning for the Nesthorn, got about one-third way up the very intricate glacier, and then judged it best to retire, as the weather was getting worse, and our late start would have made it a rush in any case. Musing on the unwelcome fact that we had, for some time, been making the worst of the doctrine of alternate days, we returned to our hut, perched on its unspeakable moraine.

Re-starting at 3.15 next day and selecting the widest couloir of the several available as being least threatened by séracs, we threaded our way through the maze to the upper snowfield, and reached the beautiful domical summit at 9.40. I

did not envy Pryor his post of last man during the descent, which took us exactly as long as the ascent. Slopes up which one had gleefully clawed in the early morning hours were now reduced to their constituents, ice and slithery snow, and, during the passage of a frail-looking, double cantilever bridge with an unwholesome alternative in the shape of a long ridge suitable for disciples of Blondin, both of us felt that on a glacier 'two's company, but three's bon!' We got down (and up), to Belalp that evening. Nor did we waste our time while in that hospitable establishment awaiting reinforcements in the persons of Pigott and Wood, who arrived the following evening. I doubt whether Solomon could have divided the babe more fairly and impartially than Pryor and I bisected everything put before us.

Next day we returned in state to the hut, accompanied by a porter bearing on his back much bread and *corde* and, in his bosom, a brandy bottle. He was a student relative of the hôtelier, on holiday, and so fast was his pace that we were fain to remind him that we also were *sur les vacances*. He returned to Belalp the same evening.

The Aletschhorn was scaled next day, ascending by the S.E. arête and descending by the S.W. ridge; a worthy initiation for our freshly arrived friends who, I am afraid, did not really enjoy the view from the summit. Their quick work with belays, when I slipped on a step in fragile snow on ice during the descent, proved that their recovery had been swift.

The hut had almost filled up during our absence, so we decided to return to the Belalp, finishing the last stage of our journey by lantern and glow-worm light, and, at its end, making merry over a large dish of raspberries.

After an off day (in the mountaineering sense), we made an early morning descent on Brieg, bathing on the way in a roadside water channel, but with a very poor 'gate.' The Montanvert was reached in the late afternoon, and, owing to the excellent weather, was so full that we considered ourselves fortunate in getting one room amongst the four of us, a circumstance which enabled one man to display his proficiency in the art of tossing for beds. But the next night all of us tossed in bed. We spent it at the Rifugio Torino, a pleasant place, of good feeding withal, and with excellent *gardiens*, but exceptionally full. Pryor and I 'slept' alongside our axes in the Salle des Guides; Pigott and Wood and many many others in the old cabane. I lent them my alarm watch which, with its usual malevolent selection of opportunity, failed to go off,

so that I had to make a journey up to the cabane. At such times how one appreciates the brightly flashing stars and the feeling of being alone with Nature in her sternest aspect ; how cheerful the whistling of the marmots and chamois, hanging about waiting for scraps !

We left the Rifugio at 2.20 A.M. and put on our crampons at the Col du Géant. Before long, words which might have been ' Dear me ; how tiresome ! ' came from Pryor, our trusty leader, and simultaneously, a local softening of the snow was noticeable. One of his crampons had broken and, after an ineffectual attempt at repair, he decided to go ' lippety lop ' until daylight should permit a better job to be made. This was done at the Col du Midi, where the sun overtook us, and whence we could see tracks leading over the steep breast of Mont Blanc du Tacul. To save time we had a moving feast, and engaged ourselves in perhaps the most fascinating part of the expedition. Climbing up steep slopes, passing through white valleys, and traversing over gleaming ice we arrived at a rocky oasis, where we fed and inspected the route ahead, with its sinister sounding ' rimaye parfois infranchissable.' The scenery was so noble as to be almost overpowering, and the shimmering surface above us, together with the cold wind, caused some anxiety, but we found, when we re-started, that everything went quite well including the rimaye (using combined tactics). Here and elsewhere on this route wooden pitons had been driven into the ice, to facilitate the traverse in the reverse direction. From the Col du Mont Maudit we descended quickly to the Col de la Brenva, and began the long and very painful grind up to the summit of Mont Blanc.

' Regulating the pace by breathing steadily through the nose,' Pryor plodded placidly upwards ; I went like a feeble child fitfully following its father ; Pigott at one point managed to raise a whistle ; and Wood went doggedly at it.

The summit was attained at 1.20 and left at 1.30, as gathering clouds and a cold wind did not encourage a stay. The Grands Mulets were reached about 4.30, and here we lay to for the night, very thankful to get real beds for once. The interest of young America in ' Blank ' was very obvious from the writings on the walls.

Next day we returned to the Montanvert *via* Chamonix. It is to be feared that our appearance must have created a very painful impression in that Savoyan fashion resort.

At the Montanvert we learned to our dismay that we were to lose our Edgar, who had to return to England.



Next day (August 13) Pigott, Wood, and I set out for the Col des Nantillons from the Glacier d'Envers de Blaitière, by the route initiated by Mr. G. Winthrop Young<sup>1</sup> with Josef Knubel in 1909, who got to within 500 ft. of the Col when bad weather caused a return. We were unaware that this route had been completed in 1921 by MM. de Lépiney and Savard,<sup>2</sup> being under the impression that the one ascent from this side had been made by a reversal of Mr. Hoare's route of descent in 1875. Hence we had all the stimulus and joys, at the time, of a 'first complete ascent,' although actually it was a second, and virtually a third.

Technical notes are given in another section of this Journal, but for a complete account of our proceedings the reader must refer to the current number of the 'Rucksack Club Journal' (Vol. V., No. 2), of which the editor is a stern and relentless man, very swift on the intake. Mention should be made, however, of the extraordinary feat of Wood, who carried two sacks, two axes, two pairs of crampons, and two hundred feet of line up about two thousand feet of difficult and, at times, severe rocks, in order to leave me free.

Pigott, of course, climbed with his usual dexterity and speed, with an occasional word of gentle remonstrance to the axe on his wrist. We were all very delighted to get to the Col, and to find that the other side was all right.

The following afternoon was devoted to an experimental study of *pâtisseries* and *glaces*, and their effects on the mountaineer, it being desired to obtain confirmation of much previous work on this subject by the writer and other investigators.

Next morning we made our way slowly and painfully up the lower portion of the Nantillons Glacier. Pigott and I had breakfasted at 2 A.M. on ham and eggs, and, firm believer as I am in our national dish, I now felt that there is a time and a place for everything. Wood, not feeling quite himself, decided to stay at the Col. Pigott and I left our rucksacks with him, provisioned our pockets, and commenced the ascent of the Grépon by way of the S.W. Ridge, which is descended, using the doubled rope at critical places, when the peak is traversed by the ordinary route. At the gap, a little below 'C.P.', where the rocks steepen, we left our boots and proceeded in rubber shoes, after tossing for leadership. The change of footgear was most enjoyable. Climbing was difficult at times, notably just above C.P., and at the lower abseil

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<sup>1</sup> *A.J.* xxv. p. 180.

<sup>2</sup> *Revue Alpine*, xxii. (1921), p. 107.

place, but these difficulties appeared trifling when we arrived at the foot of the Cheminée Dunod. We did not purpose the ascent of this steep smooth cleft. Our route was on the left, and was first climbed by Messrs. L. W. Rolleston and H. C. Bowen, with Josef and Gabriel Lochmatter in 1913. It was necessary to traverse from the foot of the Dunod Chimney to a crack about 2 metres to the left, across a steep exposed slab, with the poorest of holds. Preliminary experiment showed only one line of weakness, or rather imperfection, in the defences of the slab. A small flat ledge for the fingers enabled the feet, after a sliding swinging movement, to be placed on a sloping ledge, half-way across. The hands could then reach down to a good crack near the feet, and a further swing enabled one to reach the crack parallel with the Dunod Chimney. This offered no difficulties, and I climbed it to a belay on a ledge some distance up, where I was joined by Pigott, though not immediately. Two cracks now presented themselves. The left hand one was chosen, as appearing the easier; whether it was the original 'Cheminée Lochmatter' appears doubtful. We thus arrived, without serious difficulty, at the foot of the ordinary crack leading to the summit. In an unguarded moment I pointed out the Venetz Crack<sup>3</sup> to Pigott, and I was forthwith goaded up it. It is not so bad as it looks from the

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<sup>3</sup> [This Venetz Crack is the black chimney on left of summit ending under the capstone.

Mr. Bower, in answer to my question as to how he knew where it was, writes:

'I think Mr. Geoffrey Young told me a year or two ago which was the Venetz Crack. I had not previously done the Venetz Crack. The first time I did the Grépon I was afraid when on the Chemin des Bicyclettes that it was necessary to climb it and was relieved to find the usual crack!'

An ascent of the Venetz Crack was done by Captain G. Finch in 1911. He writes:

'I did the Venetz Crack on Sept. 5, 1911, with my brother Max, mistaking it for the normal way up the summit. I remember that we had no difficulty in starting up the crack, which is not very long; considerably shorter than the Mummery Crack. About 10 feet below the top of the crack, where it is overhung by the stone lying across the flat summit, I had to turn round. I was able to jam myself and help Max up to me by holding his rope with one hand and with my teeth. He was then able to give me support to steady me for the rest.'

Captain Finch has been kind enough to supply the photographs then taken.—J. P. F.]

Rue des Bicyclettes, the most trying part being at the top where, after moving out of the crack on to the left wall over the Mer de Glace, one must keep tired arms extended over one's head until one has made a gritstone-like landing on the flat top. It formed a suitable finish to a little-known route up a well-known peak. From the Col to the summit took us about two hours.

Some time was spent in an unproductive examination of the possibility of reversing the Traverse by scaling the Grand Diable, and then we rejoined Wood, and descended to the Montanvert in time for tea.

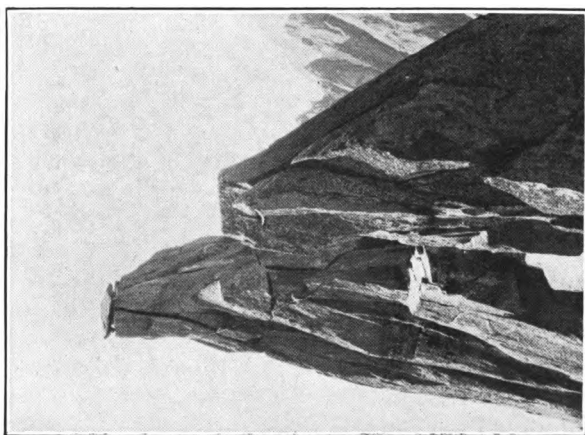
Next came the grande finale of the holiday.

For years it had been my greatest ambition to climb the Grépon from the Mer de Glace, the remarkable climb due to Mr. Winthrop Young and party, with J. Knubel as leading guide.<sup>4</sup> Pigott and I were full of beans and we had been told, moreover, that three Italians had done this climb, without guides, a few days previously. Later I met the Italians, three very pleasant young fellows from Touraine, and learnt from them that they had only done the ordinary route. The belief that a guideless party had succeeded gave us the necessary encouragement to have a shot ourselves. On Pigott's suggestion we cut down weight in every possible way; we climbed on line instead of rope (100 foot and 60 foot lengths), we took no woollies, only one rucksack, and biscuits were carried instead of bread, these being more quickly eaten and more palatable. Best of all, we took ice-axes eminently suitable for a lady tourist intending to make the ascension of the Montanvert from Chamonix. Pigott went down to Chamonix to buy them, while Wood and I went up to the Glacier de Trélaporte to inspect the route. We took the way mentioned by Mummery, past the Doigt de Trélaporte. After an insignificant descent on the other side of the gap, Wood discovered a little 'path' which led us past the ice on to the upper equable surface of the glacier. Seen from here the rock face looked stern and the bergschrund showed a prominent upper lip, so that I returned to the hotel in pensive mood. Pigott returned full of enthusiasm for an ingenious combination of ices—but he had not forgotten the ice-axes.

Pigott and I started out at 2 A.M. on August 17. The way up to the Doigt de Trélaporte was simple and easy to follow in darkness, and the Gap was reached at 4.45 A.M. The berg-

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<sup>4</sup> *A.J.* xxvi. pp. 739–741 with route marked, and *A.J.* xxvi. p. 259 *seq.*

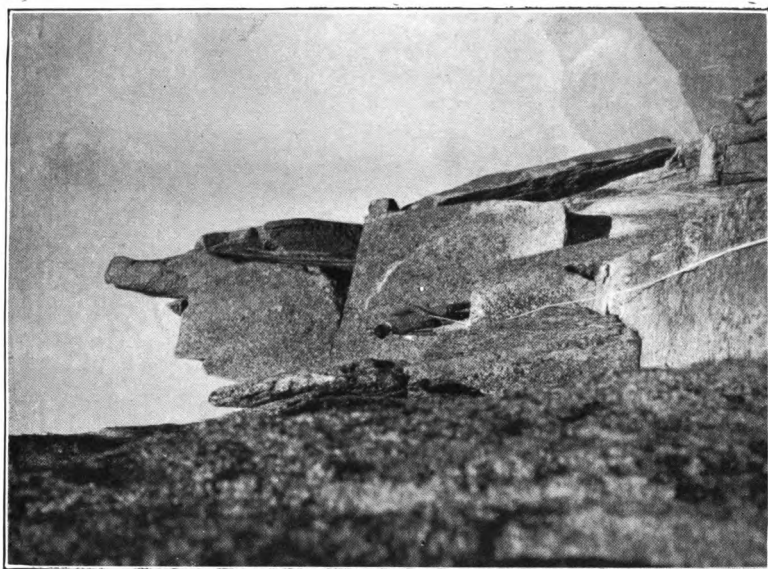


*Photo G. I. Finch.*

# **SUMMIT OF GRÉPON.**

From Grand Diable.

The Venetz crack is the black chimney on the left, ending under the capstone.



*Photo G. I. Finch.*

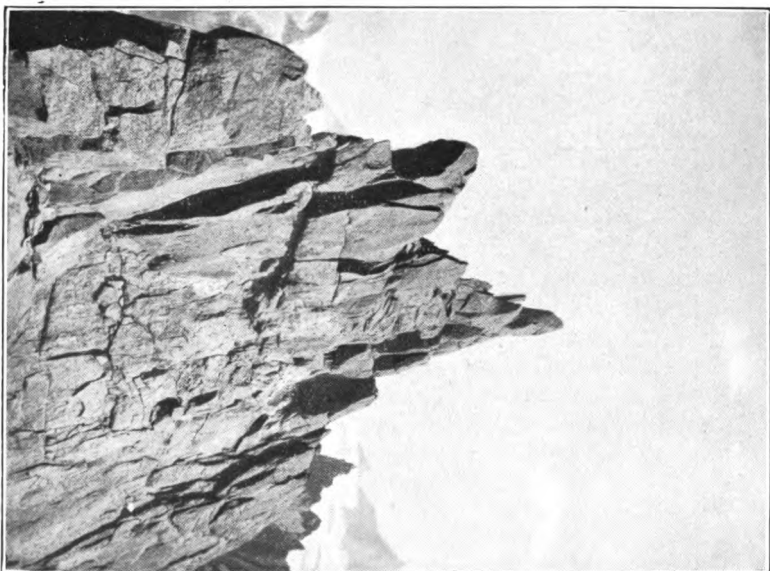
# **CHEMIN DES BICYCLETTES, WITH GRAND DIABLE IN BACKGROUND.**

Grépon.



*Photo G. I. Finch.*

**DESCENT TO C.P.  
Grépon.**



*Photo G. I. Finch.*

**PIC BALFOUR.  
From above C.P.**

schrund seemed as if it might offer one ice solution, but we outflanked it by difficult slabby rocks on the right. The steep hard snow above the schrund was very trying. We could not afford the time required to cut steps, so we made progress by driving in the picks of our axes and kicking vigorously to get an inch or so of footing, moving one at a time from stance to stance. Stepping gingerly off a thin blade of snow, we reached the rocks at 6.30, and, on an inhospitable shelf, with our loins girt and piolets on our wrists, ate a hasty meal.

I was surprised to encounter fairly difficult climbing almost at once. It was my turn to carry the communal sack, with axes attached, so Pigott took over the lead. Working to the left, we passed the 'Red Tower,' followed a refreshing rill for some little way, and then climbed slabs until we were about level with an obvious line from the couloir on our left on to the crest of the buttress on its farther side (here assuming definition), which flies to the summit. The problem was how to get into the couloir. Pigott discovered a very difficult but agreeable line, commencing with the slithery descent of a sloping crack. A ledge was then followed to its end (and beyond, by some means) to a belay which was useful for the descent of a steep crack leading down into the couloir, just below a conspicuous chimney. The couloir was ornamented by a rivulet, flowing through shallow marble basins, and near one of these we stayed for another meal, after which we changed over the sack and the lead.

Easy rocks led to the crest of the rib which stretches to the summit with the 'Crag on the Grépon,'<sup>5</sup> the striking looking pinnacle visible from a gap during the ordinary descent from the Grépon, very conspicuous on its left. Once on the backbone of the buttress one route was available, from which divergence could only be made at a heavy price. The rocks steepened, and the 60-foot vertical crack above the 'Niche des Amis'<sup>6</sup> gave us a foretaste of what was in store for us. The feet had often to be content with roughnesses rather than definite holds, and the frequency of arm pulls and 'lay-backs,'<sup>7</sup> even though home-like, was tiring. My most trying time was

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<sup>5</sup> Mummery, *My Climbs*, photogravure opp. p. 150.

<sup>6</sup> *A.J.* xxvi. p. 261.

<sup>7</sup> A graphic Americanism descriptive of the method frequently adopted of climbing sharp-edged vertical cracks by pulling hard on the edge or leaf with the hands, and so retaining the feet (largely by friction), on the other wall of the crack and near to the hands. An imperfect example is Amen Corner, Gimmer Crag.

when I shirked a repulsive looking narrow chimney, and chose a crack on the left, which proved to be of great severity. I just managed to fight my way up, not daring to descend, until I was able to reach a hold by means of which I could make a Tarzanesque swing to a ledge at the top of the chimney. Pigott followed up the latter and found it to be all right. Arrived at a saddle in the ridge immediately below the impressive summit wall, I insisted on changing into rubbers, thus adding to the load of my companion. It was cheering to see a party doing the Charmoz traverse. On a lay-back just before attaining the ledge at the foot of Knubel's 200 ft. chimney, I had a slight attack of arm cramp, for the first time in my life. We did not stay to probe the awful mysteries of the chimney, but hurried along the ledge to the left to look for the route taken by the Lochmatters when making the second ascent with Captain Ryan.<sup>8</sup> This slanted up broken rocks to the right from a point near the end of the ledge, and led us with almost indecent ease to a broad ledge above Knubel's Chimney. At the right hand end of this upper ledge a steep but very rough chimney, followed by cracks, led to a semi-detached block to surmount which Pigott gave me a shoulder, a head, and, unfortunately, a finger. Another swing, at the top of this, completed the difficult climbing up to the Gap between Pic Balfour and the Grépon summit. The Gap was reached at 1.30 p.m., and it was very pleasant to look down on the Nantillons side, and to realise that we were free men, and not potential prisoners of the rocks.

But the weather had been threatening for some time, clouds were lowering over the Verte and the Géant, and gently falling snowflakes had begun to accumulate in hollows, although, fortunately, the rocks remained in good condition. Instead, therefore, of resting and having another good meal, we tried to take Knubel's summit crack on the run, and we left the axes at the Gap. In the lower portion of the crack a rope was jammed in somehow, and, since it seemed firm, I used it vigorously. Here Knubel probably jammed his pick, since it was too narrow for the fingers. Thus one arrived at a 'cave' (in the Lakeland climbing sense of the term), where one could rest below an overhang. To surmount this, Knubel jammed the stem of his axe between two chockstones and then climbed on to his axe, thus reaching good holds above. I threaded my line behind one of the chockstones and tried to treat the problem as a lay-back; but my left thumb was

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<sup>8</sup> *A.J.* xxix. p. 201.

curling up with cramp, and I felt I had not sufficient strength to face the supreme effort required to rise a short distance in this fashion and then transfer myself to a flaky but sound foothold on the left wall. So I descended, using the threaded line, and Pigott had a try. But he too was tired, so he accepted a rope as hand hold from a party on top, which had kindly stood by to be ready to render assistance if required. If the state of the weather had encouraged more protracted trials, a shoulder from a trusty second in the 'cave' (tied to the chockstone), would probably have been effective. Our axe stems were not of suitable thickness to inspire confidence when performing aerial gymnastics in such an ultra-exposed situation: Pigott, who should know, likened the place to the Flake Crack on Scafell. We wasted no time on the summit, but 'abseiled' down the same way, a method used by Knubel which cuts out one abseil and one ascent, and sped down to the Nantillons Col, reaching it at 3 P.M.

The glacier was by now an old friend, our piolettes were quite big enough to scrape new snow from old steps, and, as we descended, the weather improved continuously.

Feeling exceedingly happy we reached the Montanvert at 6.15 P.M.

Pigott and Wood left for England next day; I went to Zinal, but I had had my last climb of the season.

At the request of the Editor a list of names and clubs is appended.

#### *Dramatis Personæ.*

A. S. Pigott, Rucksack Club; E. H. Pryor, C.A.F., Fell and Rock C.C., Rucksack Club, S.A.C.; Morley Wood, Rucksack Club; G. S. Bower, A.C., Fell and Rock C.C., Rucksack Club, S.A.C.

#### CLASSIC COLS.

- (1) THE EBNEFLUHJOCH; (2) THE LAUTHOR;
- (3) THE SCHMADRIJOCH.

By J. P. FARRAR.

I IMAGINE I apply no misnomer to these Cols when I term them classic, since they are fine expeditions, first done by good men long ago. There is no survivor of the only previous passage of the first, and the second and last have been long



neglected; indeed, the serious mountaineering done in the Rottal, excluding the routine Jungfrau, the last few years is a comparatively negligible quantity.<sup>1</sup> Only the names of Williamson, Irving, Fynn, Reade, Hasler, Macdonald, and Davidson occur to me. Yet it is the wildest valley in the Oberland, and offers as steep and forbidding walls of ice and rock as one can desire—men's jobs all of them.

Six years out of a veteran's mountain life are not to be caught up. Two years ago I had a fair season after walking myself fit on paths. Last year Gask and I wandered, with young Camille, Daniel Maquignaz's son, way down east to the Terglou in Jugo-Slavia. Gask must one day tell the tale of our Terglou doings. But after the Terglou my insides struck, in a most unheard-of manner, at the unwonted food, while the bad weather dogged effectively the steps of my companions.

So this year I dawdled about in England and got out to Grindelwald only on August 4—weather brilliant, no agenda, no Climbers' Guides, just a map—imagining, as I had not long landed from a journey through South Africa, East Africa, Uganda, and down the Nile in awful heat, I should be no good. My friends, the Haslers, spend the whole summer from May to September at the Bear—no bad place—and gave me a warm welcome.

The doings for the morrow were speedily arranged. It was to be the Faulhorn—my first ascent of that eminence, Hasler's 115th, at all seasons of the year. The pace he set me, carrying nothing, and he a sack, was so exquisite that I never even blew. We had a great lunch, with a bottle of Mauler, in the host's private parlour, over which Hasler indulged in a long argument as to whether it was his 114th or 115th visit. He was overruled by the charming hostess. By that time I was so built up that, had he proposed to ascend the Wetterhorn then and there, I should have felt quite equal to it. As it was he chose the Simelihorn and Rôthihorn for our home journey. The down course was a bit more arduous than the ascent. I tumbled into a bath on my return. Next day was very fine, so was I. In an instant old agenda came back with a rush. I sent for my friend Peter Almer. Next day we went to Gleckstein; the following day walked up

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<sup>1</sup> I do not forget the brilliant ascents of MM. Liniger and Lauper in 1921 (*A.J.* xxxiv. 168), and MM. Lauper and Hug's in 1922 in this number.

Wetterhorn—3.20 to 7.55, not bad. I should hate to say how many times I have been up Wetterhorn since 1882. I cannot say it is very attractive, but it is a very old friend, so each year I call. But now I was out for serious business. I was deaf to the suggestions of my friend Hasler—great mountaineer as he is, with more first-rate summer and winter ascents behind him than any of us, and, downhill or uphill, able to walk away from the best—that we should do another ‘walk.’

(1) *The Ebnefluhjoch.*

Two years ago I had spent happy days in the Rottal with the Wills family, and had thoroughly spied out the land. Weather had driven us away. Now was my time. Friday the 10th saw us train for Lauterbrunnen, drive to Stechelberg, and walk up to Obersteinberg in blazing heat. Our goal was Schmadrijoeh; but hardly had we come in sight of the magnificent southern boundary wall of the Rottal than Schmadri was jettisoned: it could wait. There was the Ebnefluhjoch right ahead of us—great classic climb of Hornby and Philpott and Morshead, led by Christian Almer, Christian Lauener, and Jakob Anderegg, fifty-seven years ago. So completely had the Col gone out of mind that I do not think any guide knew where it was, and only my correspondence with the late Mr. Philpott over his delightful ‘*Memories of an Alpine Partnership*,’ recorded in *A.J.* xxx., had taught me.<sup>2</sup> Having even to co-edit a journal for the most technically informed and critical set of readers makes one learn! I had only to mention to my friend Peter and his well-knit, tireless twenty-nine-year-old son, our chief staff officer—quite often our leader—all the month, that old Christian had made the first ascent and that I proposed to make the second, to make their eyes sparkle with anticipation. They had been with us at Steinberg two years ago, and I had showed them the exact position of the Col.

We were welcomed warmly at the upper inn by our friend of two years ago, Frau v. Allmen, whose brother Karl was killed a few days later with Sir H. Hayden. Then all was crowded; Wills and I lay on straw, which interfered with his slumbers, but not, he said, with mine. Food was moderate.

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<sup>2</sup> I seem, to judge from what I wrote in the *A.J.* at the time, to have been quite an authority on the Rottal and its climbs. I do know something now!

This year the inn, notwithstanding the brilliant weather, was half-empty; the food, possibly for the half-emptiness, better. We did ourselves well and turned in.

The Obersteinberg (5800 ft.) is, of course, an absurd place to start from for the Ebnefluhjoch (12,300 ft.). I used to reckon that difference a biggish day; and now, in addition, was the huge round to the actual foot of the wall of the Col. Still, we were out for a classic climb. The conditions were good; the rocks were dry. We should know how to deal with the obviously difficult ice part; and I knew of old that I could always draw on a still existent fund of endurance, built up these forty years—I could say fifty—by a will to get there, and a consequent patient submission to hardships and difficulties. We were light, and I modestly forewent any claim to carry.

Hornby and Philpott had started from Trachsellaunen (c. 4200 ft.), lower down than Steinberg, but in straight line for the Col.<sup>3</sup> But nowadays the proper starting-place is the Rottal hut, over 9000 ft., whence an easy traverse across the Rottal glacier, over the Roteflüh ridge, and then close along the foot of the Ebneflüh wall, safe enough early, would bring one, in 2 hours at most, to the actual foot of our col. I carefully studied this route from both sides. It will go. I mention a good bivouac place later.

We were off at 3.37 next morning—fine, dark. Follow the Mutthorn path, over a narrow log bridge, for 45 m. till under the big tree-capped rise; then bear away left by bad cow-path, winding about, and reach the Oberhorn chalet, 5 A.M. Seen right ahead, over the back of a big moraine, is Schmadrijoeh. We will call on you another day! Now up a grass-grown wall and, finally, up a hard-frozen, very steep moraine, and over a bit of glacier to a big grass plot close to the top of the moraines shown on Siegfried at foot of the N. by N.W. arête of the Grosshorn and running nearly to point 2115. Admirable place for a little hut—good water. I would commend it to the notice of the Swiss authorities, as I see did, years ago, Herr F. Beck, in *Jahrbuch S.A.C.* vol. xlv. It would serve Mittagjoch—hardest of the cols—Schmadrijoeh, Grosshorn, etc.,

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<sup>3</sup> We 'went as nearly as possible in a straight line for the Col. . . . We all stood together at the top of the mighty wall up which we had been climbing as hard as we could for nearly 10 hrs. . . . The slope from first to last was extremely steep and the ice- and rock-work in the upper part uncommonly difficult' (*A.J.* iii. 85 seq.).

and is immune from avalanches. Anyway, we breakfasted 6.5 to 6.30. Right ahead, across the Schmadrigletscher, was the long rocky Schmadrirück. We soon had our first taste of ice conditions on the much crevassed glacier. As we approached the rüch one big old chamois, perched on the ridge, observed us narrowly, and then bounded off up the rocks—went groggy—probably an old bullet wound. We climbed easily to the crest of the rüch and descended immediately on the other side, down very steep snow, to the unnamed glacier lying to the N.E.

Along the N.E. foot of the rüch there had seemed, through the glass, to be a good terrace of snow. The glass lied! We aimed for the crest of the sharp rock arête further N.E. All the ground can be well seen on the photograph taken from Obersteinberg.

Soon we got into difficulties—big schrunds that made us worm about—and it was 9.30 before we reached the crest. The sun now appeared above our col. Proceeding at 10.5, we followed the rock ridge to where it dives under the ice, which was again much broken, needing time for treatment.

We bore away to the left, along the enormous Bergschrund which defends the final slope, the upper lip towering many feet above us, passing above a sort of Heisse Platte, until we found a place at the extreme left bottom edge of the final wall where the schrund looked possible. But its lower lip was covered with small stones, and I did not like it, as the sun was out, and we did not know very much about the shelter we could get on the steep slopes above. I was for turning back, bivouacking on the grass plot, and attacking earlier next day. We had, a little earlier, on my orders, put on young Peter to lead, as Peter the pastmaster has nothing to learn, whereas the young man has his name to make, and will make it. I am a believer in breed, and a better man than old Christian never handled an axe; and his blood has come down. Peter gave me no support beyond 'Sie müssen entscheiden'; and, while I deliberated, the young man was half-way up the upper lip. When he could see over the top he turned a smiling face to our anxious inquiries as to the lie of the ground. We soon followed. The young man wore his crampons. We were too idle to put ours on, as we were too old to fall out of steps. It was 10.30. First came a stretch of ice as steep as you like; then a long staircase band of rocks; then another long ice slope, very steep, which, however, formed a slightly emerging ridge; then more rocks, all

very broken ; then the skyline. It looked no distance. Always optimistic, I put 2 hours. But the ice was very hard ; good steps ; the rocks all loose, slabby, covered with loose stuff, as is the manner of Oberland rocks—steep. I never had a decent hold, or any hold in my hands all day. It was footwork right through, and that never good. No one had ever passed for years to clean up.

The young fellow cut us a good enough staircase up the first ice—hard ice. It is delightful to watch other people do the work better than you ever could, when often you have also swotted and sweated and carried ! And what a place for a well-balanced mind—a real steep slope ! The steps were not as undercut as his old grandfather's and father's, in which you can run ; but he soon improved on our admonition, and thereafter was nearly as good as they. The rocks only wanted care—much care. Stones were coming fairly freely down a slabby couloir away on our left ; away to our right stretched great wide, steep slopes of shining ice. Once, as we were tucked away on some staircase, the young fellow put out his head, to see for water ; he soon put it in ! But, as a matter of fact, after the few steps above the rimaie we had a reasonably safe line—perhaps not so wide as a new by-pass road, but we could steer. We left the rocks for the slight ice ridge before mentioned. Cutting in hard ice, relieved by two rocky islands lying just a bit off the ridge, brought us, bearing always rather to the left, to the next and final rocks. The goal was won ! The rocks were as bad as before, but nothing could hit us, and nothing else counted. They were much longer than they looked ; 2.10 saw us on the col, with only a short bank of hard snow to ascend to the skyline. We were in gorgeous spirits—great day. We had opened old Christian's Col again. We were hungry for more. I had only wandered up, doing no work, carrying nothing, felt nothing.

What whole men these Hornby, Philpott, Morshead, and their like were ! Prodigious walkers, firm as rocks on ice—cool as ice on rocks, faith in their leader profound ; asking little, doing much—inspirers of great deeds. Bad, nearly all of them, in describing topography.

And what men their guides : Almer, incomparable, greatest of guides ; J. J. Maquignaz, his equal in all save pure icework—as a pure rock-climber, perhaps better ; J. A. Carrel, the indomitable ; Melchior, in whom his friends—judges, I admit—could see no fault and no want ; Croz, magnificent in his

strength, but imprudent—in the end victim to his failure to grasp the place of real control; Hans Baumann, von Bergen, Jaun, slightly younger, great craftsmen; Emile Rey, a strange mixture—indomitable courage, great enterprise, much worldly wisdom, good executive ability; Burgener, boldest of all, a great master, knowing when to delegate, always retaining command, yet in the end hurled to death—the need to earn compelling the risk; and many another who played the man in his generation.

They are all gone—the Helvetians mostly dying in their beds; the Savoyards on the field; the Englishmen anywhere in the world where an Englishman dies, forgotten by many—never by us who have realised their joys, suffered their sufferings, and wait.

But what a Valhalla! Upon my word, we shall have some tales to tell them all, and we shall go over our climbs even as we do at our incomparable Club.

What advantages we have! Well equipped; axes, not alpenstocks; exact maps, not vague topographical guesswork; and, above all, the knowledge that the job *has been done*.

Has not Conway, the philosopher of mountaineering, in one of his inimitable papers, pointed out the root difference between attempting a *new* climb and repeating a difficult, only once done, ascent. Perhaps he failed to take into account the accumulated knowledge gleaned from the doings and narratives of our forbears, and tested and added to in our own, which enables one to lay out a line of very probable success. Geoffrey Young, in his marvellous classic, too abstruse for many of us, but which in years to come will justify a claim for mountaineering to be considered one of the fine arts, in which the price of a fault is often death, brings out the point well and does not forget the share Eckenstein<sup>4</sup> played in this style of investigation, bringing to it, besides great experience, a kind of uncanny intuition.

We ate again and drank. The weather was a bit overcast, and wind on the heights. Our plan to follow the arête over

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<sup>4</sup> I went to see him, as he lay dying, one summer day two years ago, at the little hill-town of Oving. His lungs had gone, he could only gasp; but his eye was as clear as ever, as dauntless as it had ever been in disadvantages of race, often of poverty: facing now, at last, the unknown, dying a brave man—wrapped up to the very end in his beloved mountains.

Ebnefluh to Rottalsattel was turned down *nem. con.* So we set a course for the Joch by a lower route. I insisted on bearing always to the left, to waste no height, and would not listen to Peter's accounts of how Mr. Gardiner and he and his brother had been balked by huge crevasses. I was soon balked. They were huge. So we steered down the Ebnefluhfirn—weather thickening—till all at once there came into view close on our right the Steiger hut of happy memories two years ago. We steered promptly for the front door, and crossed the threshold at 4.30. Somehow my caravan always has food of sorts for an extra day. The very civil gardien found us coffee. We did ourselves all right, and slept a well-earned sleep, not half frozen as two years before.

We left the hut next morning at 4.30 and, at a steady pace over lovely snow—a huge difference from two years ago and other times—were at the Jungfraujoch at 9. On the way we observed the line of the Meyers' ascent of the Jungfrau in 1811 by the Kranzbergfirn, then close under Rottalhorn and over to the 'false' Kranzberg of the ordinary route. I observed it closer, from above, when we crossed the Lauithor. There is, in my opinion, no reason to doubt it. It ought—for form's sake—to be repeated.<sup>5</sup>

We came down by train on my S.A.C. card and the Guides' cards at a pleasing reduction in price. What a marvellous view from Eigergletscher! When they asked you in Grindelwald where you had been, and you told them, you might as well have said Kamchatka for all they knew. The Haslers, of course, were different. Didn't he and Jossi do that terrible slope of Ebnefluh itself, as did that old man with Claude Macdonald? And does not she know even more of the history of mountaineering save of that which he has helped to make? But there are no Boss now—only a very comfortable hotel. A bath put me all to rights and keen on further plans.

(To be continued.)

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<sup>5</sup> See Mr. Coolidge's able monograph, *A.J.* xvii. 392, *seq.*







Photo. Elliott & Fry

*Sir Edward Davidson, C.B. K.C. M.S. &c. &c.*

## IN MEMORIAM.

WILLIAM EDWARD DAVIDSON.

1853-1923.

It must have been in the early 'seventies that I first met Davidson at Zermatt. He was then climbing with his father, and with Laurent Lanier of Courmayeur as guide. The friendship then formed was only broken by his death last summer.

For some years we visited the Alps together, and a more perfect companion, either on or off a mountain, could not easily be found. His knowledge, both geographical and historical, of the various peaks and passes was, even in the early days, surprising, while latterly but few, if any, members of the Club could equal his accuracy on the subject.

Fast and sure-footed on rocks, he was at first more interested in ice-work, and many a happy day was spent on some steep ice-slope or in cutting among the séracs of the Col du Géant or the Gorner Glacier.

The short time taken for the ascent and descent of the Gabelhorn from Zermatt, and the mad race to get assistance after the Knubel accident from the Lysjoch to the Riffel (1 h. 38 m.), when with Jaun we ran down the centre of the Lys Glacier, jumping all crevasses as they came, are proofs of how fast he could travel both on rock and snow.

My memory of our climbs is very imperfect, and all my notes have been destroyed; but among our last expeditions together the recollection of two delightful passes stands out—the Col Dolent and the Col des Hirondelles, both from the Chamonix Valley to Courmayeur.

One thing is ever present to my mind—Davidson's unfailing good temper in any difficulties or dangers. Whether it was dodging falling stones on a new route up the Weisshorn, or painfully crawling *à cheval* along the northern ridge of the Lyskamm, or having to turn back, owing to my sickness, when nearing the summit in an attempt on what was then called the Charmoz, his good humour never left him. How he enjoyed the terror of the many guides at some toy snakes we had taken out to Couttet's—one guide fled to the top of the tower, another, having upset the waiter and all the luncheon plates, was discovered under the landlord's bed, while the rest could not be found for some hours.

After '85 my work necessitated my living in the north, and we only met occasionally until last spring, when I was horrified to see how ill he looked. The enormous amount of responsible work he did at the Foreign Office during the war had taken its toll of him, though when he had tea with me some three or four days before

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he died he was cheerful and eagerly looking forward to his visit to the Riffel Alp. Now he has gone, and what is left to me of life is the poorer for the loss of a true friend.

As Adam Lindsay Gordon writes :

'Let us thank the Lord for His bounties all  
For the brave old days of pleasure and pain  
When the world for both of us seemed too small,  
Though we never shall know the old days again.'

J. W. H.

Mr. Fitzgerald writes :—

'I went to the Alps for the first time in 1869, and have revisited them practically every year since. My memory as to dates, etc., has become very uncertain.

'About 1879 Mr. Davidson wrote to me that he would be unable to come out that year owing to his father's serious illness, and to know whether I cared to engage their guide Laurent Lanier of Courmayeur. I did not know Davidson previously, but I accepted at once his offer of Lanier, and thus a warm friendship between us was formed which lasted without break until his death by heat-stroke early last July.

'Thereafter I think we hardly missed a summer together in the Alps, and with Davidson and Holzmann I continued the game until about three years ago, when I began to feel that I was getting too old.

'One year Davidson, Holzmann and myself, with the Seymour Hoares and the Basgrave Deanes, went to Pontresina. It was then that Davidson and I did the fine expedition from the Roseg Restaurant over the Sella Pass, then ascending the Scerscen and following the arête to the top of Bernina and returning to Pontresina by the Scharde, where we arrived at 1.30 A.M. This latter part was done solely because Klucker wanted to show the Scharde to Ulrich Almer.

'Another year we spent a fortnight in Dauphiné, and I have never had a better climb than crossing the Meije.

'Another year we spent some time in the Dolomites. I enjoyed very much the ascent of the Kleine Zinne from the North. We also did some peaks from San Martino—fine climbs which I much enjoyed. Davidson did besides a great deal of climbing in the Dolomites.

'Christian Klucker was valuable to him not merely as a guide, but also as a courier.'

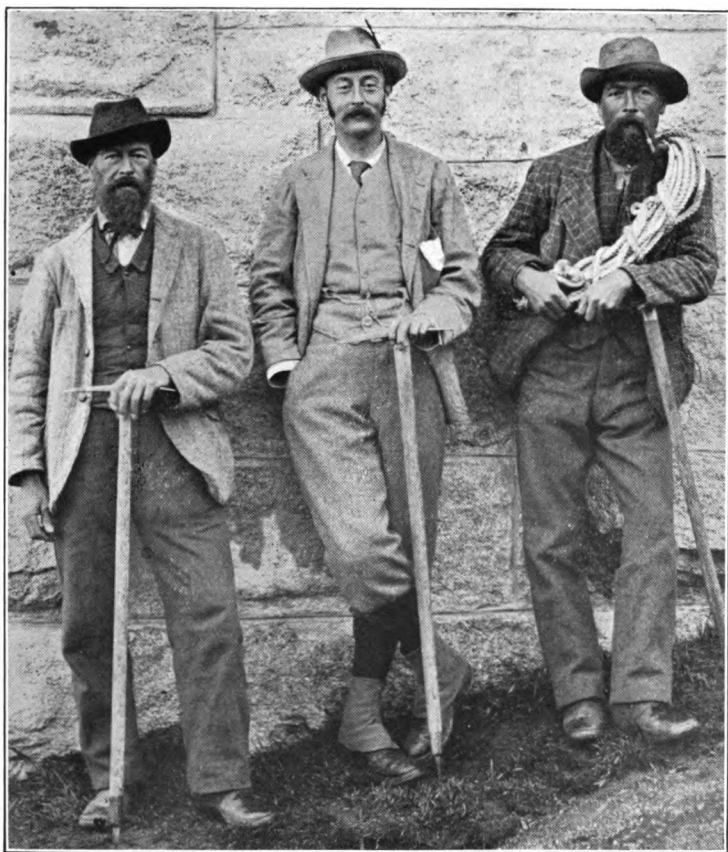
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I propose to deal with the purely mountaineering career of my late friend, and to add a short appreciation of his work. I am fortunately able to annex photographs, which show him at various periods of his life with the guides who contributed so much to his expeditions.



MR. DAVIDSON *père*.  
LAURENT LANIER. W. E. DAVIDSON.

About 1874.



W. E. DAVIDSON.  
ANDREAS JAUN. HANS JAUN.

*Photograph by W. F. Donkin, Montanvert, 1882.*

He was elected to the A.C. on February 2, 1875, on the qualification:—Matterhorn, Old Weissthorn, Monte Rosa from the Grenz Glacier, Mont Blanc, Triftjoch, New Weissthorn Alphubeljoch, Col du Géant. He had made a vacation tour in 1873, but the whole of these ascents were made in 1874, so that he was elected on a good one-year list.

On the Col du Géant and Triftjoch, Mr. W. Davidson, his father, took part. Mr. Davidson, senior, used to come out regularly for several years, and made occasional ascents, such as Wetterhorn. His regular guide for some years was Laurent Lanier of Courmayeur (1840–1884), of whom Mr. J. Walker Hartley has written in 'Pioneers' a great notice, while Davidson throughout speaks of him in the highest terms.

The ascent of Mte. Rosa by the rocks missed, by one day, being the first. On the Matterhorn 'we saw the ropes fixed by Taugwälder in the descent in '65, still hanging to the rocks.'

His further expeditions *include*: in

1875, 46 days. First passage of Arbenjoch, from Zinal side. It took 10 hours from the Roc Noir, and involved much cutting—the crest being finally reached away to the W. of Pt. 3657, whence they traversed to the Col, Bruneggjoch, Dom, Wetterhorn, Schreckhorn, Mont Blanc, Weisshorn (attempt defeated by bad snow).

1876, 46 days. Eiger, Jungfrau, Finsteraarhorn, Dent Blanche, Castor and Pollux, Jägerjoch.

1877, 42 days. Grandes Jorasses, Lyskamm, Breithorn (N. face), Rothorn, Moming Pass, Gabelhorn, Weisshorn (from Schalligletscher).

1878, 46 days. Col de Talèfre (twice), Col du Géant (twice), Charmoz (attempt), [the present Grépon], Col de Miage, Nordend, Mont Blanc (twice), Col Dolent.

This was the first passage of the Col Dolent from the N. side. Whympers's passage, led by Almer and Croz, being from the Italian side, and involved the *descent* of the steep couloir leading to the Glacier d'Argentière—a very bold expedition. Sir Edward's note is: 'Reached foot of slope before first Bergschrund 8.30; crossed second Bergschrund and cut up sheer ice slope to rocks on left, about one-third way up couloir. Lanier cut 80 steps in hard ice in one hour. Went thence by rocks all the way to the Col, reached at 10.50. Left at 11.30, reached bottom of couloir [on the S. side] at 1.15 and Chalets de Sagivan at 3.45.'

The Col has been done very seldom since. The guides were Lanier and Jaun, and Mr. J. W. Hartley took part in the expedition. The time of ascent, 2 hours 20 minutes, speaks volumes for all the party.

The Charmoz [Grépon] entry reads: 'Started from Chamouni at 2, and got within 100 feet of top of Charmoz by couloir between the two peaks. Were finally stopped by ice on rocks.' Guides were Lanier and Kaspar Maurer, and Mr. J. W. Hartley took part.

1879—not out.

1880,<sup>1</sup> 41 days. Guide was Lanier till August 21, when an old frost-bitten foot invalidated him, and he was replaced by P. Anderegg. Mr. F. C. Hartley and Hans v. Bergen were of the party.

'Aug. 17.—Started in uncertain weather [from Chalet de Blaitière via Eccles with Michel and Alphonse Payot, W. E. D. and F. C. H. with Lanier and v. Bergen] for Charmoz [Grépon] at 4.45. Got up to Col at 10.45, and top of couloir overlooking Mer de Glace at 12. The last hour difficult. Impossible to get any further without artificial aid. Got back to Chamonix at 5.45.'

It should be remembered that in those days, and for some time later, the whole Charmoz-Grépon chain was termed Aig. des Charmoz (v. Mieulet's map and Kurz's 'Guide,' 1st edit. (1892), p. 107, note 1). The Petits Charmoz were named Aig. de Grépon. The early attempts on this group need re-examination.

Then follows an attempt on the Aig. Verte from the Charpoua Glacier: 'August 20. Started at 3.45 [from bivouac 2½ hours from Montanvert] and went on for 3¾ hours, when we breakfasted at foot of great couloir. Went on till 2.45 P.M., getting on steadily, and were then obliged to turn back, owing to want of time—only just got off mountain in time, and had to leave Lanier's axe and a piece of rope in order to descend the cheminée. We were higher than the Dru when we stopped, and close to the final arête. Got back to tent at 11 P.M.' The party consisted of Mr. Eccles, with the two Payots, W. E. D. and F. C. H., with Lanier and v. Bergen. Further particulars are given by Mr. Eccles in 'Pioneers,' p. 182. The route was completed the following year by Mummery, with Alexander Burgener.

1881, 44 days. 'Aug. 5, saw Mummery at the top of Aig. des Charmoz' [this is Mummery's ascent of the Grépon]. Little was done owing to continuous bad weather. Guide Jaun.

1882, 41 days. Guides, Hans and Andreas Jaun. Col des Hirondelles.

1883, 47 days. Guides, the two Payots and others. Aig. du Géant, Aig. Verte, Grand Dru (guides, Emile Rey and M. Savioz). Time ascent from Montanvert 7 hrs. 25 mins., on top 45 mins., descent 6 hrs.; absent 14 hrs. 10 mins.; nett walking 11 hrs. = very quick time. 'Found peak much easier than I expected. . . . Neither of the fixed ropes are in the least necessary and we didn't touch either of them.' Dossenhorn (guide, Melchior Anderegg).

1884, 55 days. Guides, Jaun and others. Gspaltenhorn, Lauterbrunnen Breithorn.

1885, 30 days. Guides, Jaun and others. Lauteraarhorn, Viescherhorn.

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<sup>1</sup> Guides' pay at that time was 8 frs. rest day, 25 frs. for Col, 50 frs. for summit.



W. E. DAVIDSON.

SEPP INNERKOFLER,  
of Sexten.

CHR. KLUCKER,  
of Sils

(1898.)





FRANZ LOCHMATTER.

W. E. DAVIDSON.

JOSEPH POLLINGER.

Chamonix, 1905.

1886. Not out in summer. Went out in winter to Grindelwald. 'At noon the peasants began to assemble . . . and danced continuously up to 6 next morning, and continued at noon again, keeping it up till 5.30 next morning. In all the two days 2500 bottles of wine were consumed, or an average of five a-piece, including men and women.'

1887, 41 days. Guide, Jaun and others. Attempt on Petit Dru ('the mountain itself is, by very far, the hardest thing I have been on; the whole of it from the saddle upwards is of the very highest difficulty'), Jungfrauoch ('v. Bergen here performed a feat which certainly has never been excelled in the way of iceman-ship, cutting round a corner which absolutely surplumbed for some 200 feet on to a snow plateau below'), Mönch.

1888, 40 days. Guides, Jaun and others. Eigerjoch, Col du Chardonnet.

1889, 53 days. Guides, v. Bergen and others. Roseg, Gussfeldtsattel ('there is no doubt that a first-rate guide would consider it an easier pass than the Eigerjoch, as the wall is certainly not so long—not more than two-thirds at the outside. I am sure that if it had been black ice from top to bottom, v. Bergen and Jaun would have cut the whole of the steps in 3 hours, and I should give them 4 to 5 hours to perform the same on the Eigerjoch'), Bernina (first descent by Scharte), Brunegghorn, Biesjoch, Rothhorn (tr.), Matterhorn by the 'Enjambée des 3 Jean Baptistes,' from Breuil to Riffelalp in the day.

1890, 50 days. Guides, v. Bergen and others. Riffelhorn (thirty-eighth ascent), Triftjoch, Col de la Dent Blanche, Breithorn (N. face), Moming Pass, Mittelhorn, Wetterhorn, Lauteraarjoch, Strahlegg.

1891, 55 days. Guides, Chr. Almer and A. Stähli. Felikjoch, Lysjoch, Zwillingsjoch, Riffelhorn (forty-fourth ascent), Riffelhorn (first ascent by Matterhorn couloir), Jungfrau (from Rottal), Viescherjoch. 'The veteran was wonderful.'

1892, 41 days. Matterhorn traversed from Schwarzsee to Breuil, Mischabeljoch, Matterhorn couloir (second ascent).

1893, 54 days. Jumeaux, Charmoz (traverse), Petit Dru.

1894, 56 days. Trifthorn, Alphubel (second ascent by W.S.W. arête), Matterhorn (traversed, Italian hut to Zermatt), Grépon (traversed N. to S.—guides Alfred Simond and Klucker). It would appear that W. E. D.'s 1880 party was aiming for the Grépon and got into the Col close to the Mummery crack.

1895, 59 days. Klucker was guide for 56 days, and Daniel Maquignaz for 39 days.

Dom Gabelhorn (Trift over Wellenkuppe and Arbenjoch), Matterhorn (by Carrel's Galerie), Dom-Täschhorn traverse, Matterhorn (Z'Muttgrat), Schmadrijoch, Bietschhorn (N. to W. traverse).

1896, 62 days. Klucker was again in attendance. We veterans well remember the terribly broken season. After a few days at the

Riffel and making his ninetyeth ascent of the Riffelhorn—in some years he did as many as ten ascents of this peak—Davidson left with Klucker for his first visit to the Dolomites. They ascended Cristallo, Croda da Lago<sup>2</sup> by old route (descent via Sinegaglia), Sorapiss<sup>2</sup> by Müllerweg (descent Grohmannweg), Piz Popena<sup>3</sup> from Cristalljoch (Klucker considered this difficult), Dreischuster from Innerfeld, Kl. Zinne by N. face, Zwölfer, Elfer, Fermedathurm, Pelmo.<sup>2</sup>

1897, 62 days. Guides Klucker and Innerkofler: Périades, Cardinal, Langkofel traverse N. to S., Fünffinger-spitze (Schusterweg-N. Kamin: Schmittkamin-Daumenscharte: from Grohmanngl-N. Daumengrat: from Langkofeljoch, up and down). Grohmannspitze (Johanneskamin-Leiterweg), Winkler, Stabeler, Figlio di Rosetta, Cima di Cuseglio, Delago, Santner and Euringersp.

1898, 60 days. Guides Klucker and Innerkofler. Monte Rosa, Mominghorn (traversed to Mountet), Col Durand, Strahl-Rympfischhorn, Hohberghorn-Nadelhorn, Cimone della Pala, Pale di San Martino, Cima della Madonna (Winklerkamin), Gr. Zinne, Tofana (via inglese).

1899, 59 days. Guides Klucker and U. Almer. Scerscen-Bernina Traverse, Ortler from Hochjoch, Königsspitze, Zebbru traversed, Cima Tosa-Crozzon, Presanella, Viso, Ecrins.

1900, 58 days. Guides Klucker and Almer. Schallihorn (traversed) Dent d'Hérens (descent to Breuil), Breithorngrat (traverse), Balmhorn-Altels, Mönch (from Kl. Scheidegg), Riffelhorn (15 times).

1901, 58 days. Guide Almer. Obergabelhorn (Trift to Mountet) Rothhorn (tr.) Riffelhorn (17 times).

1902, 57 days. Guides Jules Lochmatter, Joseph Pollinger and Almer. Breithorn (N. face descended), Weisshorn by Schalligrat. This ascent made twenty-five years after his ascent by the S.E. face evidently gave great satisfaction. It enabled him to fix very nearly the junction of his arête on the S.E. face with the main arête and agrees with my own observations the following year, but I think his estimate of this point being only 800 ft. below the summit is much understated, since my party, travelling fairly fast, took 2 hours 20 minutes, which is the equivalent of 1200 ft. at least. Momingspitze (tr.) and first descent from Oberschallijoch to Zinal, Bieshorn, Riffelhorn (17 times including Matterhorn Couloir).

1903, 54 days. Guides Joseph Pollinger and Franz Lochmatter. Much bad weather. Riffelhorn (10 times, making 160 in all), Fletschhorn-Laquinhorn, Südlenz sp., Nadelhorn (Mischabel Hut to St. Niklaus).

1904, 47 days. Guides as above. No particular expeditions.

1905, 57 days. Guides as above. Blaitiere and Meije (traverse).

<sup>2</sup> Guides Klucker and M. Barbaria.

<sup>3</sup> Guides Klucker and Sepp Innerkofler for all the others.

1906, 60 days. Guides Joseph and Heinrich Pollinger. Arbenjoch-Mont Durand, Ludwigshöhe to Sesiajoch (ridge climb), Matterhorn (7th ascent and 6th traverse) by Carrel's Galerie, Riffelhorn (9 times, including new routes).

1907, 54 days. Guides J. Pollinger and F. Lochmatter. Weissmies (tr.), Les Bouquetins, Aig. Rouges. (Guides often lent.)

1908, 57 days. Guides as above. Vincent Pyramide, Pta. Giordani. Much bad weather. Riffelhorn (200th ascent).

1909, 58 days. Guides as above. Aig. de la Persévérance and small expeditions. Much bad weather.

1910, 56 days. Guides as above. Rothhornjoch, Col Durand. Much bad weather. Riffelhorn (218th ascent).

1911, 56 days. Guides Pollinger (34 days), Lochmatter (44 days). Pointe de Zinal. Zinal Rothhorn (from Rothhornjoch), his fifth ascent, Grand Combin. This was his last great expedition, so that his Alpine career proper may be said to have lasted from 1874 to 1911. Riffelhorn (his 229th ascent).

1912, 53 days. Guides, Pollinger (42 days), Lochmatter (54 days). Riffelhorn (his 238th ascent), many walks. Guides often lent.

1913, 53 days. Guides, Lochmatter and Pollinger. Riffelhorn (his 250th ascent), Adler.

The next year came the war. He made his 251st ascent of the Riffelhorn in that year, and his 252nd in 1920; and so the climbing chapter ended, although in 1921 and 1922 he returned to his old quarters at the Riffelalp and held his little court, issuing his edicts, receiving with an old-world charm his old friends and other properly vouched for individuals. To others the *entrée* was not easy.

It is not easy to sum up an Alpine career like his—some will wonder why, with such opportunities, he did not do even more, incomplete as the record possibly is.

Long as his yearly visits to the Alps were, diversions other than mountaineering occupied much time.

His earlier years covered the gorgeous heyday of the Eagle's Nest and of the Pasteur House at Grand Saconnex. Who can ever forget the sweet welcome of Mr. and Mrs. Pasteur and their family? At these houses he was a frequent guest. What chance had a mere mountain when the young joyous life which filled those super-hospitable houses called? Was it not quite good enough to look on Mt. Blanc from the riant slopes of Gd. Saconnex? The restless energies of Jack and Billy Wills must at times have sat heavily on him!

Picnics, cricket matches, dances, took time. To attractions such as these we of the sterner, wandering school were—at least I imagine so—immune.

Many of his Riffelhorn ascents, his threading every intricate way through the Gorner icefall, were, in effect, entertainments for his youthful and other friends. His guides were generously placed at their disposal. He knew every servant at the Riffelalp—they were

his people. It was his second home. He took a keen interest in the kaleidoscope life of a fashionable hotel. Nothing escaped him.

Moreover he was not a climber pure and simple. He was not prepared to sacrifice comfort or forego good quarters. He would take no chances. He would never climb in any but practically certain weather, which, no doubt, made him miss many expeditions. He never came near having any accident, and there is no record of any impromptu bivouac. He was essentially the orthodox mountaineer, attended always by the best of guides,<sup>4</sup> with a strong tendency to condemn such excrescences as guideless climbing and extreme expeditions. He spent a sedentary life for ten months in the year, and had to make good, in comfort, the wear and tear of a busy life. In his earlier years he was a man of great activity, and, as Mr. Hartley—himself fleetest of foot—tells us, a rapid and sure mover on rock and ice. His expeditions bear testimony to his powers. But as years went by, even at forty, he had great trouble to subdue increasing weight and to get fit. He was, above all things, a Centrist, attached to Zermatt and the Riffel, where he knew everybody and everything.

He had more experience of great guides than any mountaineer. Thus he had in his service at various times, Lanier, Jaun, Rey, v. Bergen, old Christian Almer, Melchior Anderegg, Ulrich Almer, Klucker, Daniel Maquignaz, Sepp Innerkofler, Joseph Pollinger, Franz Lochmatter. His attachment to the two latter was very warm, and he took them year after year, more out of old habit than for any considerable use he made of their services. He remembered to leave them legacies of £100 each.

Mr. J. W. and Mr. F. C. Hartley were his earlier climbing companions, then Mr. Seymour Hoare and Mr. Cullinan, while Mr. Gerald FitzGerald can count upwards of forty years' close companionship with him in the Alps, and was often his climbing companion.

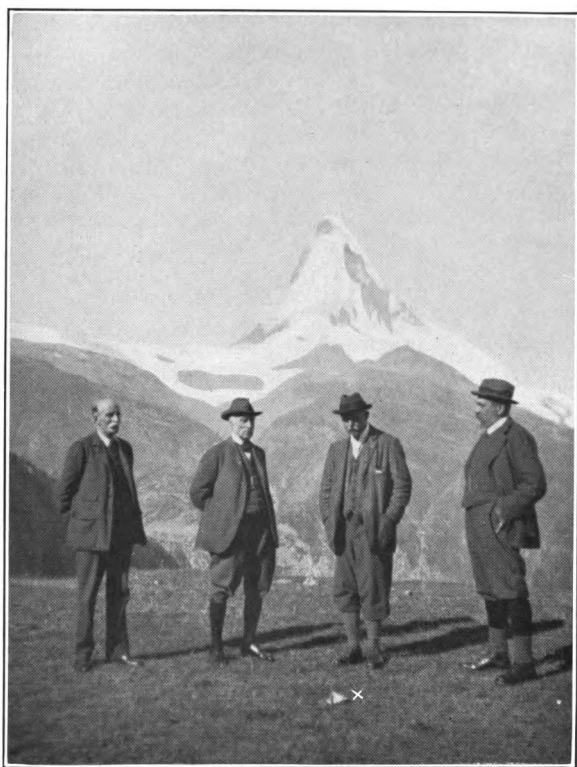
He was Hon. Secretary from 1881 to 1885, but then for over twenty years took no part in the affairs of the Club through some differences, the origin of which has long passed from the memories of men. He was at last prevailed upon to become an extra Member of Committee, where his knowledge of procedure, his great experience, the charm of manner which he could exhibit, soon marked him out for high office.

He was elected President for the term 1911–13. His services as such are fresh in our minds, as are those of Charles Wollaston, the long-time Hon. Secretary who ran three Presidents. He was heart and soul in the Club. I do not think anything counted in his life as did it, and what it represented to him. He was the Club incarnate.

<sup>4</sup> When the Pilkingtons formed their first guideless party, he was invited to join them—a sufficient testimony, by eminent judges, to his powers, but family reasons forbade his acceptance.



W. E. DAVIDSON  
about 1890.



SIR EDWARD AT THE RIFFELALP, 1922.

His help to me with the JOURNAL was never-failing, and his constructive and sound criticism steered me through many difficulties which occur in its production.

He was a man of strong opinions—not to say prejudices. There was a certain hauteur about him, a certain F.O. manner, but he carried it well. No man could take a liberty with him, and there are amusing tales told of his treatment of too *empresé* casual acquaintances. No doubt his return to the Club, his years of office, did much to mellow him, to make him more approachable, while his knowledge and experience were always at the service of young mountaineers. He was, above everything, absolutely accurate. He had a great sense of humour.

The Zermatt district he knew as did no other man. He possessed an extensive knowledge of the Mont Blanc chain and of the Dolomites. He had helped make history for nearly fifty years, and there is scarce a man now living whose knowledge of practical and historical mountaineering equals his.

I made his acquaintance in 1881, at the old rooms in St. Martin's Place, but owing to absence abroad I saw little of him until fifteen years ago. Our tastes and the common tie of the Club then threw us much together. He was one of those absolutely loyal friends—you could ask his opinion and he would take the trouble to think the matter out, and would advise you, wisely and well, quite regardless of any prepossession he could quite well see you held. I recall *tête-à-tête* dinners at 8, and I would turn out at 2 A.M., having talked Alps and kindred subjects and people all the time in that care-free, open-guard way that is the symptom of great friendship.

I was outward-bound to Africa last winter. We had not seen eye to eye over an incident in the Club. I went to say good-bye—we discussed the matter. I took nothing back. He listened and said next to nothing. He did not give way easily either. Then I turned to go. He followed me, ailing as he was, down the stairs, and as I said good-bye there came into his face a look that told me all was well between us. On my return six months later, I went straight from the station to see him. He was no better. Two months later he sent me a message to say he was knocked over by the heat. Next day his man rang through to tell me of his death. The Club loses one of its most devoted sons—the craft a distinguished exponent—I, him.

J. P. F.

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#### THE LATE LORD STERNDALÉ, MASTER OF THE ROLLS

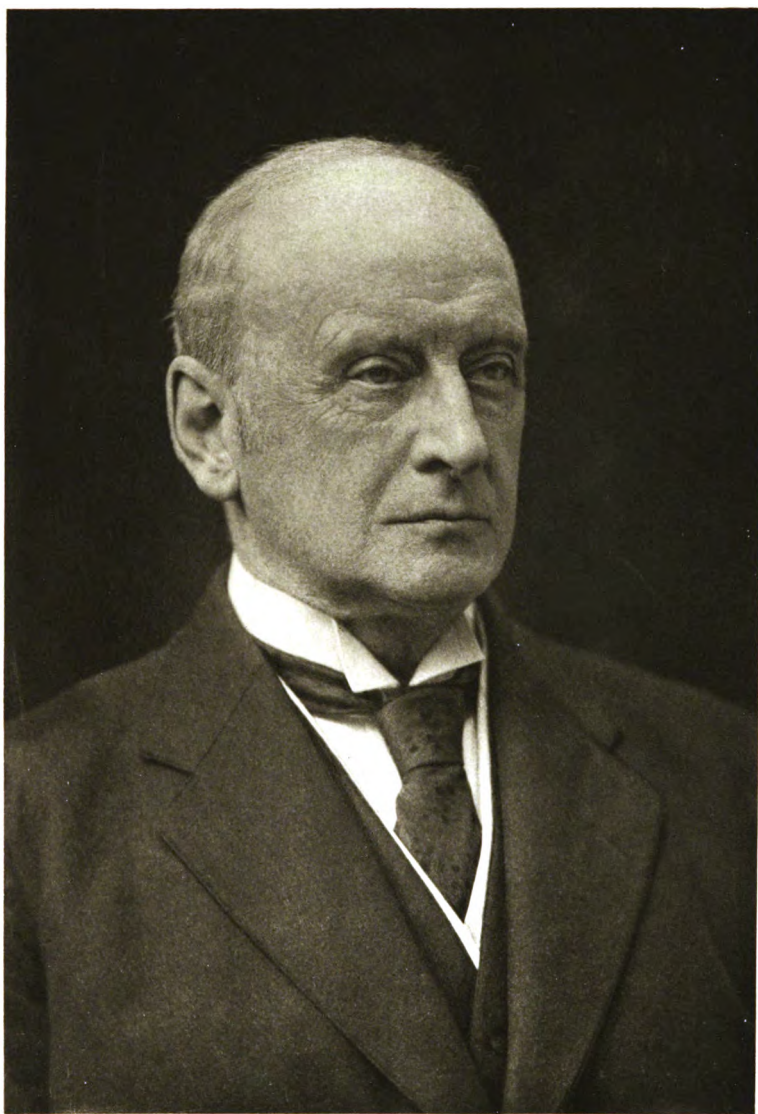
LORD STERNDALÉ was a member of the Alpine Club for nearly thirty years and during most of that time spent his summer holidays in the Alps. Some account of his climbs



and of him, as a climber, will probably be welcome to readers of the *ALPINE JOURNAL*.

It was in 1890 that he first took to climbing. He and I began going abroad together in 1887, and from that year till 1892, with the exception of 1889 when I was at sea, we took our long vacation holidays every year somewhere in the Alps. At first they were of the usual tourist kind and not confined to mountain tramps. In 1888 we heard Parsifal at Bayreuth and the Meistersingers at Munich; we went to the Passion Play at Oberammergau in 1890; we looked at pictures in Amsterdam and Dresden and Venice, but down to 1890 most of our time was spent in walking across the Tyrol and the Engadine by the mule passes or in the Valais and Central Switzerland below the snow line. He was always the best of companions as he was the best of friends.

Pickford—I cannot otherwise speak of him—was at first as much disposed as a tolerant and broad-minded temperament would permit to pooh-pooh the climbing of peaks and, when I rather hankered after ‘doing’ something or other, he inclined to hint that it was not worth while. In 1889, however, I do not know with whom, he went up one of the peaks in the Valais, I think the Allalinhorn, and I found him at Saas Fee in 1890 more than willing to climb, for he had been much taken with his experience of the year before. Accordingly, with Xavier Imseng, we went up two or three peaks, of which the Ulrichshorn was one and the Alphubel another. From that time onward Pickford was a convinced and a determined climber. Next year, with Blumenthal and Peter Ruppen as guides, and in company with R. and C. Arkle, we had quite a long though unambitious season, first at Saas im Grund and afterwards at Arolla. The number of climbs we made was respectable, though as beginners we prudently chose, or had chosen for us, things suitable to our inexperience. However, among the rest we did the Dom and the Aiguille de la Za by the Western face. In 1892 I joined him at Zermatt, when he had already done Castor, the Wellenkuppe and the Rothhorn, and we did the Ober Gabelhorn, the Rimpfischhorn, the Matterhorn and the Weisshorn. On the day we did the Matterhorn the mountain was busy, for, in addition to R. and C. Arkle, Sir Edward Davidson climbed the peak from Zermatt and Sir Claud Schuster traversed it to Breuil. I recollect also two young gentlemen from the United States in white flannel trousers and, I think, in walking shoes, who were ascending their first peak. I doubt if they reached the top, but at any rate they safely returned to the bottom.



*Photo by Russell & Sons.*

*The Rt. Hon. Lord Sterndale.*



From this year Pickford climbed steadily every season until 1904, generally with R. and C. Arkle and always with Alois and Roman Anthamatten. As I ceased to climb after 1892 I cannot speak personally of his achievements. In 1894 he was at Montanvert and Cogne and climbed among other mountains the Grandes Jorasses, the Aiguilles des Charmoz, the Grivola and the Grand Paradis. He was in the Tyrol and the Dolomites next year and climbed the Ortler, the Fünffingerspitz and the Croda da Lago. In 1895 he did a considerable number of peaks in the Maderanerthal district. Then he returned to the Valais for the next six years, more often in the Saas valley than anywhere else. Among the many climbs recorded during this time are the Südlenspitz, with descent on the Saas side, in 1897, the Breithorn from the N. side, the Riffelhorn by the Matterhorn Couloir, the Lyskamm, and the Dent Blanche (1898). From this time, often in consequence of bad weather, his seasons' results were less noticeable, but in 1903 he did the Petits Charmoz, and in 1904 Mont Dolent. I believe that at sometime he climbed the Grépon, but I do not know when, and it is not in the list of his climbs, with which his family have kindly supplied me, so I may be mistaken. In 1905 he did nothing, though he was in Switzerland. His last peak was Mont Blanc from the Tête Rousse in 1906, accomplished with much pluck and good humour, though he suffered acutely in the descent from the effects of an injury to his knee, which put further serious climbing out of the question. He continued to go to Switzerland for many years afterwards, and was President of the Alpine Club 1914-1916, but his Presidency fell during the War when the Club's activities were necessarily restricted.

His was a long and very full record of hard climbing, and he loved the work and the mountains. He did not belong to the heroic age of pioneers, and virgin peaks did not come his way. He attempted no guideless climbs, and was content with the leadership of the competent guides, to whom he was much attached. So far as I know, he never had an accident or even an adventure. His good sense told him that to encounter avoidable risks is not much credit to anybody.

Of his technique as a climber I am not competent to judge. I was only with him in his first three seasons, and my own experience never qualified me to criticise others. It might have been thought that he would be clumsy on rocks and unsteady on ice, but in fact he was neither. He stood over six feet, was massively built, and probably on a climb weighed fourteen stone or more, but he was perfectly steady and solidly

planted, and on rocks he was not slow. He would not be hurried ; he was very independent in negotiating an awkward place, and, though his build made him look a little unhandy, he was from the first very workmanlike. I never remember him sending down stones, though I wish I could forget my own. His endurance was very great. I only saw him tired once, at the end of a punishing day from Saas im Grund over the Mischabeljoch to Zermatt with much soft, deep snow on the Saas side of the Col, which obliged us to force the pace coming down in order to get off the glacier before dark.

There are probably many members of the Alpine Club who have seen him climbing, and can say what he was like in later years, but from what I can learn he was to the end the same imperturbable, firm and steady climber, always trustworthy in the part he was to play, always simple and content to be guided by anyone, whose experience and skill were greater than his own.

It is to be remembered that Pickford never climbed a peak till he was over forty years of age ; that he continued to climb till he was fifty-eight ; and that his life at home was the sedentary life of a lawyer, and the toilsome life of a lawyer with a great practice. As far as he could he always kept himself in hard exercise. When he lived in Liverpool he used to run with the beagles in Cheshire. He cycled a great deal, and at King-Sterndale his favourite exercise to the end was a long tramp. Nothing but his extraordinarily perfect physique and a constitutional strength, which seemed proof against weakness, could have enabled him at his age to stand up successfully to the work of sixteen consecutive seasons of steady climbing.

This is not the place to speak of his great qualities as a lawyer, an advocate and a judge, of his rapidity of apprehension, his unerring memory, and the instinctive rightness of his conclusions. He passed from one judicial office to another by a kind of inevitable progression. Owing nothing to favour, nothing to politics, and nothing to advertisement, by the plain titles of worth and efficiency he attained to posts of the highest eminence and responsibility, and filled them in a manner that distinguished him even among his many distinguished predecessors. His legitimate ambition was gratified by these promotions, but twice at least in his later years they were undertaken chiefly at the call of public duty. If they had fallen to other men, he would have seen them pass him by without a thought of jealousy or even a feeling of disappointment.

On the Circuit which he led so long, he was the unquestioned arbiter of all questions of difficulty ; the kindly friend of the young and the equal companion of all ; in a word ' the Circuit's big brother.' On the Bench he was a tower of strength to his colleagues. No one ever differed from him in opinion without a qualm. His private kindnesses and charities were many, though known to few. If he had enemies—for there are some whose enmity is their form of homage and admiration—his unaffected simplicity was unconscious of them, and his forgiveness was to be had for the asking.

He died in his sleep at the age of seventy-five, still in harness, still in the prime of life. *Multis ille bonis febilis occidit.* I have known no man who has left among his friends such a sense of irreparable loss.

SUMNER.

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THOMAS MIDDLEMORE.<sup>1</sup>

1842–1923.

On May 16, 1923, Thomas Middlemore, of Hawkesley and Melsetter, died of pneumonia after a week's illness at his Orkney home in his 82nd year.

He was born of an old Worcestershire family at Edgbaston on February 11, 1842, and educated at the Proprietary School there and in Paris. After a few years in his father's office he undertook the management of the family business of which he eventually became the owner. In October 1881 he married Theodosia Anderson Mackay, of Kinlochbervie in Sutherland, who survives him. He retired from business in 1896 and two years later purchased the Melsetter Estate in Orkney (comprising the islands of Hoy, Walls, Fara and Rysa) where he built himself a beautiful home. He was a J.P. for the counties of Orkney and of Worcester.

Thomas Middlemore always lived strenuously. Throughout his life he never relaxed his efforts to keep fit and to work. In his younger days though expending great energy on his business he yet found time to graduate as B.A. at the University of London and to follow whole-heartedly such recreations as hunting, boxing, and mountaineering. He also held a commission for some years in the Warwickshire Rifle Volunteers.

During his last 25 years he devoted himself chiefly to his Melsetter estate—constructing roads and building piers for the welfare of the islanders, and making successful experiments in agriculture. Moreover he was a keen sportsman and with his many guests greatly enjoyed the excellent shooting and fishing on the estate.

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<sup>1</sup> A portrait appeared in *A.J.* xxxii. opp. 100.

Early in the War he made Melsetter open house to the officers of the Grand Fleet stationed at Scapa Flow : and he and his charming wife welcomed hundreds of officers for refreshment and rest during the four great years, so that an Admiral on hearing of his death wrote : ' Those who served in the Fleet in those waters now mourn for a real friend, whose hospitality was unbounded.'

To the end of his life he was erect and tall, strong and strikingly handsome. He spent his last winter at St. Ives in Cornwall, and there, years notwithstanding, he would play his daily round of golf with all his old perseverance and enthusiasm.

Vigour, continuity of purpose and chivalry were among the characteristics of Thomas Middlemore : and those who knew him best were well aware that the family motto—' *Mon désir loyauté*'—was his life-long inspiration.

A. M. B.

Mr. Middlemore's Alpine career seems to me to deserve a special mention. He was elected to the Club on December 12, 1871, on the qualification :

Mont Blanc (from Col du Midi), G<sup>d</sup><sup>es</sup> Jorasses, Monte Rosa, Strahlhorn, Lyskamm, Jungfrau, Aletschhorn, Col du Géant, and other passes.

For the next five years there was no more strenuous climber in the Club.

In 1872, between July 4 and 26, he traversed Grand Combin, ascended Dom, traversed Matterhorn from a gîte on Swiss side to Breuil, returning next day by the Furgg, traversed Gabelhorn from Zermatt to Zinal. On the Matterhorn traverse he was accompanied by the late Mr. Gardiner, the guides being J.-J. Maquignaz, Hans Jaun, and Peter Knubel. The party (with the addition of S. Middlemore) is seen in the portrait, 'A.J.' xxxii. opp. 100.

In 1873 he ascended Eiger, Mönch, Aletschhorn ('A.J.' vi. 298, the route is not clear, but according to Jaun's 'Führerbuch,' p. 36, it was 'from the N. side—for the first time—' and accordingly anticipates the ascent of 1883), crossed Jungfrauoch, *descending* to Wengernalp, ascended Schreckhorn, traversed Rothhorn from Zermatt to Zinal, ascended Schallhorn from Moming pass (first ascent, 'A.J.' vi. 294 *seq.* and xxxiv. 113), traversed Mont Blanc by Kennedy's route from high gîte on S. side to Chamonix, and finally, with Leslie Stephen, made an attempt on the Charmoz—'beaten back by the last bit consisting of a slice of rock.' It is difficult to say how far they got. Guides were probably Hans Jaun and Chr. Lauener. Such an attempt at that period denoted a high degree of enterprise and skill.

In 1874 he was in the Mont Blanc group, made an attempt on the Verte—frustrated by bad snow and a storm. At that time and for years after the Verte was looked on as a very formidable affair. It was left to the Oberland guides—the Valais guides at that time

were little known—no guide in Chamonix being willing to go. On the descent the party, wet through, was benighted on a ledge at 11,500 ft.

The Col du Géant was crossed to Courmayeur, and then with T. S. Kennedy and the guides Johann Fischer, Hans Jaun, and possibly Ulrich Almer (see portraits, 'A.J.' xxxii. opp. 233) an attempt was made to ascend Mont Blanc from the Brouillard Glacier. The point aimed at was the Col now named Emile Rey. A soaking storm defeated the project and the party was benighted on a ledge of rocks. A fortnight later J. Garth Marshall and Fischer were killed in repeating the attempt.

The weather that year was abominable. From a gîte at the top of the pastures Mr. Middlemore, with Jaun and Joseph Rey, crossed the Col des Grandes Jorasses.<sup>2</sup> His description of the climb provoked a storm, such as we have not witnessed in our time, and which can only be accounted for by assuming that the critics failed to read Middlemore's narrative with care. The climb was new, and naturally the rocks carried a good deal of loose stuff. Some of this got knocked down by the climbers and carried away two axes which had been perched instead of slung as they ought to have been. Middlemore's temperate reply brought his critics back to their bearings. The Col has been crossed several times since, and there appears no reason to consider it dangerous. The present-day view of the episode has been well summed up by a very competent judge, Raymond Bicknell, in his paper on the Col, in 'A.J.' xxxiii. 375.

In 1875<sup>3</sup> we find Middlemore making an attempt on the Meije, then unclimbed. The note in his diary reads: 'From Gîte ascended to a point E. of the middle peak of the Meije, but found the mountain impracticable from bad state of snow.' From this one can almost assume that the intention was to try the 'arêtes' which at that time was considered the most likely line—i.e. along the arête from the Pic Central. Jaun's 'Führerbuch' throws no light, but the attempt shows what sort of traveller Middlemore was. Bad weather drove them to Courmayeur, where 'from a gîte on Brenva Glacier ascended Flambeaux, and from the arête descended the N. face (very steep ice-covered rocks, 3 hours), and joined Col du Géant route just above the séracs.' A fresh attempt on the Verte was frustrated by the dangerous state of the snow.

The next entry is very interesting, for had it been successful it would have forestalled H. Cordier, who, led by Jakob Anderegg, made, the next year, the first complete ascent of the Finsteraarhorn by the S.E. arête. The party slept at the Rothloch<sup>4</sup> on the

<sup>2</sup> *A.J.* vii. 104, 225 and other references.

<sup>3</sup> There is no entry in Jaun's book, although he was leading guide.

<sup>4</sup> See *A.J.* xxx. 356. No photograph has yet reached me!



Fiescher Glacier on July 30. Next day: 'Left Gîte 2.55 A.M. Got to rocks below last Joch at 5.50. Breakfasted. Col, 7.45. Arête very long and difficult. Reached final arête 12.0. Found no passage up final peak, so descended and crossed Grünhornlücke to Faulberg in storm, 7 P.M. August 1, left Faulberg 8.30; Mönchjoch 1 P.M.; Grindelwald 5.35. August 2, left hotel 2 P.M.; Kastenstein 7 P.M. August 3, started 3.30 A.M.; Finsteraarjoch 6.30-7.15; Agassizjoch 9.15; Hugiattel 11; summit of Finsteraarhorn 12.30. Failed to get down through gulley being choked by ice and snow. Jaun reports 150 ft. of rope wanted. Descended by Fiesch glacier and reached Fiesch 10 P.M.'

This extract shows that the party climbed along the S.E. arête of the Finsteraarhorn and got close under the summit, as far as the slab where a rope is fixed. This slab gave Jakob Anderegg great trouble when this ascent was first completed the following year. In 1883 it was all iced and gave my party a lot of work. One must assume that on Middlemore's attempt the conditions were even worse, and the slab possibly buried in hard snow or ice. This slab is only about 10 minutes from the summit. Foiled on the ascent, the party proceeded to climb the mountain by the ordinary route, with a view of *descending* to the highest point on the S.E. arête, reached by them three days earlier, but as stated did not succeed in this.

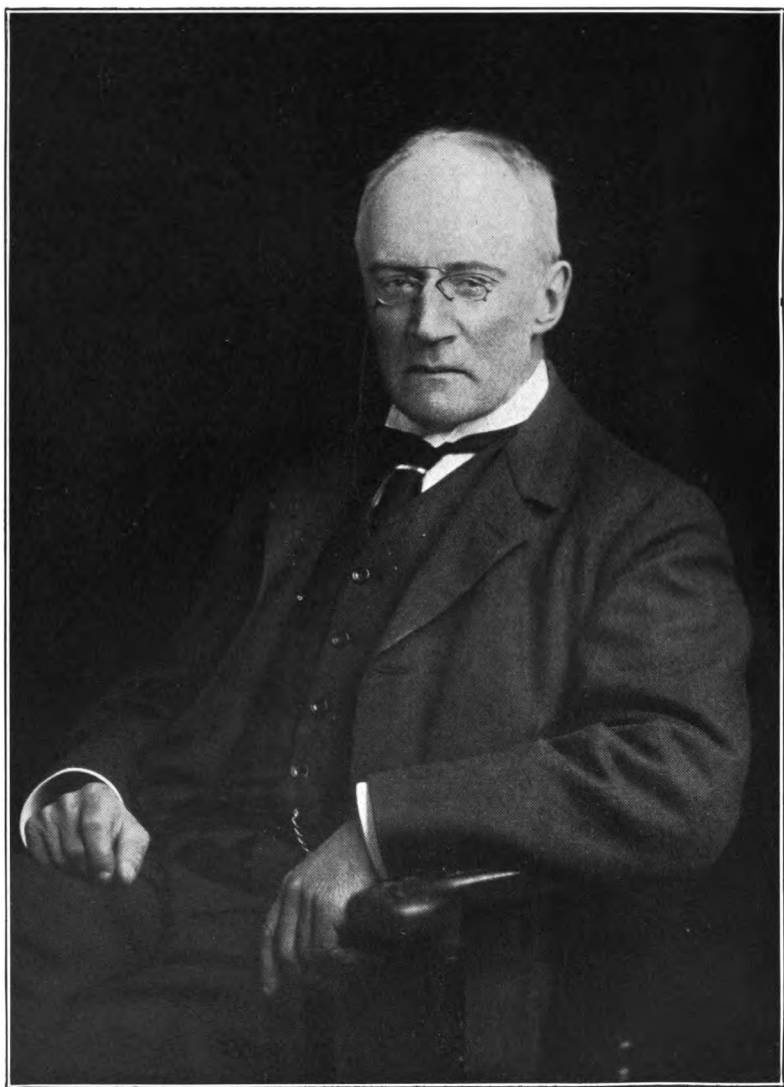
It was a misfortune to have failed so close to the goal. Yet there are still authorities who, without personal knowledge of the ground, are content to assert that Meyer's three men in 1812 succeeded in scarce better conditions where, sixty-three years later, a man like Jaun, then in his best years, and with great experience of difficult ascents, a master of the craft, failed!

We now come to 1876, his last year of serious mountaineering. His great climb is the ascent, on July 31, of his old enemy the Verte. He obtained complete satisfaction by making the first ascent from the Argentièrre Glacier. It was his first expedition of the year, as he went straight to Lognan directly he reached Chamonix—such was the heart and condition of the man.

The party consisted of Oakley Maund, H. Cordier, and himself, with the guides, Hans Jaun, Jakob Anderegg, and Kaspar Maurer.

The climb was fully described by Maund in 'A.J.' viii. 289 *seq.* Middlemore says: 'If we imagine three Mornings interspersed with rock work on a par with the best bits of the Gabelhorn, we get a fair notion of the treat that kind heaven vouchsafed us.' Although this description does not, nowadays, indicate any great difficulty, the expedition is both long and arduous, and, moreover, even when you get to the summit you are by no means out of the wood. Jossi once told Sidney Spencer he would cut right up the couloir for a thousand francs; and knowing a good deal of that mighty, if occasionally casual, mountaineer's performances, I am certain he would!





WILLIAM PATON KER.

The ascent has not been repeated, an attempt by Lord Wentworth's party, probably with the Laueners, having failed.

On August 4 the same party made the first ascent of the Courtes from the Argentière side. Times were : Lognan, 1.45 A.M. ; summit, 12.30 ; Jardin, 6 P.M. ; Chamonix, 10.30 P.M.

On August 7, they made the first ascent of the higher Droites—'left Pierre à Béranger, 2 A.M. ; Jardin, 9.30 ; summit, 11.45 ; Jardin, 6 P.M.' On the descent they were much endangered by stones. The incident is vividly described by Maund.

Middlemore and Cordier, with Jaun and K. Maurer, then moved to Pontresina, and on August 12 made an attempt on Piz Bernina by the Scharte arête. They, however, stopped short on Pizzo Bianco, making its first ascent, as, strange to say, the two guides reported the Scharte 'ganz unmöglich.'

Six days later the same party made the first ascent of Piz Roseg from the Tschierva Glacier, descending to the Sella Glacier, a strenuous ice expedition. These expeditions are described in 'A.J.' viii. 109 and 198 *seq.*

This practically ended his high-climbing career, though in 1878 he visited the Graians and Pontresina and was chamois shooting in the Engadine in 1876 and in the Engadine and Graians in 1878.

The career, if meteoric, is very remarkable, as it covers little else than first-rate climbs, made under very different conditions from nowadays. He often bivouacked, sleeping seldom in a hut, and never spared himself.

Between him and Jaun existed a great affection and respect.

Among his friends were Wm. and C. E. Mathews, Gardiner, Cordier, Maund, Lord Wentworth, T. S. Kennedy, Eccles, and Loppé.

This note would be incomplete without a reference to his writings. He had an incisive and interesting style well exhibited in his papers in volumes vii. and viii. of the 'A.J.,' but his great Alpine Paper is his appreciation of Jaun in 'Pioneers of the Alps.' There is no greater tribute in that book of great tributes.

J. P. F.

## WILLIAM PATON KER.

1855-1923.

THE death of W. P. Ker, Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford, meant a loss to learning and literature, and to a very wide circle of friends ; and it was not to be expected that obituary notices of so eminent a man should contain much reference to the 'Alpine' side of his life. Yet his love of mountains was a most intimate part of his personality. It coloured his thought at all times and in all places : the Alpine Club never elected a worthier member, nor one

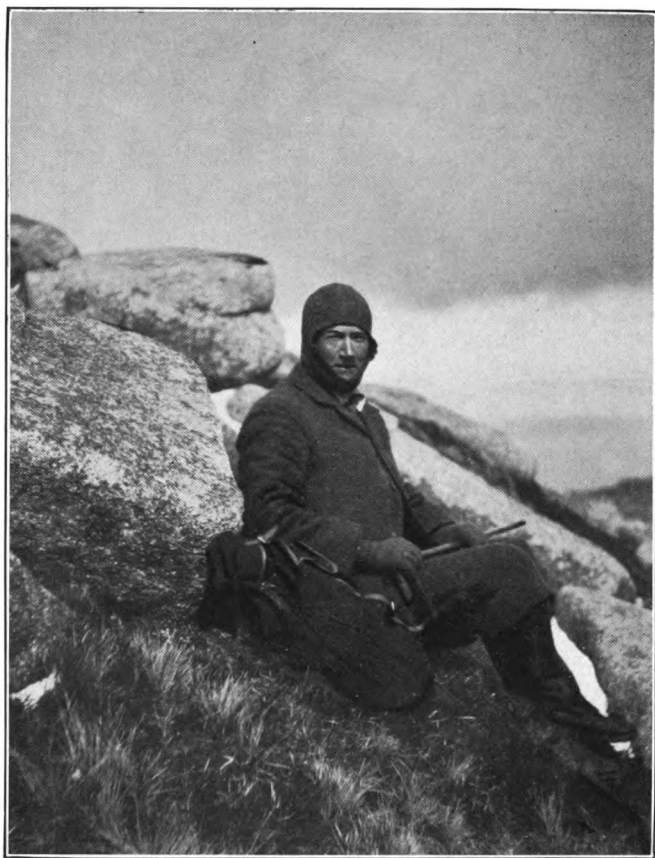
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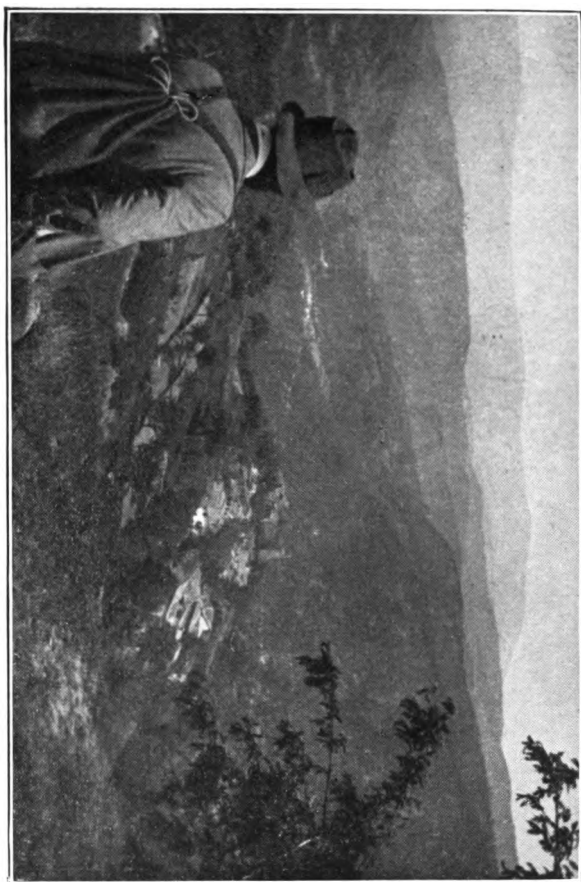
who was in a truer sense a mountaineer. He joined it in 1908. He had had three consecutive seasons in the Alps, and was then 52; he had begun climbing above the snow-line with a zeal usually associated with youth rather than middle age; in the years between 1906 and 1914 he was annually in the high mountains, and made a good many of the ordinary ascents in the Valais and the Graians, for the most part in the company of his friend Professor C. M. Thompson. He had four more fairly active seasons after the war.

Ker came too late in life to the Alps to be ever a perfect master of mountaineering technique. But he was a man of great physical strength, and indomitable courage and perseverance; many walks and climbs among Scottish and English hills, in the years which he confessed to have been unregenerate, had inured him to hardship. Not many expeditions tired him. If they did, as occasionally happened when he was well on the way to three-score and ten, he had a wonderful power of recuperation; he might be quite done up in the evening after a long and severe climb, but next morning he would have got over it and be as fresh as a young man. In 1921, being then 65 years of age, he crossed the Trifhorn from Zermatt to the Mountet, and returned two days after over the Rothhorn; rested for a day or so at Zermatt, then crossed the Matterhorn to the Italian hut; came back next day over the Furggenjoch to the Schwarzsee, had a night's rest, then climbed either Castor or Pollux—I forget which—and returned to Zermatt with no appearance of excessive fatigue, after an outing which might have tried the strength of a man in the prime of life. After that, it could not be expected that bad weather would prevent him from climbing the Finsteraarhorn, in 1922; nor did it.

Not for feats like these, remarkable enough as they were for an elderly man, will W. P. Ker be remembered; rather for that rare and singular temper which made him an ideal partner in any mountain expedition. That is what he was, for friends of all ages, but especially (I think) for men and women much younger than himself. He took a particular pleasure in their company, and they in his. They, and others, will long remember the peculiar intensity of enthusiasm which possessed him when he was walking or climbing among the High Alps. It was not generally (as his friends will readily understand) expressed in many words, and sometimes not in words at all; but it was there, burning in him like a fire, and somehow communicating itself to others. He was enjoying every moment. He idealised mountains; nothing in the whole business of mountaineering but seemed in a manner to him to have a kind of divine sanction; and the peasants who guided him ceased to be ordinary men, and became creatures divinely appointed to lead him into sacred places. Somehow in the Alps he seemed to be raised to a higher power. Merely to be on a climb or a high walk in noble scenery quickened his senses and his intellect. The Alps satisfied him, as great literature satis-



**WILLIAM PATON KER.**



WILLIAM PATON KER.

fied him. They brought out what was best in him ; and the best of W. P. Ker was pretty good.

He lies buried in the old churchyard of Macugnaga. That valley was the best loved of all his Alpine resorts ; and its Holy of Holies, to him, was the Pizzo Bianco, on which he died : ' this is my mountain,' he is reported to have said, only a little while before he sank down unconscious upon it. Some details of his last expedition have been described in a little account written by two ladies who were of his party, from which I am permitted to quote. ' We put out the lantern,' they say, ' at Alpe Rosareccia ; it was a most beautiful clear morning, and as we came into the corrie above the Alpe, where the stream runs shallow through grass and one can look out on the ring of Monte Rosa and see all the hills of Val Anzasca, he said, " I thought this was the most beautiful spot in the world, and now I know it." ' He had been, they say, ' very strong and happy that day.' After his death, ' as the guides were helping us down the rock, one of them said : " The soldier dies on the field and the sailor on the sea, and the mountaineer loves to die on the hills." It is what he would have loved to hear.'

A. D. G.

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### SIR HENRY HAYDEN

1869-1923

It was not until 1919 that Hayden and I became intimate. He was then Director of the Geological Survey, and I was dealing with mines and minerals as Deputy Secretary in the Commerce Department of the Government of India. We worked together during the strenuous days of post-war dislocation, of control and de-control ; and we spent our brief leisure together, walking and shooting in the Simla hills. We were from the first attracted to one another by our common love of the Himalaya, and I had no greater friend.

Hayden left India in the summer of 1920, and went home by South Africa and the Belgian Congo. We met again in London in the summer of 1921 for our long-planned visit to the Alps. It was Hayden's first visit to the Alps, and he put himself in my hands to show him what was best. We foregathered at Pralognan on July 6, and for five glorious weeks we wandered where we willed. With a couple of local men to carry our sacks, we walked over the hills from Pralognan to Val d'Isère, and thence to the little inn at Pont, at the head of the Val Savaranche. We climbed the Grand Paradis, and then crossed the Col du Grand Neiron and the Col de l'Herbetet to Cogné. From there we climbed the Grivola, and chartered the Aosta autobus to carry us the same evening to Courmayeur. At Courmayeur, on the recommendation of Henri



Brocherel, we engaged as guide César Cosson, with whom Hayden soon formed a close friendship.

A break in the weather diverted us from the Dôme hut, and we walked over the Col de la Seigne to Mottets. From there we crossed the Col des Glaciers to Trélatête, descended in heavy rain to Contamines, and reached Chamonix next day by train. We sat together, I remember, late that night watching the full moon rise behind the Aiguilles. A clear dawn afterwards sent us up to the Grands Mulets. The weather, however, was still unsettled, and our attempt on Mont Blanc ended in a blizzard at the Vallot Refuge. We descended again to the Grands Mulets, reached Montanvert by Pierre à l'Echelle and the Glacier des Pèlerins the same night, and returned to Courmayeur by the Col du Géant.

Our next journey was reminiscent of Himalayan travel. Collecting my family, two ladies and a boy of seven, we put them and their baggage on half a dozen mules, and marched over the Col Ferret into Switzerland. It was a merry day, and a merry evening afterwards. There were five of us, Cosson, and young David Revel, the son of the Guide-Chef at Courmayeur, whom we had engaged as porter, and six roystering Italian muleteers. We inundated the little inn at Ferret, and overflowed into the barns.

Hayden, Cosson and Revel left early next morning and crossed the Col de la Grande Luis to the Saleinaz Cabane. The muleteers returned to Italy. I drove down the valley with the family to Champex, and left again at midnight to rejoin Hayden the following morning on the top of the Portalet. We slept at the Dupuis Cabane, ascended the Aiguille du Tour and crossed the Fenêtre de Saleinaz to the Saleinaz Cabane. Next day we climbed the Aiguille d'Argentière, returned by the Col du Chardonnet to Praz de Fort, and reached Champex on the following morning. So ended July.

One day's halt at Champex, and then by Sembrancher and the Val de Bagnes to Chanrion. In cloud and mist we crossed the Col d'Oren to Prarayé. The inn, as usual, was closed. But we slept comfortably in a barn and, after a night of heavy rain, walked over the Col de Valcournera on a sparkling morning to Breuil. Thence to the hut at the Great Tower, and over the Matterhorn on a perfect day to Staffalp. A hot trudge through soft snow across the Col d'Hérens and the Col de Bertol brought us to Arolla. The next day we went by the Col de Seilon to the Val de Bagnes, and so back to Champex. There we parted, on August 10.

In the autumn Hayden returned to India. We had agreed, if all were well, to meet at Cuneo on June 1, 1922, and march through the Maritime and Cottian Alps, Dauphiné, and the Graian Alps, following as far as possible the watershed, to Courmayeur. While in India, however, Hayden was invited to examine the mineral deposits of Tibet. Accompanied by Cosson, he spent the summer of 1922 in Lhasa and Tibet. Their experiences are recorded in a book which is being published in French. Hayden returned to



SIR H. H. HAYDEN.

CÉSAR COSSON.

Taken at Darjeeling  
on their return from Thibet  
in 1922.



England at the end of the year, and in January our Courmayeur party once more dined together at the Oriental Club, the night before I left for India.

During the spring Hayden was busy with his book on Tibet. He was more than once at Courmayeur for discussions with Cosson, from whose diaries the book was partly compiled. He stayed at Cosson's farm, enjoying to the full the simple alpine life. In the early summer, again accompanied by Cosson, he was fishing in the Italian valleys of Monte Rosa. In August they went to the Oberland, and there they died.

Hayden was, first of all, a great mountain traveller. His knowledge of the Himalaya and of Himlayan travel was unrivalled. He was fond enough of a climb for its own sake, but it would never have interested him to stay in one centre merely to climb. A peak was a stage in a journey. He climbed to the top in order to go down the other side. He went through the Alps as though he were marching through the Himalaya, taking everything in his stride. He was a fast and tireless walker, and at fifty odd years he was always in hard condition. With his ice-axe across his shoulders, and his geological hammer dangling from his fingers, he would stride in at the end of the longest day, apparently as fresh as when he started.

Hayden was a great shikari, and the game on the mountains was almost as interesting to him as the mountains themselves. In the Alps he was always on the look out for game and, with his keen and trained sight, he saw more in a season than many see in a lifetime. His love of shikar was shared by Cosson, who was a notable chasseur in his own valley, and they collected some fine trophies during their travels in Tibet.

In his work Hayden combined, to a remarkable degree, devotion to pure science and shrewd business sense. His opinion on all matters relating to mining, whether minerals, metals or oil, was eagerly sought by the commercial world. During the war he did high public service in mobilising and developing the mineral resources of India. He was in the Hindu Kush and the Pamirs during the summer of 1914, and the outbreak of war found him at Kashgar. He hurried home, across Turkestan and Russia, to join the Army, but he was at once sent back to India, to do there the work for which he was supremely competent. His heart, however, was always in the firing line, and it fretted his gallant spirit that he was not permitted the honour of active service.

But it is as a man that we, who knew him, shall most remember and most miss him. He had the compelling charm of chivalrous simplicity. 'To be honest, to be kind—to earn a little and to spend a little less': it might have been his rule of life.

G. L. C.

Sir HENRY HAYDEN was proposed for the Club by Mr. Freshfield, seconded by Professor Garwood, on the qualification :

- 1898. 7 months in Spiti Himalaya.
- 1899. 8       "       "       "
- 1901. 8       "       "       "       and Ladakh.
- 1903-4. 1 year in Sikkim, Himalaya, and Tibet.
- 1905. 3 months in Hindu Kush in Hunza, Nagar and Gilgit.
- 1907. 3       "       "       "       Afghanistan.
- 1914. 4½   "       "       "       "       Chitral and Hunza and  
       Great Pamir Range (Russian Pamirs) and Alai  
       Mountains.
- 1921. Grand Paradis, Grivola, Mt. Blanc (but only to Vallot  
       Hut owing to weather), Aig. du Tour, Aig. d'Argentière,  
       Matterhorn traverse from Italian side.  
       Cols de la Vanoise, Galise, Nivolet, Neiron, Herbetet,  
       Seigne, des Glaciers, du Géant, Gde Luis, des Plines,  
       Fenêtre de Saleinaz, du Chardonnet, d'Oren, Val-  
       cournera, d'Hérens, Bertol, Pas de Chèvres, Seilon.

In 1923 he and Cosson had ascended Diablerets, Wildhorn, Wildstrubel, Jungfrau from Rottal.

Mr. R. S. Strachey, lately of the Indian Service, and a close friend of Sir Henry Hayden, has been at great pains to obtain information as to the accident. It bears out Mr. Gurtner's account. Mr. Strachey adds: 'The toughest job Hayden ever did was probably his journey from India over the Pamirs and, I think, Chinese, and certainly Russian Turkestan, alone (except for porters), arriving at the Russian outposts to hear that the Great War had just started.'

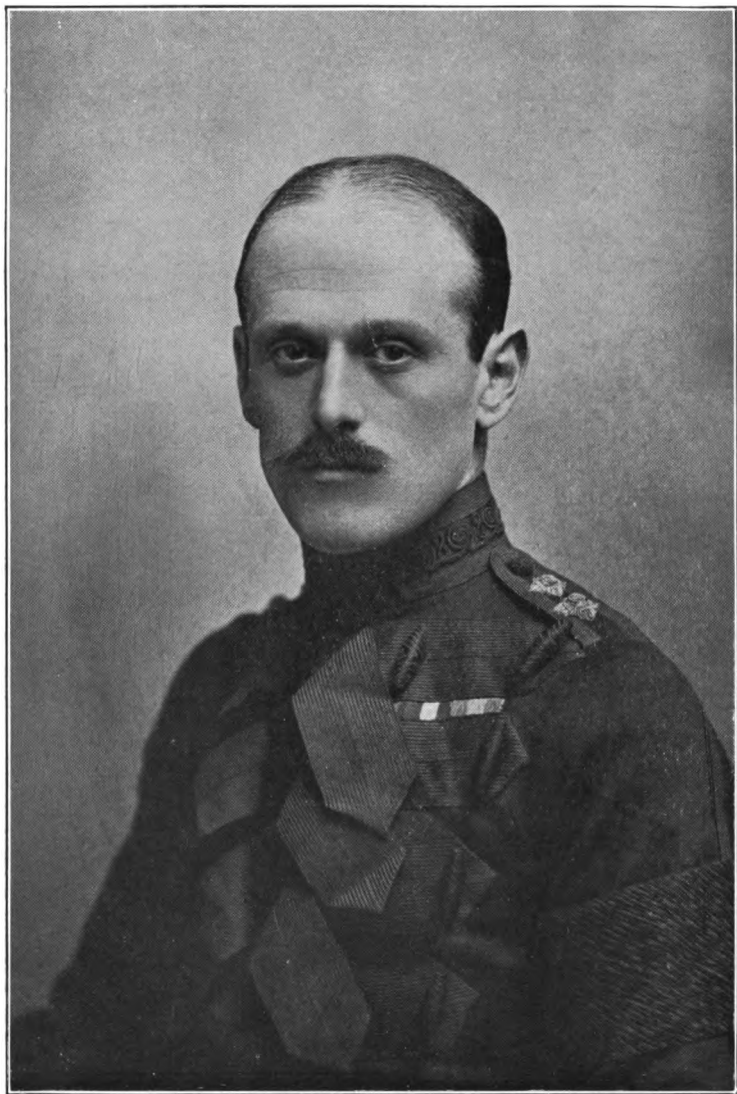
## LIEUT.-COLONEL LAWRIE C. F. OPPENHEIM, C.M.G.

1871-1923.

THE British Army has lost one of its most distinguished soldiers, and the Alpine Club a very keen and most capable mountaineer.

Lawrie was educated at Harrow at Mr. Bowen's House. During the holidays Mr. Bowen used to take him for walking tours in the Alps, and the influence of his old House Master, for whom Lawrie had the greatest respect and affection, was present throughout his life. After leaving Harrow, Lawrie went up to Trinity College, Cambridge, where he took Honours in History.

His was indeed in many ways a most interesting and adventurous career. In one capacity or another he had seen far more active service than falls to the lot of the ordinary individual soldier, and no one was better fitted by nature and temperament to appreciate the difficulties of a campaign, the capabilities of a leader, or the mentality of an enemy. He had the crowning gift of imagination.



LT.-COLONEL L. C. F. OPPENHEIM, C.M.G.



His career did not at first appear as fated to be that of a soldier ; his tastes seemed to be more of a literary nature. In 1897, however, his opportunity came, and he joined the Tirah Field Force as an accredited war correspondent. He served throughout that arduous and nerve-racking campaign, meeting on several occasions Captain Charles Bruce, then commanding the Gurkha Scouts of the Force. Attached to the Northamptonshire Regiment (48th), Lawrie was present at Dargai and all the principal engagements. He returned from India in time to join the Nile Expedition, then in the final stages of the advance to Khartum, and was present at the decisive battle of Omdurman. Of that picturesque struggle between the fanatical survivors of barbarism and ourselves he has often described, in articles and conversation, some of the most striking episodes. He stood in front of the line at the moment of Macdonald's famous change of front, and has often mentioned the dramatic moment when the Egyptian battalion immediately behind him first caught sight of the rapidly advancing waves of Dervishes, and, without a sound, turned, broke, and was no more, and of the grinning, yelling lines of gallant Soudanese who rushed up to fill the gap in the front. For his services he received the two medals and clasp.

A year later, in October 1899, on the outbreak of the South African War, Lawrie hurried out to the Cape, still in the capacity of a War Correspondent. So black was the outlook on his arrival, that he at once enlisted as a trooper in Thorneycroft's Mounted Infantry. With that hard-bitten unit he took part in the Spion Kop fight, and for his gallantry in that desperate and much criticised engagement was promoted an officer. It was while serving in Thorneycroft's that Lawrie first met his great friend 'Jimmy' Shea, now a most distinguished Lieutenant General. On the break-up of Thorneycroft's, Lawrie was specially promoted Captain and transferred to the Scottish Horse. Later again he was given a Captain's Commission in the Queen's Bays (2nd Dragoon Guards), and with this distinguished cavalry regiment fought right through the latter stages, being present at the final defeat of Delarey, the last engagement of the war. He was awarded the two medals and nine clasps. Later, on the return of the regiment to England, Lawrie qualified for the Staff College. In 1911 he left the Bays and transferred in the same year to the 4th Bn. Highland Light Infantry (Special Reserve). Previous to this transfer he had been employed for five years at the War Office in writing the later volumes of the official history of the South African War. His work speaks for itself.

Soon after the outbreak of the European War, Lawrie was posted to the 2nd Bn. H.L.I. (74th), 5th Brigade, 2nd Division. With those grim Scotsmen he was present at the Aisne, the Race to the Sea, and the immortal first battle of Ypres. He witnessed the break through of the Guard Corps, when 4000 Prussians, apparently with nothing



between them and Calais, were counter-attacked by a single weak battalion of the 5th Brigade (2nd Oxford & Bucks L.I., 52nd), and driven back headlong across the front of the 74th, where they fell in swathes under the fire of endless 'mad minutes.' Lawrie often spoke of one incident as the most impressive sight he had ever seen—the attempted rallying of the broken, yet still splendid, Guards regiments to the beat of the drum, in full view and at point-blank range of his battalion, when even darkness could not still the slaughter and the Scots killed over 700 Germans by indirect rifle fire towards the sound of the drums. Two days later, Lawrie's regimental service ended abruptly. Severely wounded through the thigh by shrapnel, he was invalided home. On his discharge from hospital and rewarded by a Brevet Majority, he was appointed in 1915 Military Attaché at The Hague. It is quite safe to say that in this capacity he rendered services to the Entente which even now can hardly be sufficiently appreciated.<sup>1</sup> His work was unique; there is no record of the methods which, peculiarly his own, enabled him to solve the most obscure and baffling of problems. More cannot be said; war will always exist; discretion must be maintained. As an Intelligence Officer Lawrie had no superior, possibly no equal. A Brevet Lieutenant-Colonelcy, the C.M.G., and many Entente Orders rewarded his war services.<sup>2</sup> In 1920 he was transferred as Military Attaché to Berne, and subsequently, in 1922, as British Military Representative to the Permanent Advisory Commission of the League of Nations at Geneva.<sup>3</sup> It is an open secret that he was destined for a much higher post.

Elected first to the Alpine Club in 1899, Lawrie subsequently resigned for a time, returning to us in 1911. Of his lengthy Alpine career it is sufficient to say that, I believe with the exception of Dauphiné, the Cottians and the Maritimes, Lawrie had climbed in every part of the Alps; he had also travelled and shot extensively in Kashmir. Most of his earlier climbs were accomplished with his brother-in-law,<sup>4</sup> Gerald Arbuthnot, who fell in the European War, and the Jossi family. Later he climbed with different members of three generations of the Pollinger family, notably with 'young'

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<sup>1</sup> I have before me a letter from the late D.M.I. addressed to his widow. It describes Lawrie's services as 'simply invaluable.' The letter goes on to add: 'He is one of those people that we cannot replace.'

<sup>2</sup> Among these decorations is the Dutch Order of Orange Nassau, a proof of the esteem in which he was held by a Neutral Government.

<sup>3</sup> I have also been privileged to read the deeply appreciative official letter from Sir R. Graham, late British Minister at The Hague, to the War Office on Lawrie's departure. A recent letter from Admiral Jehenne of the League of Nations (French) Advisory Committee is equally flattering.

<sup>4</sup> Lawrie was carrying Arbuthnot's ice-axe on the day of the accident.

Alois, who, except in the Dolomites, was usually his leader. It was a sad, if fitting, coincidence that the youngest member of that unique family should have been his companion on July 12, 1923. He had also climbed much without guides, especially in winter. Few Englishmen were better acquainted with mountaineering conditions at all seasons of the year.

As his companion on some eighty expeditions, summer and winter, I knew Lawrie's form well. Gifted with great strength and steadiness, he was an eminently safe companion. Indeed, his only fault was a too great confidence in his really remarkable powers of endurance. If necessary, he could move with great speed and sureness. As a skier, although not in the first flight as regards actual performance, he was one of the *very* few who could appreciate what can safely be attempted and what should be left alone. He was modesty itself, as a mountaineer, a soldier, or a friend. Lawrie's friendship was not lightly given, but once given was eternal. Loyalty and sincerity may indeed be described as the keynotes of his character. He leaves an ever blank space in the memories of all who knew him.

Lawrie married in 1908 Mary, daughter of the late Mr. Joseph Monteith of Carstairs. He leaves one young son.

To Lawrie's widow, and to all his family, the Alpine Club offers its deepest sorrow and sympathy.

E. L. S.

## NEW EXPEDITIONS.

### *Mont Blanc Group.*

COL DES NANTILLONS<sup>1</sup> (3292 m. = 10,798 ft.). July 26, 1921. MM. Tom de Lépiney and Jean Savard, G. H. M. of the *C.A.F.*

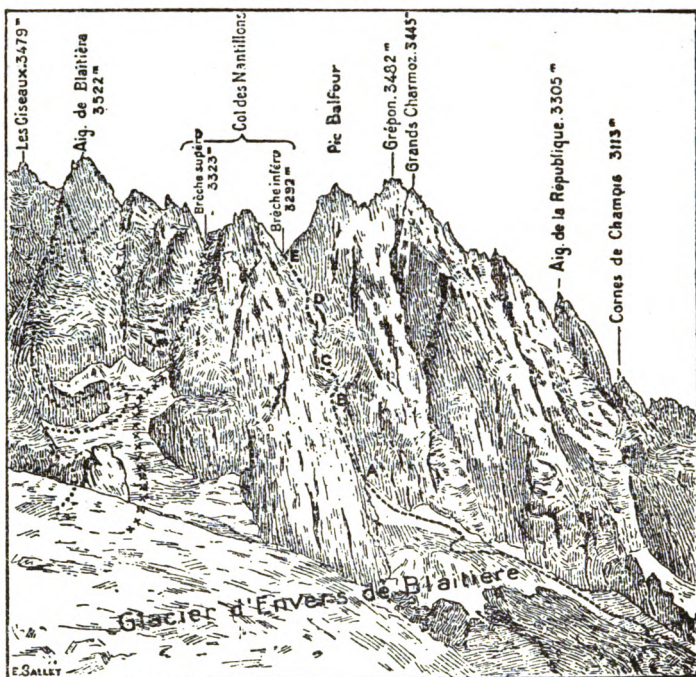
The party left Chamonix at 0.15, ascended the glacier d'Envers de Blaitière on its extreme right (ascending) along the rocks, thus reaching its highest point at the foot of the great couloir descending from the Col—i.e. the lower Col; then climbed a narrow, vertical chimney on the left of the couloir in a straight line until the broad platform is reached, whence the Knubel crack starts. This is either climbed or, preferably, traverse 20 m. to the right, and climb a great slab, turning on the right a rocky spur which dominates it. Then approach obliquely the couloir over easy slabs and vires, and finally climb it for the last 100 m., turning on the left the great final block. The sketch will make the matter clear. It remains, of course, to *climb it*! [Précis of full account in *La Revue Alpine*, xxii. 107–112.]

<sup>1</sup> Cf. 'Col des Nantillons,' by E. A. Broome, *A.J.* xxii. 353 seq.; and Mr. Young's note with route-marked sketch, *A.J.* xxv. 180.

See, under Various Expeditions, Mr. Geoffrey Young's remarks on this climb, and on its repetition by Mr. Bower's party.

## AIGUILLES DE CHAMONIX

VUES DU S.E.



----- Itinéraire: DE LEPINEY-SAVARD AB: cheminée, -BC grande plaque; -CD: dalles  
 x x x x x x x x ..... SEYMOUR-HOARE  
 ..... E.A. BROOME

### Pennines.

BREITHORN (Ost-Spitze P. 4089 = 13,372 ft.) FROM SCHWARZTOR. August 17, 1923. Mr. E. G. Oliver, with Adolf and Alfred Aufdenblatten. Left Bétemps at 3 A.M. and crossed to foot of the Schwärze. Then up moraine to snow on Schalbetterfluh; thence in W. direction to foot of séracs on Schwärze Glacier (5.30). Top Schwarztor (8.20 to 8.30) through interesting séracs.

The end of E. arête of Breithorn meets the glacier somewhat below top of Schwarztor, and the climb from Schwarztor is a *face* climb. Attacked rocks from top of pass, and just to left of large chimney which descends almost from top of peak. Ascent followed line of this chimney, though outside it until near top. After three pitches crossed chimney and recrossed somewhat

higher, first few pitches difficult, then it became easier for a time, but difficulties recurred as got higher.

Reached top 12.15 (3½ hours for 346 meters from the Col.)

This is the most difficult rock climb which I have done in the Zermatt District. Rocks are firm and no risk of falling stones, but difficult pitches on slabs with little hold. Twice sent up the rucksacks on rope, taking time. Rocks should be dry as we found them.

Left top 12.25. Descent to Verra Glacier, thence over Breithorn Pass to Gandegg (17.00). Very bad snow.

OBER-GABELHORN (4073 m. = 13364 ft.) BY S. FACE. (A short variation.) August 29, 1923. Mr. E. G. Oliver, with Adolf and Alfred Aufdenblatten. Left Staffel Alp 1 A.M., reached top of moraine below Arben Glacier (5-5.30). Bare glacier required considerable step-cutting. Reached foot rocks S. face 7-7.30 and climbed straight up face keeping rather towards left—i.e. towards the Arben-grat. Bearing more to left reached place (10.00) below great Gendarme on Arben arête, from which steep climb of about 25 m. would lead to the arête immediately above great Gendarme. This was route followed by Mr. R. W. Lloyd's party in 1904. Straight above rose great couloir descending from Gabel, towards top of which is evidently an overhang. Determined to try direct ascent without touching Arben-grat and accordingly started (10.30) up very steep buttress on true left of couloir. After climbing three steep and difficult pitches over slabs, came right against bulge which continues across face. This afforded no loophole for attack so traversed to right underneath bulge until almost on the S.E. arête. Thence short distance up face led to an almost horizontal gallery by means of which traversed again to left until immediately below highest point. Thence up steep chimney to the snow a few steps below top (12.45).<sup>1</sup>

As far as the point where we halted at 10.00 there had been no serious difficulties, but the last 2½ hours we found very difficult. The height made in the time cannot, I think, be more than 100 m. at most. The climb is very steep and exposed, over slabs affording little hold. Two pitches caused us particular trouble. The rocks, however, are very firm.

Left top 14.00. Top Wellenkuppe over great Gendarme 16.15. Trift moraine 18.00. Trift hotel 19.00. Much new snow on Wellenkuppe ridge, though S. face almost dry and in good condition.

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<sup>1</sup> I discussed the climb with Josef Pollinger when I was in Zermatt and he remembered the place where Mr. R. W. Lloyd and he went up to the Arben-grat very well. He came to the conclusion that the couloir to the Gabel was unclimbable, but when they got to the top they descended on the spare rope from the Gabel, and rejoined the route by which they had ascended.

PICION EPICOUN (c. 3490 m. = 11,347 ft.), BY THE S.E. ARÊTE. September 5, 1923. Mr. I. A. Richards and Miss D. E. Pilley.—This peak, of which no ascent is recorded, is the highest point on the frontier ridge between the Bec d'Epicoun, A.S. 3527 m. (Becca Rayette C.I. 3520 m.) and the Grand Epicoun 3437 m. The name is found on the *Carte de l'Etat-Major Sarde*, 1841, but does not appear on any later map. The Picion (Petit) is considerably higher than the Grand Epicoun (see excellent photos in 'Boll. C.A.I. vol. xxxii. pp. 85, 88, and 'Rivista,' 1920, p. 126, where, however, Clapham's route is wrongly marked), but the name may indicate its relation to the higher Bec d'Epicoun, 3527 m.

The party left Chamin at 6.0 and mounted by the Combe de la Sasse and a rock and grass spur to the foot of the ridge. Here the rope was put on (10.10). The arête offers at first a broad steep face, best gained by mounting a water-worn gully on the right for some 100 ft. and then traversing to the left across its wall. Three long parallel chimneys, some 70 ft. apart cut the face. That on the left was followed until its final section; a movement to the right was then found preferable up strictly vertical rock with superb holds.

The crest of the ridge was soon gained over easier ground and followed by interesting climbing to a high grey gendarme (1.15). From this a singularly narrow edge was seen abutting upon a formidable red tower. The easiest way up the face of this is found by mounting first to the left and then crossing downwards to the right, when a concealed cleft is discovered, by which the shoulder of the tower was won with unexpected ease, but some rather difficult climbing was encountered before the crest of the arête was regained (3.20). It rises in three long, rounded steps to the summit (4.30). The rocks throughout the expedition are impeccably firm and well provided with holds. The climb is a long one; very little time was wasted and a much earlier start is advisable.

The descent, much hindered by thick mist, was made *via* the Bec 'Epicoun and its easy S.W. ridge to the crevassed Chardoney glacier and the Combe de Berrié. A better route would be by the couloir at the E. foot of the Mont du Cerf and the Combe de la Sasse.

Compare Kurz, 'Guide des Alpes Valaisannes' (1923), vol. i. pp. 186–90, for details of the other routes made in the neighbourhood and excellent sketches. Our ridge is that to the right of route 652, on sketch, p. 190.

#### Bernese Oberland

EBNEFLUH—MITTAGHORN ARÊTE (ca. 3720 m. = 12,202 ft.) FROM THE ROTTAL TO THE EBNEFLUH FIRN BY THE ROTEFLUH OR N.W. ARÊTE. August 18, 1922. MM. H. Lauper and Dr. O. Hug, A.A.C.B.

This fine arête, that has been staring climbers in the face these many years, has fallen at the first attack by the two enterprising

and competent mountaineers named above. It is, strictly speaking, not an ascent of any peak, but is a new Col.

The party left the Rottal hut at 4 A.M., and attained the crest of the Roteflüh arête at about 2900 m. at 5.30. They followed the easy arête, crossing at about 3200 m. the well-known limestone band which runs through the whole Jungfrau chain. Just above this they came on an empty bottle, left years ago by MM. Charles Montandon and F. Beck. After about an hour the arête became steeper and provided fine climbing. They were, however, able to keep mainly to the arête, being forced by a steep pitch into the left flank, where they had some cutting. The rocks were then interspersed with ice and snow, requiring care. On attaining a striking gendarme, which all along had served as a guide mark, they made a short halt. They turned this by a traverse in the



N. face. The next 50 or 60 m. were as difficult and exposed as could be desired, and short bad-hold pitches connected with very steep, hard snow. In this way, scraping rather than cutting steps, they gained a gap in the main arête. They now traversed about 20 m. horizontally to a deep gully which led them without difficulty to the watershed immediately left of the only gendarme between the summit of Ebneflüh and the Ebneflühjoch.

The climbers thoroughly deserve their success. Mr. Lauper did, in the course of the same summer, the fourth ascent of the Bietschhorn by the S. face, and the ascent of the same mountain by the W. arête in winter. Particulars of these two climbs will appear in May 'A.J.' and it is hoped that they will supply particulars of their ascents of last summer.

Dr. Hug will, we hope, pardon the reproduction of his admirable sketch.

#### *Rhaetian Alps.*

PIZ LINARD. N. FACE (3414 m. = 11,198 ft.). August 22, 1922. W. Flaig and A. Weidle. From the Alp Marangun in Val Lavinuoz

ascend the Muntanellas glacier to the foot of the N. face, 700 m. high. This is divided in two by an enormous buttress. The rest



of the route is indicated on the sketch. No times given. From *Alpina*, 1923, p. 157.

*Maligne Lake District (Canadian Rockies).*

MT. BRAZEAU (11,300 ft.). July 9, 1923. Messrs. Howard Palmer and Allen Carpe, accompanied by W. D. Harris of Jasper. It was named in 1902 by Dr. A. P. Coleman, who attempted it from the direction of Brazeau Lake. The position of the mountain had not been mapped, and it was unknown from the direction of Maligne Lake. The ascent was made by a round-about route from a camp located about five miles to the south of the S. end of the Lake, the total time consumed being 19 hours and 50 minutes. The route of ascent was by the S.E. ridge, two intermediate peaks being traversed, altitudes approximately 10,400 ft. The length of the route both ways was twelve miles.

MT. UNWIN (10,600 ft.). July 13, 1923. The same party. It is situated on the W. shore of Maligne Lake, and is the higher of the twin summits so prominent from the N. end of the Lake. The climb was made from a camp situated in the valley of Maligne River at the W. base of the peak, and occupied 17 hours. The S.W. slopes and S. ridge were followed to the summit. Rock buttresses on the ridge, and steps cutting in ice around the heads of a number of couloirs, presented some difficult features. Observations were made on this and other climbs with a view to the preparation of a map of the group surrounding the S. end of the Lake, a particularly beautiful section of the mountains practically unknown.

HOWARD PALMER.

## VARIOUS EXPEDITIONS.

*Mont Blanc Group.*

COL DES NANTILLONS (3292 m. = 10,798 ft.) FROM THE GLACIER D'ENVERS DE BLAITIÈRE (Second complete ascent).—August 13, 1923. Messrs. G. S. BOWER, A. S. PIGOTT, MORLEY WOOD. The party left the Montanvert at 2.40 A.M., and reached, at 7.30, the highest point of the most northerly bay of the Glacier d'Envers de Blaitière, at the foot of a rock couloir descending from the conspicuous V notch in the skyline marking the lower col (nearer the Grépon).

The bergschrund was practically non-existent. A red groove on the left of the couloir was followed, without serious difficulty, for some distance. The slabs above were then climbed until their difficulty suggested a move to the buttress on their left, of which the top forms the rocky outcrop between the two cols. A careful line was taken up the buttress, but ultimately the party was confronted with a lofty red tower which could not be turned. A notch in its right-hand sky-line was attained by way of a crack in its face, followed by a traverse to the right, and gave very stiff climbing, the most difficult and trying met with during the expedition. A short distance higher the party collected on a neck joining the top of the tower to the foot of a more indomitable looking one above, and it was decided to finish the last 400 ft. or so in the couloir on the right. This was reached by easy ledges and the various pitches climbed, without serious difficulty, on the left-hand side in practically every case.

The col was reached at 2.30 P.M. and the Montanvert at 6.15 P.M. Boots were worn throughout, and two 80 ft. lengths of rope were used. The rock was of excellent quality. The Knobel Fissure was not recognised, and it is believed that the route taken lay to the left of this, and the central portion to the left of that taken by MM. T. de Lépiney and Savard when making the first complete ascent in July 1921.

[This account, and M. Savard's paper in *La Revue Alpine*, xxii. 107 seq. (of which a précis, including his sketch, appears under 'New Expeditions'), has been submitted to Mr. Geoffrey Young, who writes :

MM. T. de Lépiney and Savard's fine climb follows ours throughout—except that they did a traverse-and-slab alternative (closer in to the back of the couloir) where we did the 'crack' further out on its left containing wall. On Savard's slab the rock was too wet, at the time of our attempt, to be sound. The same difference in conditions is noticeable higher up, where the French climbers were able to 'move together' on slabs which necessitated our



moving singly and with caution. M. Savard assumes the top of the 'Knubel Crack' to be about the highest point reached by our party. As a matter of fact, this was the *start* of our real climbing. Our actual highest point was only a little below the letter E on his diagram, not in the couloir but out on the buttress to its left. This is made quite clear in our account<sup>1</sup>; as also that, on looking down from the col a few days later, we were able to locate our turning-point on the slabs, about 500 ft. below the col. However, the matter is unimportant; and I am glad that that unclimbed section was left to tempt and to reward such a gallant pair!

Messrs. Bower, Pigott, and Morley Wood's second ascent created yet another initial route, leaving the couloir earlier, and ascending the difficult buttress on its left. They thus turned our 'crack' on its left, while the French climbers' route passed it on the right. All three routes approximate at about the top of the crack; but Bower's party continued to keep more out upon the buttress to the left. The two successful ascents appear to unite not far above the point in the couloir to which we descended—when driven off the buttress by the storm—and they finish up the same general line. If Bower is correct in estimating this last, easier stretch of slabs at '400 ft.', our turning point must have been nearer to the col than I thought when I placed it at '500 ft.' The buttress climb made by Bower and his friends (in boots) was a splendid performance; and probably, taken all together, the hardest of the three.

G. WINTHROP YOUNG.]

#### *Pennines.*

DENT BLANCHE (4364 m. = 14,318 ft.) BY E. ARÊTE.—September 7, 1923. Mr. E. G. Oliver, with Adolf and Alfred Aufdenblatten. Our objective was the Dent d'Hérens, but both E. and S. arêtes of Dent Blanche, appearing fairly free of snow, we determined to try the E. arête from Col de Zinal, though from the quantity of new snow visible on N. faces of Dent d'Hérens and Matterhorn, we ought to have anticipated trouble on the reverse flank of the E. Arête.

Left Schönbühl 2 A.M., reached top of moraine 3.15. and foot of rocks below Col de Zinal 4.15–4.45. With first daylight crossed Bergschrund and reached Col at 5.30.

The E. arête of Dent Blanche rises from Col de Zinal in three distinct flights. The first flight from Col runs almost due S., the second and third are practically due E. The third flight starts from point where true E. arête joins the Viereselsgrat, which is really a great N.E. spur thrown out into the Glacier Durand. The conspicuous red gendarme is situated on the second flight of arête, so that it is not encountered at all if one climbs the Viereselsgrat by the ordinary way from the Mountet.

Leaving Col, followed arête over broken rocks, turned a gendarme

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<sup>1</sup> *A.J.* xxv. 180–181.

by traversing on E. face, then followed arête to point where it turns W. below the great red tower—i.e. junction of first and second flights of arête (6.30, 1 hour from Col). Climbed second flight over rotten rocks, turning great red gendarme on S. side, along broad sloping terrace, free from snow, below the gendarme. Reached arête above red gendarme (8.15) and followed crest to junction with Viereselsgrat (9.30). Third flight starting at this point was climbed by crest itself, except one large gendarme turned on N. (Zinal) side. This was blocked with new snow and ice and causing difficulty and loss of time. Went over several gendarmes affording interesting climbing on firm rocks, and passed two or three short snow arêtes, corniced to some extent but not difficult. Reached last rocks below final snow arête 12.15–12.30. Top looked quite near, about half an hour away, but snow arête proved difficult and troublesome affair. S. face all ice, and N. face a deep layer of powdery snow on ice, so compelled to proceed on arête itself, overlaid with icicles and frozen snow to a depth of 2 to 3 ft. This had to be cleared off and the steps made through powdery snow into the ice beneath. We were obliged to go *à cheval* in two or three places. We passed under one and over two other large cornices, all overhanging on N. side. This part of the climb required all Adolf's skill as an iceman. He made the steps with his usual speed, advancing without the slightest hesitation, but it took  $2\frac{3}{4}$  hours to negotiate this short distance. Last rocks 12.30, top 15.15., or  $13\frac{1}{4}$  hours from hut,  $9\frac{1}{4}$  hours from Col, and  $5\frac{3}{4}$  hours from junction of the arêtes, including halts about  $1\frac{1}{4}$  hour.

Left top 16.00, found S. arête good going except twice, to turn gendarmes on W. face, when troubled with new snow and bad conditions. Worst part of descent was lower part of Wandfluh, deep powdery snow over slabs. On upper part snow was tolerable, but lower was liable to avalanche, and required great care. Reached glacier 20.00 just before dark and Schönbühl 21.15 ( $19\frac{1}{4}$  hours from start).

This is a fine climb quite free from danger and very interesting. With good conditions especially on the snow arête, I estimate we could have reduced our time of ascent by about three hours. Our ascent was made on the third day after several days of bad weather. We had, however, an absolutely perfect day of brilliant sunshine.

WEISSHORN (4512 m. = 14,804 ft.), BY S.W. ARÊTE (SCHALLIGRAT).—September 11, 1923. Mr. E. G. Oliver, with Adolf and Alfred Audenblatten and Theodore Biner.<sup>1</sup> Owing to unsettled weather, spent the night in large cow-shed to left of moraine of Hohlicht Glacier, about 2100 m., three hours below regular bivouac place.

<sup>1</sup> Porter to the bivouac. He begged earnestly to be allowed to make the ascent.

Left shed 2.10 A.M. and reached regular bivouac place up very bad moraine 5.00–5.30. Bare lower part of Schalliberg Glacier demanded much step-cutting.

Schallijoch 8.30–9.0. Turned first tower by traverse to right to gain arête below small light reddish gendarme of a curious shape. From here we followed the arête over all the gendarmes to the top, except that one great red tower was turned by traverse to the right (on the Randa side). The arête was in splendid condition and almost free of snow. We found no cornices.

The climb was interesting but never very difficult. The rock is good in most places, once the arête is reached.

Reached top 13.45 ( $4\frac{1}{2}$  hours from Schallijoch including halts totalling about  $\frac{1}{2}$  of an hour).

Left top 15.00 and descending by ordinary route reached Weiss-horn hut 19.00 and Randa, after losing the path in the dark and perhaps one hour of time, at 12.45.

The descent was rendered troublesome by some ice and a great quantity of new snow.

LA LUETTE (3544 m. = 11,628 ft.), MONT PLEUREUR (3706 m. = 12,161 ft.), LA SALLE (3641 m. = 11,936 ft.). July 26, 1923. H. R. C. Carr and George Lister.—They ascended La Luette in 3 hours from the Val des Dix hut by the Glacier de la Luette. They then traversed the ridge to the Mont Pleureur in  $1\frac{1}{4}$  hours, meeting with no difficulty in particular though the ridge was fairly narrow in places. The descent towards the N., however, took  $2\frac{1}{2}$  hours, as steps had to be cut in ice down a slope some 400 ft. long; there did not seem to be any way of avoiding this rather laborious section. From the snow col to the N. of the Mont Pleureur the rocky summit of the Salle was reached in a few minutes. The hut was regained by a quick and easy route down the E. face of this peak (rather more to the N. of that indicated in the new guide-book),<sup>1</sup> which took about 2 hours. Some time was lost in an attempt to descend to the Col de Vasevay, but long slopes of steep ice rendered this route unattractive. The Mont Pleureur possesses some very spectacular cliffs on its western side, but the rock is nowhere suitable for climbing. The hut is well placed and comfortable, but seems little used by English mountaineers.

#### *Rhaetian Alps.*

PIZ LAGREV (3168 m. = 10,394 ft.), BY W. FACE.—This beautiful peak, in the Julier Group, so conspicuous from the Maloja Pass, is usually ascended thence or from Sils, and almost always by its S.E. slopes.

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<sup>1</sup> *Alpes Valaisannes*, vol. i. (1923), edited by M. Marcel Kurz and reviewed in the current number. The whole route can be followed in the admirable sketches pp. 258–9 and 262.

The southern subsidiary peak, from which the true summit is easily accessible, has, I believe, been reached direct by its precipitous rock-face, composed of stone-swept couloirs and formidable ridges. This face is separated from the W. face—also a vast precipice—by a rock arête, ending below in three conspicuous Aiguillettes just E. of the Forcolo di Gravalvas.

Our ascent of the W. face was made in 1922, but, as it was not known whether it had been made before, it was not recorded. The history of this climb may be worth recounting. On June 29, 1908, Wicks, Bradby and the writer started from Maloja at 9 A.M. for a training walk, and went up to the little gap between the Aiguillettes and the S.W. arête of Lagrev. Here we roped, and spent some time upon the rocks of the arête, reaching a wooden pole driven into a crack in about an hour. We thought this might indicate a turning point on to the S. face, as progress up the arête seemed barred, but it may have simply marked the limit of some previous attempt. Descending, we found that it would not be difficult to traverse on to the W. face, and consequently, on July 15, we returned to the fray. Working at first directly upwards from the Aiguillettes Col and then towards the left over very rotten rocks, we found an easy shelf completely traversing the precipice, and finally reached the top of a conspicuous couloir at the extreme N. end of the W. face. But by this time snow, which had begun an hour earlier, was falling heavily, and we retraced our steps with great difficulty, partly because we could not see the way, and partly because of the snow, now six inches deep.

No opportunity occurred again till July 5, 1922, when Wills, Mothersill and I, with a guide who did not help us very much, but carried a good load, made the ascent. Going by the same route, we reached the point near the top of the above-mentioned couloir (at the N. end of the W. face) in about 5½ hours. Here we found an easy ledge, zigzagging upwards and backwards (N. to S.) and terminating about 200 ft. below the ridge in steep but firm rocks, the ascent of which landed us in a gap on the arête. Here we descended a few feet on the E. side on to easy snow, but had another good scramble up the final rocks of the S.W. arête, reaching the summit in 7½ hours (halts included) from Maloja.

Any party repeating this climb (and it is one well worth doing), should make sure of traversing nearly the whole breadth of the W. face (S. to N.) before turning backwards and upwards towards the final pitch. Bradby and Klucker, who repeated the climb in 1923—while I nursed a sprained ankle—made a straight diagonal, instead of a zigzag, towards the same, and probably the only, passage up the final pitch of the cliff. They got on to dangerous and rotten rocks and took some hours longer than they would have done had they traversed the face nearly level before striking upwards.

Since writing the above, I have heard from Dr. Finzi that

he and his guides made the ascent by this route in 1921, and that they found traces of a previous ascent. Klucker told me this year (1923) that he had never heard of any previous attempt on the W. face, and that he was sure no ascent had been recorded. No one knows this group and its literature better than he does, and I accepted his word unreservedly. The statement in 'Ball's Central Alps' (pt. ii. p. 217), 'From the Gravasalvas Pass the Piz Lagrev can be climbed by reaching the W. ridge and following it to the summit,' appears to need explanation.

Many years ago, in the days of the 'Zermatt Pocket-book,' Sir Martin Conway laid it down that the only way to deal with mountaineering records was to regard unrecorded ascents as unmade. Consequently, it may be useful to insert this belated description in the ALPINE JOURNAL.

C. WILSON.

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## ALPINE NOTES.

'BALL'S ALPINE GUIDE,' THE WESTERN ALPS.—A new edition (1898) of this work, reconstructed and revised on behalf of the Alpine Club by the Rev. W. A. B. Coolidge, Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford, can be obtained from all booksellers, or from Edward Stanford, Limited, 12 Long Acre, W.C. 2. It covers the Western Alps from the Mediterranean to the Simplon, S of the Rhone. Price 10s. net, post free 10s. 4d. net.

'BALL'S ALPINE GUIDE,' THE CENTRAL ALPS. PART I.—A new edition (1907) of this work, reconstructed and revised on behalf of the Alpine Club under the general editorship of the Rev. A. A. Valentine-Richards, Fellow of Christ's College, Cambridge, can be obtained from all booksellers, or from Edward Stanford, Limited, 12 Long Acre, W.C. 2. It includes those portions of Switzerland to the N. of the Rhone and Rhine Valleys. Price 5s. net, post free 5s. 4d. net, or unbound, 2s. 10d.

'BALL'S ALPINE GUIDE,' THE CENTRAL ALPS. PART II.—A new edition (1911) of this work, reconstructed and revised on behalf of the Alpine Club under the general editorship of the Rev. George Broke, can be obtained from all booksellers, or from Edward Stanford, Limited, 12 Long Acre, W.C. 2. It includes those Alpine portions of Switzerland, Italy, and Austria which lie S. and E. of the Rhone and Rhine, S. of the Arlberg, and W. of the Adige. Price 5s. net, post free 5s. 4d. net, or unbound, 2s. 10d.

MAP OF THE VALSESIA.—Some copies of the Map issued with the ALPINE JOURNAL, No. 209, and of the plates opposite pages 108

and 128 in No. 208, are available and can be obtained from the Assistant Secretary, Alpine Club, 23 Savile Row, W. Price for the set (the Map mounted on cloth), 3s.

THE GUIDE DES ALPES VALAISANNES.—The four volumes are now all issued, viz. : Vol. I., Col Ferret to Col de Collon, par M. Kurz, 10s. Vol. II., Col de Collon to Col Théodule, par Dr. Dübi, 9s. Vol. III., Col Théodule to Weisstor, par Dr. Dübi, 8s. Vol. IV., Col du Simplon to Furka, par M. Kurz, 8s. To be obtained from Stanford, Long Acre, W.C. 2, at above prices. This French edition contains later information and is copiously furnished with route sketches.

A CLIMBER'S GUIDE TO THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS OF CANADA.—By Howard Palmer and J. Monroe Thorington, 1921. This very useful summary, with several maps, of what has been done in the Rockies to 1921, can be obtained from the Assistant Secretary, price 7s. 6d.

THE 'CLUBFÜHRER DURCH DIE BÜNDNERALPEN.'—Vol. IV., covering the Bregaglia and the Disgrazia group, by H. Rütter, with the assistance of Christian Klucker, can be obtained from Sauerländer and Co., Aarau, Switzerland.

ALPINE JOURNAL.—A full set, Vols. I. to XXXI., in brown cloth, and XXXII. to XXXIV. in parts, is for sale.—Apply, Assistant Secretary.

THE ALPINE CLUB OBITUARY :	Date of Election
Browning, Oscar . . . . .	1864
Middlemore, T. . . . .	1871
Bull, Rev. T. Williamson . . . . .	1875
Davidson, Sir W. E. . . . .	1875
Sterndale, Rt. Hon. Lord . . . . .	1894
Phillips, H. W. . . . .	1903
Ker, W. P. . . . .	1909
Oppenheim, Col. L. C. F. . . . .	1911
Hayden, Sir Henry H. . . . .	1921

POPE PIUS XI. has taken the occasion of the celebration of the millenary of St. Bernard of Menthon to address to the Bishop of Annécya, to mountaineers, very interesting letter.

His Holiness, after dwelling at some length on the character and virtues of St. Bernard and the service he rendered to travellers by his practical efforts to make the passages of the Alps less dangerous, proclaims him the Patron-Saint not only of the inhabitants of the Alps, but also of their visitors and of 'all who attempt to climb mountains.'

The letter concludes with an impressive tribute to the physical and moral benefits to be gained by the pursuit of mountaineering.

We furnish a translation of the Pope's words :

'Of all the exercises which afford a wholesome distraction there is—for a man who knows how to avoid rashness—none more serviceable than mountaineering for promoting both the health of the body and the vigour of the mind. In the laborious effort to gain the summits where the air is lighter and purer the climber gains new strength of limb, while in the endeavour to overcome the countless obstacles of the way the soul trains itself to conquer the difficulties of Duty ; and the superb spectacle of the vast horizons, which from the crest of the Alps offer themselves on all sides to our eyes, raises without effort our spirits to the divine Author and Sovereign of Nature.'

WE deeply regret to have to record the death, on August 24, of Mrs. Wheeler, the wife of Arthur O. Wheeler, the principal founder, and now the Director, of the Alpine Club of Canada. Probably only a few persons are aware of the full measure of her devotion to the interests of the Club, but many English visitors will remember her gracious and kindly presence at Banff, where in the midst of much hard and exacting work she always seemed to be able to emerge, serene and smiling, with a few minutes to spare for them. The Club House can never be the same without her.

SIG. ORAZIO DE FALKNER, President Florence section C.A.I., died, we regret to hear, after a long illness, on September 29. M. de Falkner was English on his mother's side, while his father, a fervid irredentist, was of Alsatian extraction. He was formerly a very active mountaineer, principally in the Graians, Brenta group, and Dolomites. His father and he, then a youth, in 1886, were caught out on the Matterhorn in terrible weather, when Borckhart succumbed. The elder M. de Falkner's letter on the subject appeared in 'A.J.' xiii. 101 *seq.*

WE much regret to note the announcement of the death, on March 23, of M. HENRI BOILEAU DE CASTELNAU, best known in Alpine circles as the conqueror, in 1877, led by the two Gaspards, of the Meije. M. de Castelnau was born late in 1857, and after this great ascent does not appear to have continued his Alpine expeditions.

WE much regret to hear of the death at the age of 61 of M. CHARLES MONTANDON, brother of our Honorary Member. The family is of Neuchâtel-Albigensian origin of Montandon in the Jura. Both brothers commenced their Alpine career at a very early age, Charles being credited at 15 with the first ascent of Büttlassen quite alone. A number of first ascents stand to his credit, done for the most part with his brother Paul, thus : Tschingellochtighorn,

Hühnerthälihorn, Gastlosenspitze, Gr. Diamantstock, S. Klein-Lauteraarhorn, Gr. Rinderhorn, besides other less known ascents. In 1882 he and two companions made the first guideless passage of the Wetterlücke which, it will be remembered, had been crossed 16 years before by Dr. Dübi with Mr. Freshfield and Mr. Tucker, led by F. Devouassoud.

His Alpine career is the subject of a sympathetic notice by Dr. Dübi in *Alpina*, September 15, 1923.

VISITORS TO THE HUTS OF THE S.A.C.

Bétemps . . . . .	720	Orny . . . . .	903
Matterhorn Inn . . . . .	192	J. Dupuis . . . . .	857
Schönbühl . . . . .	531	Britannia . . . . .	622
Dom . . . . .	93	Solvay . . . . .	224
Weisshorn . . . . .	75	Blümlisalp . . . . .	1725
Mountet . . . . .	357	Gspaltenhorn . . . . .	371
Bertol . . . . .	563	Mutthorn . . . . .	610
Chanrion . . . . .	411	Oberaletsch . . . . .	112
Panossière . . . . .	269	Konkordia . . . . .	383
Finsteraarhorn . . . . .	—	Boval . . . . .	1481
Strahlegg . . . . .	248	Tschierva . . . . .	548
Gleckstein . . . . .	595	Albigna . . . . .	118
Rotondo . . . . .	245	Sciора . . . . .	63
Ruckhubel . . . . .	772	Cadlimo . . . . .	534
Etzli . . . . .	400	Forno . . . . .	216
Hüfi . . . . .	588	Total to all huts	<u>33150</u>
Clariden . . . . .	660		
Fridolin . . . . .	212		

There was a diminution of over 11,000 against 1921, due probably to bad weather.

FAUTEUIL DES ALLEMANDS.—A well-equipped hut for 6 men to serve for the Aiguille Noire de Peuteret has now been built by the C.A.I.

THE VALLOT HUT.—M. Henri Bregeault, Hon. Sec. of the Paris section of the C.A.F., informs us that his section has taken this hut into its charge, and that by next August it is hoped to refit it.

NEW FINSTERAARHORN HUT.—In order 'to remedy the deplorable actual conditions,' a grant of 20,000fr. has been made by the C.A.S. to the Oberhasli section towards the construction of a new wooden hut to house thirty people, to be built rather below the present hut. (Total cost, 30,000fr.)

GELMERALP.—A hut on the Gelmeralp in the Diechtortal is to be built by the same section with the aid of a grant from the C.A.S. of 12,000fr. (Total cost, 35,000fr.). Few English climbers know even



where this is, but they will find the Gelmerhörner, especially the Klein Gelmerhorn, offer something equal to the best of the Aiguilles.

**LAKE LOUISE DISTRICT (CANADIAN ROCKIES).**—A fine stone hut has been built by the C.P.R. on Abbot Pass, considerably shortening many climbs.

**MOUNT EVEREST EXPEDITION.**—Lieut.-Colonel E. L. Strutt delivered a private lecture, accompanied by the film, on the Expedition of 1922 to their Majesties the King and Queen of the Belgians, the Duke of Brabant, and Count of Flanders, R.N., at the Palace, Brussels, on June 18. The Royal Family displayed the greatest possible interest in the lecture.

Colonel Strutt delivered lectures to General Sir A. Godley and the Rhine Army on June 19 and 20. The first was at Cologne, and over 4,000 officers (including the Commander-in-Chief and Lady Godley) and men attended. The second was delivered in a Zeppelin shed at Wahn where most of the Army of Occupation are engaged in field training. Over 3,000 officers and men attended. Both lectures were listened to, apparently, with the greatest interest and attention.

A NEW aeroplane altitude record has been made of 35,237 feet.

GENERAL BRUCE has been elected an Hon. Member of the American A.C.

**THE SCIENTIFIC REPORTS OF THE ITALIAN EXPEDITION TO THE HIMALAYA IN 1913-14.**—These reports will form, when complete, a set of thirteen volumes. The first, on the 'Glaciology of Baltistan and Ladak,' has just been published. Sir Filippo De Filippi writes: 'We have in the press one volume on "Geodetical Observations" and one on "Anthropogeography," in addition to my own general report of the story of the enterprise, which is published by itself and does not form part of the set containing the results.'

**THE SECOND CLEMENCEAU EXPEDITION.**—At the end of his paper: 'First Mt. Clemenceau Expedition,' in the last JOURNAL, Mr. de Villiers-Schwab foreshadowed a further expedition. This year's party consisted of: H. B. de Villiers-Schwab, A.C., Henry S. Hall, jun., Am.A.C., Dana B. Durand, Norman V. P. Schwab, Bennett Durand, Amateurs; W. D. Harris, chief packer and cook, and 5 assistants.

The first three named constituted the climbing party proper, but Harris was taken along on the final climb, owing to the great size of the mountain and the number of crevasses.

The expedition left Jasper on July 19, reached Base Camp at the foot of Ghost Ridge by Wood River on the 24th, whence two days'

hard march established the climbers in Climbing Camp on July 26. A reconnaissance of the south side of Mt. Clemenceau was made on July 28 from a rock ridge across the névé field. Owing to much bad weather it was not until August 7 that a reconnaissance in force on the mountain itself could be undertaken, when a height of approximately 10,000 ft. was reached. The following day, a bivouac was placed at the south foot of the mountain, and starting about 4 A.M. on the 9th, the summit of Mt. Clemenceau was reached at 11.15 A.M. under good conditions of snow and weather. Climbing Camp was regained shortly before 8 P.M. On the 13th, the climbing party returned to Base Camp and arrived back in Jasper on the 18th. A detailed paper is promised for the May JOURNAL.

ALASKA PENINSULA.—Towards the end of April Mr. V. A. Fynn made a second attempt to secure specimens of the large Kodiak bear. He sailed on May 1 from Bellingham, Washington, and landed at Squaw Harbour on Unga Island. From there he crossed to the mainland, 60 miles away, in a 45-ft. fishing smack, which returned with instructions to fetch the party forty days later.

The next day a storm set in which lasted eight days, aggravating an existing cold, and rendering the continuance of the journey inadvisable. His guide thereupon, in a 14-ft. open boat, fitted with a 2-h.p. engine, faced, with much courage, the 60 miles of open sea, to fetch the fishing smack, which conveyed the party back to Squaw Harbour.

The mountains in the country visited do not exceed 10,000 ft., but they rise right out of the sea, and 4000 or 5000 ft. peaks look quite imposing. There are a number of volcanoes and some very fine rock peaks, which, however, look unclimbable. The rocks above 3000 or 4000 ft. seem to be perpetually covered with a thick coating of ice, and these peaks look extremely like some of the Himalayan mountains depicted on Sella's photographs. The sharpest ridges are covered with bulging ice and icicles hanging down from the bulges.

Mr. Fynn's intention is to return to the same district in the spring of next year.

ENGLISH LAKE DISTRICT.—The Fell and Rock Climbing Club has made, to the National Trust, a magnificent presentation of about 1000 acres of lakeland, which, with Scafell Pike, the gift of Lord Leconfield, may well develop into a great National Park, as was suggested by Sir F. D. Acland, M.P., of the Governing Body of the National Trust, when taking delivery. We learn from *The Times* that the territory handed over to the nation may be roughly indicated as consisting of the mountains on both sides of the Styhead Pass from Glaramara to Lingmell. Beyond Scafell Pike the club have bought and given Scafell mountain, but there is still a gap between the Pike and Scafell itself not acquired, and in

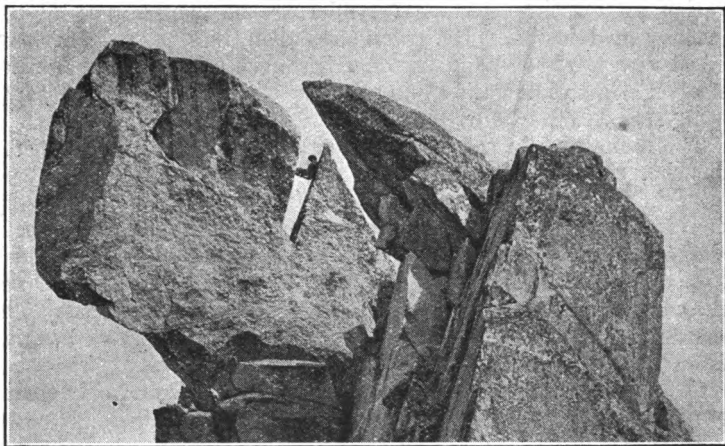
that gap lies the Mickledore chasm and escarpment. In the Gable group, with Great Gable itself, the land includes all the good climbing ground in Lakeland's choicest area, the Needle, Kern Knotts, etc., and away on the other side of the Styhead Pass all the land up to Sprinkling Tarn and Esk Hause. Bow Fell and Crinkle Crags, which lie in a different parish, would splendidly round off the National Park if ever an opportunity of acquiring them occurs.

The negotiations with Lord Lonsdale to acquire the Pillar may, it is hoped, seeing how great a sportsman he is, one day result in a fresh addition to the National Park.

The presentation was made as a memorial to the members who fell in the war.

Dr. Wakefield is the new President and Mr. Somervell (brother of Howard Somervell) the Hon. Sec.

**BREGAGLIA GROUP.**—I have just heard from St. Moritz that the 'Piz Gallo and the whole range near to it fell over towards the Bregaglia side. . . . Nobody can say how it happened . . . It



seems that between August 24 and September 4 it had not been visited. . . . The Gallo Ridge is the prolongation of the Sciora Ridge to the N. of the Cacciabella, i.e. towards Val Bregaglia. Claude Wilson climbed the Gallo this year.—E.L.S.

**AN INCIDENT.**—In *Alpina*, October 15, 1923, Herr H. E. Fierz, of Bâle section, states that on reaching the glacier *en route* for the traverse of Wellenkuppe-Obergabelhorn<sup>1</sup> 'Mr. Backhouse . . .

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<sup>1</sup> Translated.

called me in as umpire. Two of his English acquaintances had a dispute with their guide [the younger brother of Mr. Backhouse's guide, Thomas Biner, killed with Mr. Backhouse soon afterwards]. The elder of the two Englishmen explained that he had engaged the younger Biner as porter, and that he therefore insisted that he (Biner) should go last on the rope. Biner declared, equally firmly, that he did not know the gentlemen well, and therefore declined to let them lead. . . . In the end the undesired guide was discharged. . . . After surmounting the great gendarme, 'looking round I saw that my friend [of the next following party] had remained behind. We heard a few shouts, then my friend's guide disappeared behind the tower and only reappeared, after fully 25 minutes, with another man. . . . The following had occurred. Just as I had started on with the two Perren a shout for help came from below. The Englishman who, before reaching the Wellenkuppe, had declared, "I positively must refuse to go behind a guide," begged urgently for help to climb the gendarme. After Hermann Biner with some trouble had got him up, he requested that his companion should be pulled up. The latter, however, declined to risk the ascent, so that . . . the gentleman-guide had to be lowered down again.'

This is not pleasant reading. Men cannot reasonably expect a porter who does not know them to follow them blindly. It would appear, moreover, from the foregoing narrative that the porter was justified in his doubt. Men who aspire to be 'guideless climbers,' should avoid the crowded districts, where, generally, they have to follow a guided party or a well-marked trail or can call for willing assistance on someone else's guide. The name 'guideless' is an absurd misnomer in high season in the Zermatt district in particular, and to employ porters beyond the hut is inadmissible.

A JUBILEE ASCENT.—On August 21 Mr. A. L. Mumm, accompanied by General Bruce, Mr. H. F. Montagnier, his old guide, M. Inderbinen, and the young Champéry guide, Ernest Jex-Collet, repeated his ascent of 1873 of the *Tüllis*.

THE N.E. arête of the Jungfrau was, on July 31, 1923, gained in 3 hours from the Col restaurant, at its second great step (c. 3,900 m.) by climbing the S. rock buttress of the latter from the Jungfraufirn. The party consisted of Herr G. V. Salis-Marschlins with Hans Schlunegger of Wengen who accompanied Herr Weber in 1911 on the first complete ascent by the N.E. arête. Times to arête 3 hours, to summit 2 hours.—*Alpina*, October 15, 1923.

MR. EUSTACE THOMAS climbed the Jungfrau, Mönch and Gr. Fiescherhorn in one day, also Charmoz, Grépon and Blaitière in one day. The latter had been done by Mr. Geoffrey Young some years ago.

In three consecutive days Mr. Thomas traversed Rothorn—Trift

to Mountet, Dent Blanche via Viereselsgrat from Mountet to Schönbühl, and Matterhorn by the Z'Mutt to Zermatt. Guides, Joseph Knubel and Alexander Lager as second.

GRINDELWALD — SCHWARZHORN — FAULHORN — SIMELIHORN — RÖTHIHORN—GRINDELWALD.—This round was done on August 7 by Mr. Hasler in 12 hours 40 minutes (10 hours 30 minutes net), who incidentally then made his 116th ascent of the Faulhorn! A glance at the map will show the extent of the walk.

GANDEGG INN TO BÊTEMPS HUT.—Dr. Roger Hoffmann of Geneva with Gottfried and Alexander Perren. July 11, 1923.

Gandegg . . .	12.0 A.M.	Signalkuppe . . .	3.20 P.M.
Breithorn . . .	4.0	Zumsteinspitze . . .	4.40
Pollux . . .	6.25	Ostspitze . . .	6.0
Castor . . .	8.5	Dufourspitze . . .	6.20
W. Lyskamm . . .	10.40	Bétemps hut . . .	9.0
E. Lyskamm . . .	11.50		

TRIFT INN TO WEISSHORN HUT.—Mr. A. Versluys with Josef Marie Julen and Heinrich Pollinger. August 9, 1923.

Trift inn . . .	12.45 A.M.	Schallijoch . . .	11.50—12.50 P.M.
Rothhorn . . .	5.0	Weisshorn . . .	5.5 — 5.30
End of N. arête . . .	5.35—6.0	Below rock ridge . . .	7.15— 7.50
Mominghorn . . .	7.5—7.15	Weisshorn hut . . .	8.45
Schallihorn . . .	9.45—10.10		

Gross 20 hours.

Nett 17 hours.

THE OXFORD UNIVERSITY MOUNTAINEERING CLUB.—The Club held a summer meeting, its second in the Alps, during the latter part of July. Arolla was chosen as the centre, but after the first few days members ranged far and wide among the adjacent mountains and valleys. Ascents were made for the most part without professional assistance, and the splendid weather which was a feature of the month enabled a large number of successful expeditions to be undertaken. These included the Dent Blanche, Matterhorn, Rothhorn, Wellenkuppe, Grand Combin, Dents des Bouquetins, Mont Collon, Aiguilles Rouges, Mont Blanc de Seillon and the Mont Pleureur, while among the passes traversed were the Cols de Valpelline, Valcournera, Collon, Seillon, Grand Cornier and Durand.

The party (which numbered 17 all told) much appreciated the well-known excellence of the Mont Collon Hotel, though it is to be feared that the liberality of M. Anzevui's cuisine gave occasion for some imprudence in the matter of diet which Nature handled with accustomed severity. The meeting was again voted a great success by all who attended it, and the Club will do well if it makes an Alpine meeting an annual event.

**ROPES ON THE MATTERHORN.**—It is reported that the younger Zermatt guides are much inclined to remove all the ropes on the Swiss side of the mountain—these are provided and maintained by the Corps of Guides. It is argued that the ropes enable guideless climbers to make the ascent to which their unaided powers are not equal. It would seem that the guides are within their rights in taking in the matter such steps as their interests dictate. From the climbing point of view, the Matterhorn is, of course, spoiled, as it is inconceivable that anyone will exert himself to *climb* the mountain when for long distances a rope dangles down alongside of him.

**THE RIFFEL-ALP MOUNTAINEER'S PROGRESS.**—

He comes, an inexperienced crock ;  
 He's bear-led up the Horn of Stock ;  
 Next, while contemptuous experts sniffle,  
 He scrabbles up the Horn of Riffel ;  
 His nose becomes a sorry sight  
 After he's done the Horn of Breit.  
 Yet soon he tops, with little parle,  
 The summit of the Horn of Strahl ;  
 He braves, no more a gasping limp fish,  
 The labours of the Horn of Rimpfisch ;  
 Though sluggards vow they judged the day odd, you'll  
 Find that he's crossed the Horn of Theodule.

The loosest boulder does not shift  
 Beneath him on the Horn of Trift ;  
 He sets the terrace in a chatter  
 When seen upon the Horn of Matter ;  
 He treads, as nimble as a goat,  
 The slabs upon the Horn of Roth ;  
 He scales, inflexible as marble,  
 The two-pronged Horn of Ober-Gabel ;  
 Lastly, the telescope of Zeiss  
 Detects him up the Horn of Weiss.

L. R. WILBERFORCE.

**THE LATE EDWARD T. COMPTON.**—An oil painting by him, subject 'Glacier Scene in the Tyrol,' size about 5 ft. 6 ins. by 4 ft., price £30, may be seen (by kind permission) at the Alpine Club, 23 Savile Row, W.

**MR. GEOFFERY YOUNG'S NEW POEMS.**—'April and Rain' Sidgwick & Jackson, 3s. 6d., are announced. A review appears in the present number.

## NEW ZEALAND NOTES.

FURTHER EXPLORATION OF THE MT. TUTOKO DISTRICT,  
NEW ZEALAND.

IN his recent 'The Conquest of the New Zealand Alps' Mr. S. Turner devoted chapters x. to xii. to a description of his three expeditions in this district. He gives several photographs of the mountain itself and the neighbourhood, showing some fine glaciers. From the *Wellington Evening Post* for May 23, 1923, we learn that Mr. Turner left early in March for Hollyford Valley on a fourth expedition (see sketch map, p. 285 of his book). From the Hollyford Valley his party explored the head of Stickup creek, with a view to gaining the icefield at its head. They also explored the valley at the head of Lake McKerrow, whence, after about eight days' work, they got to the head of a great glacier with three ice-falls. His main object, however, was to find a pass by which tourists could make a journey all round the Tutoko group. In this he appears to have been successful. Mr. Turner's explorations involve considerable alterations in the present maps. The flora and fauna are described as very interesting. Mr. Turner is to be congratulated on his boundless enthusiasm for mountain exploration.

## REVIEWS.

*April and Rain.* Poems by Geoffrey Winthrop Young. London: Sidgwick & Jackson, Ltd., 1923.

SELDOM does a book of verse touch the heart of the mountain-lover as this little volume does. We venture to think that it will add many to the admirers of Mr. Young's poems. It seems to us of a rarer fancy, a finer sympathy, and a more excellent workmanship than his previous volumes.

'So still rain falls, so gentle in its grief,  
the falling tears stir not the still, green leaf—  
rain falls so still.

So still it falls, the sun may steal away  
bright tears yet trembling from the still green spray.

'So still rain rests, so faint the tears it sheds,  
the misted violets droop no mourning heads—  
rain rests so still.

So still it rests, so light the sorrow lies,  
daisies laugh up, through brimming golden eyes.'

Here are two stanzas which show a perfect appreciation of form and rhythm, and a subtle simplicity which takes us captive.

The spirit which runs through the mountain poems is everywhere alive, even in the intimacies of the sequence with which the book begins. Thus the mountains find their place in the delightful verses 'To My Son,' from which we extract a few lines (would that space allowed us to quote them in full):

'Take your share  
in this keen frost of air, that cracks the oak  
the sycamore and pine  
to a loud welcome of your morning song.  
Take your right to be strong;  
your freedom of deep skies, and autumn dawns,  
your corner in the thoughts of friendlier folk  
than dwell in lightless towns.  
Fill up your eyes with light, your heart with laughter,  
your soul with resolute life.'

It is easy to see how deeply the author loves his home, and how thoroughly he knows its every mood. 'April and Rain' fitly stands on the title-page.

You breathe in reading it the open air, the rain wets your face, the shy April sun suddenly greets your eyes. You are walking among lakes and woods and mountains—the atmosphere is Westmorland.

Here is one of the mountain poems :

'Great mountains love great storms,  
and lesser hills long rain.  
They reach their arms in riotous ridge forms  
to hail cloud-comrades from the drenching plain.  
Their gorges drain the upward rush of thunder;  
Their torrents, speeding under,  
pour back the lees to breed cloud-riot again.

'Great mountains hold harsh truth,  
and lesser heights long trust.  
The warring crests make comrades of our youth,  
burnish our manhood, rasp our spirit-rust.  
Kind hills bend for our age a gentler shoulder;  
staying our hearts, grown older,  
with hope new-fashioned from our faltering dust.

Here is the second stanza of another mountain poem :

'Mountains are most beautiful  
in September.



For evening and distance,  
 the sun's more level glance  
 lifts under curling lashes of rain-mist  
 to rest on hills, silvering, and shadow-kissed :  
     in our September  
 all hours of life grow beautiful.'

In reading Mr. Young's pages we feel little inclination to criticise his wording, or cavil at a phrase. We are grateful to him for recalling so much of the gladness of the hills, so much of the power of the mountains to catch us in their mysterious web of joy and gloom.

Nor is the criticism of life which Matthew Arnold demanded in true poetry absent. Take the following lines :

' These splendid limbs—  
     Life lent you them ; you did not make nor choose them ;  
 but yours the right to use them  
     right royally for a span.  
 When the light dims,  
 When their day wanes, and all the stars are beckoning,  
 see you return them proudly for the reckoning,  
     to prove you lived a man.'

Let us conclude our quotations with a poem which wins us at once, and which we shall long hold in our hearts :

' I have not lost the magic of long days ;  
     I live them, dream them still.  
 Still am I master of the starry ways,  
     and freeman of the hill.  
 Shattered my glass, ere half the sands had run—  
 I hold the heights, I hold the heights I won.  
 ' Mine still the hope that hailed me from each height,  
     mine the unresting flame.  
 With dreams I charmed each doing to delight ;  
     I charm my rest the same.  
 Severed my skein, ere half the strands were spun—  
 I keep the dreams, I keep the dreams I won.  
 ' What if I live no more those kingly days ?  
     their night sleeps with me still.  
 I dream my feet upon the starry ways ;  
     my heart rests in the hill.  
 I may not grudge the little left undone ;  
 I hold the heights, I keep the dreams I won.'

G. Y.

*The Assault on Mount Everest, 1922.* By Brigadier-General Hon. C. G. Bruce, C.B., M.V.O., and other members of the expedition. Arnold. 25s.

A YEAR ago neither scientist nor mountaineer could tell with any certainty whether the human frame could endure the exertions of

climbing to the top of Everest and there was a baffling difference of opinion between the best qualified prophets. To-day we have before us a record of the first determined assault. It was delivered immediately after the long and difficult journey through Tibet, and was quickly brought to an end by an early monsoon. Yet it has proved beyond question the possibility of an ascent.

General Bruce has played no small part in bringing this about and not the least of his achievements is the thoroughly readable account of his expedition which fills the first half of the book. Though much of this account must of necessity be an itinerary, it does not contain a dull page. The journey through Tibet lacked the complete novelty which made it so interesting in 1921, but the author fully makes up for this by his shrewd yet sympathetic observation of everyone around him. He is at his best when telling us of the many strange men who travelled in his caravan, or of the natives whom he met on the way, and we should have welcomed more of this side of his story. We would, for instance, gladly have learnt something of the eighteen smiling and woolly-headed nuns of Ta-tsang, who appear to have so thoroughly enjoyed lining up for the photograph which is reproduced on page 34, or of the correct ceremonial for the placing of the 'ubiquitous Homburg hat' upon the head of a Gembo La. After the coming of the monsoon, General Bruce and some of his party travelled back through the Kharta, and we are given a description of the pleasures of travel in this moist and fertile land, as compared with the arid and wind-swept plains of Tibet.

Mr. Mallory has contributed a detailed account of his journey up the Rongbuk Glacier, and the great climb of May 19 and 20, in which he took part. His narrative is enlivened by vivid descriptions of his feelings and thoughts while living in high camps, climbing at great altitudes, or struggling with extreme mental and physical exhaustion. Incidentally he discloses that his long experience of climbing without professional assistance has taught him one of the great secrets of mountain happiness. One sentence on this subject is such an epitome of what goes to make up happy success in high mountain enterprise that it is worthy of quotation. 'We had a single aim in common and regarded it from common ground. We had no leader within the full meaning of the word, no one in authority over the rest to command as captain. We all knew equally what was required to be done from first to last and when occasion arose for doing it one of us did it.'

Captain Finch tells the stirring tale of the second attempt, how he and his two companions held on against a furious gale in a camp at 25,500 feet, how after twenty-four hours they rejected an opportunity of retreat which would have proved irresistible to many men, and how they held on for a second night and then, in spite of starvation diet, continued the climb. The arrival of two of the party at the record height of 27,300 feet after such an experience

is an astonishing example of determination in the face of adverse circumstances.

Mr. Somervell makes valuable contributions on acclimatisation to high altitudes and Tibetan culture. Physiologists will find occupation in the attempt to analyse the still scanty evidence as to the advantages of oxygen in high mountaineering. To the layman the most striking piece of evidence in its favour is Captain Finch's account of its effect during the second night at his highest camp, rather than anything which he tells us of its use while he was climbing. We note that Mr. Somervell, the one man with a medical training who has ever climbed to a height of 25,000 feet, is by no means an oxygen enthusiast.

Mr. Mallory, in giving his personal views as to the best method of getting to the top of Mt. Everest, expresses the hope that the reader may find the book the more interesting if the joint authors disagree. The reader will not be disappointed in this respect. Mr. Mallory is in favour of two camps above the Chang La with a supporting party of climbers at the highest camp. He gives a qualified approval to the use of oxygen, but believes in the possibility of an ascent without its use. Captain Finch makes the interesting suggestion that the Chang La might be more easily reached from its west side by the main Rongbuk Glacier. He is strongly of opinion that only one camp should be made above the Chang La, and advocates the use of oxygen from about 22,000 feet upwards. Mr. Somervell would rely largely on acclimatisation to high altitudes and would have nine or ten climbers remain at a high camp and make repeated attempts. Were it possible to have nine or ten Mr. Somervells in the high camp, this plan would doubtless succeed. A point upon which there is general agreement is that the final camp must be pushed further up the mountain, the 3500 feet which remained between Captain Finch's highest camp and the top being too much for the last day.

Though hampered by their other duties as officers of the expedition, Dr. Longstaff and Major Norton found some time for zoology and botany, and Dr. Longstaff gives a short account of the result of their work. In spite of the barren nature of the greater part of the country through which they travelled and the disinclination to take animal life, which is a marked feature of Tibetan civilisation, they were able to bring back a number of interesting specimens.

Captain Noel, who is responsible for most of the excellent illustrations which adorn the book, is described in Sir Francis Young-husband's introduction as a whole-time photographer. No one who reads the account of his visit to the Chang La, will deny him this title. Taking his cinematograph apparatus with him he stayed there for three consecutive nights, at a height of 23,000 feet, rendering services to the expedition which evidently went far beyond the realms of photography.

For the general public the story of the assault of 1922 will provide

just that spice of dangers encountered, that slight suggestion of do or die, which it has demanded of its explorers elsewhere. It is doubtful whether educated mountaineering opinion will be wholly uncritical. Many members of the Alpine Club will disagree with the assertion of one of the authors that on Everest the margin of safety must be narrowed down, if necessary, to vanishing point, and that the climber must drive his body on and on, even to destruction if need be. Judged solely by the accounts placed before us in this book, the risks run both by climbers and porters appear to us to have been on more than one occasion out of all proportion to the object to be attained.

The illustrations are simply superb, and the price for a book turned out as this is, is very moderate.

*Guide des Alpes Valaisannes.* Vol. i. Du Col Ferret au Col de Collon. Par Marcel Kurz, A.C., etc. Payot & Cie. Lausanne. 1923. 10 Swiss francs.

THIS volume completes the series of Valais special guides published by the S.A.C. viz.:

Vol. i. Col Ferret au Col de Collon. Par Marcel Kurz. 10s.<sup>1</sup>

Vol. ii. Col de Collon au Col Théodule. Par le Dr. Dübi. 9s.

Vol. iii. Col Théodule au Simplon " 8s.

Vol. iv. Simplon à la Furka. Par " Marcel " Kurz. 8s.

Vol. iv. was reviewed in 'A.J.' xxxiii. 451.

The present volume covers a district, some of which is still imperfectly mapped and not often visited. M. Kurz has spent some considerable time on the spot clearing up various points, so that we are now in possession of dependable information upon the whole district.

The volume includes the first six sections of the 'Climbers' Guide to the Central Pennine Alps,' published over thirty years ago. The exploration that has taken place may be roughly measured by the fact that the Velan district in the new volume takes 60 pages as against 12, and the Combin district 40 pages as against 10 in the older book. It is, however, understood that the additional information of the present volume is based on original research, and that the Swiss Club wishes it to be considered as an independent work.

It forgets, however, that it turned full late to Guide-book making when already a whole series of Climbers' Guides had been issued by the labours of Mr. Coolidge and Sir Martin Conway. These established an eminently practical type. The earlier Swiss Club *Hochgebirgsführer*, so far as they dealt with districts covered by the Climbers' Guides, were entitled *translations* of these, brought, of course, up to date.

The present volume is, with the lapse of time, so much fuller

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<sup>1</sup> Obtainable from Stanford, 12 Long Acre, W.C. 2, at these prices.

that it could not bear that designation. But it would have been at least courteous had the title page borne the former imprint :

‘ Avec utilisation des Climbers’ Guides du Dr. W. A. B. Coolidge  
et de Sir Martin Conway.’

This is, of course, not the business of the author, who is responsible solely for the contents of the book—not for its title.

One is unwilling to conceive anything so futile as the possibility that the present authorities of the C.A.S. are suffering from an attack of chauvinism, or resentment at the share of English mountaineers in the opening up of the ‘ Playground of Europe.’ Viewed on the purely material grounds, Englishmen have been, are, and hope to continue to be, good customers of the uniformly excellent Swiss hotels and employers of the corps of great guides which, more than anyone, our pioneers did build up and inspire to great, and splendidly appreciated, deeds.

Once I was requested to omit frequent or any mention of Mr. Coolidge in any Alpine article I might write. My reply was that I might as well attempt to write a treatise on Theology and omit the name of the Almighty !

As a ‘ veteran ’ of the C.A.S., I venture to recommend its Governors to act likewise, and to try to realise that any failure to acknowledge the pioneer services to mountaineering of Mr. Coolidge and Sir Martin Conway, fully and generously, will stultify themselves in the eyes of the informed brotherhood of mountaineers. I trust the title page of any further edition of this valuable book will not peradventure omit, on orders, any reference to M. Marcel Kurz !

You, my young, enthusiastic friend are still at an age when you cannot conceive ever growing old or being passed over as a back number. We veterans rejoice at an enthusiasm which calls up to us the past, and I dare say in the resentment at any attempt to kick away or ignore a ladder that helped us all, some fellow feeling may possibly creep in !

Be that as it may the C.A.S. could not have entrusted the work to abler hands. By profession a topographical engineer who has been in Swiss and Greek service, M. Kurz is one of the most capable and energetic mountaineers of the day, and in this volume he exhibits valuable powers of research. We mountaineers have every reason to be grateful for the very close application that has produced it.

One feature of supreme importance is the admirable series of fifty-six route-marked sketches due to the skilled draftsmanship of M. Charles Jacot Guillarmod, the topographical engineer, lately returned from the Chinese Government service, who was also responsible for the sketches in vol. ii. To me, who am prone to idleness, these are of much greater value, as more easy of assimilation than even the text ; in fact they make even a map superfluous. Those of the Combin, for example, on pages 97, 114, 115, 118, 120, and 125, are superb. Fynn and I with these would not have

failed to find the line of descent on the W. side of the Col de Sonadon !

One gathers that a new edition of the Siegfried map to cover the frontier ridge may soon be expected, and that it will clear up much of the faulty presentation of the terrain on the other side of the frontier. Meantime the present volume contains sketch maps 1:75000 of the Velan and Combin groups and a detail map 1:25000 of the Région de Crête Sèche, likewise by M. Guillaumod.

The volume is a joy to look through, and gives equal delight to the veteran like myself, now a mere gleaner, as it must to the graduating mountaineer with a whole harvest of summits before him.

The book could have been much lighter. The 'Mont Blanc Führer' of the Austrian Club is a notable example of weight-saving and should be followed. I see what M. Kurz says in the admirable preface, but every ounce counts.

Probably nothing has so much aided the exploration of the Alps as these careful compilations, the development of which we, of course, owe to Mr. Coolidge, Sir Martin Conway and others. I do not forget the various Itineraria issued by the Swiss Club as long ago as the 'sixties.

For the climber weary of the crowded Zermatt and Oberland mountains there is here a great district where he will hardly be disturbed, and to the opening up of which English mountaineers have contributed not a little, of which the author is very generous in his appreciation.

However careful the author, a Climbers' Guide must be in a constant state of revision, and climbers can best show their appreciation of the arduous work of the authors of such guides by taking *on the spot* careful and detailed notes, whether in amplification or in correction of the existing information.

J. P. FARRAR.

*Le Cervin par l'Image.* Par Charles Gos. Chambéry, 1923.

It was a happy idea of the author of this little book to bring together reproductions, chronologically arranged, of various pictorial representations of the Matterhorn. Leaving aside two fragments of early maps in which the mountains are mere diagrams, the earliest truly pictorial representation of the mountain here reproduced is after a drawing by J. J. Meyer, dating from about 1820. It renders the main outline and details of the pyramid with an accuracy not again equalled for many years. Most of the pictures raise a curious psychological problem. They are by artists who presumably were able to draw with tolerable accuracy an object set before them. Nothing is more definite in form than a rock-mountain. Its outline is in no way vague. Anyone, in fact, who chose to give time and attention could succeed in depicting it truthfully. Every part can be measured. Yet one artist after another seems to experience a kind of compulsion to distort the

forms. Even Loppé, as late as 1864, at least doubles its precipitancy and sharpens the acuteness of the summit. The explanation is that the mountain did in fact thus impress all early visitors. Its imagined inaccessibility, its believed abruptness, its fancied cliffs, distorted the vision of those who beheld it. On this matter I can speak with the authority of experience, for somewhat thus I also falteringly drew it in the blind enthusiasm of boyhood on a first brief visit to Zermatt. Th. Müller, about 1854, is one of the few who kept his head and set down facts veraciously; and Ruskin, five years earlier, truthfully depicted the things he saw, though essential elements of the mountain's structure escaped his notice. The fact is that till men climbed the Matterhorn no one really saw it as in fact it is. It was by no means the result of chance that Whymper first fixed the veracious type of mountain imagery which later artists were bound to follow. Climbers were the first to understand mountains and to realise the inadequacy of the rendering of them by romantic painters. This is the lesson we learn from turning over M. Gos's reproductions. Whether the cubist rendering which forms the last plate will appeal either to climbers or to mere lovers of mountain beauty is a question I will not attempt to prejudge. The key-note of the Matterhorn's beauty of form has always seemed to me to be the marvellous combination and contrast of curves which build up its outline. A cubist rendering replaces these curves by straight lines, and thus in my opinion obliterates the beauty of the mountain's form. Ruskin came nearer to essential truth when he compared the peak, as seen from Zermatt, to a rearing horse. I have always found it difficult to explain the likeness to others, but the elements of form in peak and horse have in fact much in common, and once you catch the analogy you can never forget it. The author's text accompanying his selection of illustrations is interesting and suggestive. His little volume will give much pleasure to mountain lovers of many kinds.

M. C.

*Den Norske Turist Forening's Aarbok for 1923.*

WE members of Den Norske Turist Forening have every reason to congratulate ourselves upon being connected, in however humble a degree, with a great and flourishing Scandinavian Institution. This last issue of the Aarbok is in every respect a first-rate Tourists' as well as a Mountaineers' Year-book, in the production of which no reasonable expense has been spared.

Fortunate enough to possess a copy of each annual issue since the initiation of the Forening, I can truly say that, in varied and special interest, the Aarbok for 1923 surpasses most of its predecessors. The copious illustrations are really beautiful, especially the plates which illustrate an interesting botanical paper by Dr. phil. Rolf Nordhagen, while some excellent views by our fellow A.C. member, Ferdinand Schjelderup, of the peaks overshadowing the renowned

Raftsund Sulitelma—many years ago considered to be the culminating point of Scandinavia—and the Dovre Fjeld are each honoured by an interesting paper.

During the last few years several very intricate caves have been discovered and explored in a limestone district in Central Norway. From the excellent illustrations these caverns much resemble those in Yorkshire, Derbyshire, and Somerset. The Norsk explorers of these have much the same wet, dirty and slippery low-roofed passages to creep, crawl or walk through as we have in England. In one respect they beat us, viz. in their cavern photography.

From every point of view the Aarbok for 1923 is admirable.

W. C. S.

*Grenoble, Capitale des Alpes françaises.* Par Henri Ferrand. J. Rey. Grenoble. 1923. 16 French francs.

THIS admirably got-up book, issued at the low price of 4s., is one of a series which includes 'La route des Alpes' (15 fr.), 'Aux Lacs Italiens' (15 fr.), 'Au Mont Blanc' (16 fr.), 'les Alpes françaises' (16 fr.). The 198 heliogravures are among the very best I have ever seen in any book of travel, while the text is characterised by that command of his subject to which our Hon. Member has accustomed us. To most of us Grenoble is known as a convenient sleeping-place en route for the 'Meidje.' This book is a revelation of undreamt of interests in the old town and of charming surrounding country.

An English edition is to be published by the Medici Society.

*Aus der Firnenwelt.* By J. J. Weilenmann. Vol. i. Rhätikin—Silvretta—Ferwall. Rudolf Rother. Munich. 4 Swiss francs (bound).

THIS enterprising publisher has produced, at a very low price, a new, well-printed edition of this famous old book, with quaint black and white illustrations. Weilenmann, born in 1819, was at least comparable to our own pioneers in the Alps. His expeditions were made with many disadvantages of which our people knew little or nothing. He could seldom secure the services of more than one guide, while many of his expeditions were made without guides and, frequently, alone. He may be said to be the pioneer of guideless climbing. Some of his chapters are among the pearls of Alpine literature.

*Die Viertausender des Alpes.* By Dr. Karl Blodig. Rudolf Rother. Munich. 1923. 10 Swiss francs.

DR. BLODIG is well known as a great mountaineer and writer on Alpine subjects. He enjoys the unique distinction of having ascended—nearly always without guides and as leader of his party—all the Alpine summits of 4000 metres and upwards. The Federal Bureau have, however, raised the height of Piz Zupo to 4002 metres, which will therefore require the Doctor's attention. In the present volume Dr. Blodig brings together the narratives of his ascents,



most of which have appeared in various periodicals. The book is of a convenient form and well printed, while the illustrations are for the most part admirable; many of them are quite novel. The author writes with a swing that carries his reader along, while his technical knowledge enables him to present an easily grasped and accurate picture of the climb.

One misses an account of one of the most adventurous climbs in the Alps—the passage of the Silbersattel—which, led by a great guide, Christian Ranggetiner, killed later on the Glockner, the author in 1880 was the first to do.

If an English edition could be produced at something like the same price it should sell; but English books seem to be as high-priced as ever, forcing one to curtail one's purchases.

*Champéry et la Dent du Midi.* Par Daniel Baud-Bovy. Published by the *Journal de Genève*, Geneva. Price bound 28 Swiss francs, post free.

THIS is another of the superb mountain books by the same author. The present volume contains eight full plates and over 100 text illustrations, many from photographs by the well-known Fréd. Boissonnas. The companion volumes are in the A.C. Library.

## ACCIDENTS IN 1923.

### THE ACCIDENT ON THE POINTE DE LA GLIÈRE.

I REACHED Pralognan from Paris on July 9, and found my friend and climbing companion, Colonel Lawrie Oppenheim, already arrived. On July 8 he had been up the Grande Casse by the ordinary route with Pierre Blanc of Bonneval-sur-Arc and a local porter. This expedition was the first of the season so far as Lawrie was concerned. Leaving Pralognan on July 10 Lawrie, Blanc, the local porter and myself went up to the Félix Faure Hut on the Col de la Vanoise, where we slept the night. It had been our intention to climb the Pointe de la Glière on the following day, but as it seemed to me a pity to waste the fine weather on a small peak like the Glière, I easily persuaded Lawrie to substitute the traverse of the Grande Casse for our projected expedition. On July 11, accordingly, we ascended the latter mountain, reaching the summit, viâ the N. face, in 4½ hours. The conditions were wonderful, and we slept a second night at the Félix Faure Hut. During the evening Adolph, son of Josef Pollinger, joined the party, the porter returning to Pralognan.

On July 12 we four left the hut at 06.25, and crossing the Lépéna glacier, mounted the steep easy cliffs to the N. of that glacier (these cliffs really constitute the S.W. arête of the lower *Aiguille de la Glière* just S. of the Pointe), crossed the small upper glacier, and arrived at the Col de la Glière, between the Aiguille and the Pointe, in some two hours from the hut. The day was brilliant and the heat very great. After a longish halt on the Col we gently climbed the Pointe by its S.E. arête, attaining the summit at 09.50. Leaving the top at 11.05 we regained the Col by the same route in about half an hour, and picked up our various impedimenta, coats, etc., which latter had been discarded owing to the heat. We also, on my suggestion and responsibility, unroped.<sup>1</sup> I had been with Lawrie on many expeditions winter and summer, and knew his high factor of safety. (During the ascent from the Col, we had been climbing on two ropes—Lawrie and Pollinger, Blanc and myself.) Crossing the small, flat and uncrevassed glacier, we took the same route as in the ascent, i.e. the S.W. arête of the Aiguille. The party were invariably very close together, in fact I cannot remember any part of the descent during which I could not have touched one or other of my companions. Frequently, indeed, we were more in 'line abreast' formation than in 'line ahead.' The rocks were absolutely dry, except at one spot where a large semi-circular hollow in the ridge was filled with a soft snow-patch, inclined at an angle of 30°–35° and covering some (?) fifty square yards. After descending this we came to more broken rocks, and the ridge again widened into a steep, easy cliff, interspersed with numerous broad ledges. At 12.15 we were in the following formation: Lawrie and Blanc, close to and abreast of each other, were standing on a ledge with their backs to the mountain, while Pollinger was some ten yards to their right, also abreast and standing still. I was immediately behind Lawrie, perhaps some eight feet above him, and was the only one of the party moving. (These and previous details are merely given to show that every possible precaution was being taken to obviate any danger arising from accidental dislodgment of stones; in fact, a few minutes before the accident Lawrie had asked me to change places and come behind the party, as being less likely to disturb stones.) As I was stepping down to the ledge

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<sup>1</sup> During a previous ascent of the same peak made by Blanc and myself in 1921, we had not used the rope at all, either in the ascent or descent.

already occupied by Lawrie and Pierre—my impression is that I was sheltered at that instant by a high overhanging rock—a black shadow seemed to pass in front of my face, and, with a sickening crunch, a stone of perhaps fifty pounds' weight struck Lawrie on the back of the head, hurling him head foremost over the cliff. The body fell some 150 feet in two bounds, and brought up on a broad *débris* slope at the base of the cliffs, or more accurately, perhaps, at the foot of the S.W. *arête* of the Aiguille. As quickly as possible we hurried down to the spot, Adolph reaching Lawrie a minute or two before Pierre or myself. Death had been mercifully instantaneous.

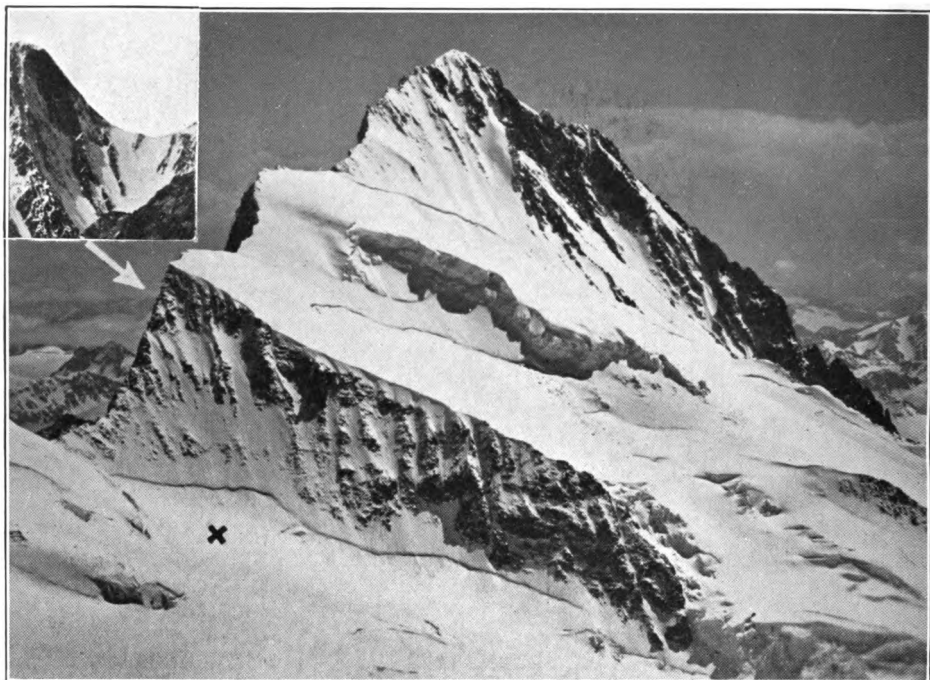
Leaving Pollinger beside the body, Pierre and I scrambled down to the glacier and across to the Félix Faure hut. There we were at once joined by two of the Amiez family, father and son, and a porter. I remained in the hut for a few minutes to write out telegrams for the family, and overtook the others on the Lépéna glacier. The party reached the body at 14.00 hours. By 16.00, under Pierre's able instructions and the most willing exertions of the excellent Pralognan men, we had transported the body, wrapped in blankets, to the Pralognan path at the Lac des Vaches. Here we were met by a mule and sleigh, ordered up from Pralognan by telephone message from the Félix Faure hut. By 20.00 hours we had deposited our friend in the little upper chapel of Pralognan.

As to the causes of the accident, I prefer to look at it simply as an act of God. The fatal stone was the only one seen to fall throughout the day, and it fell at the one spot—i.e. where the *arête* momentarily widens into a cliff—where it could do any harm. The stone had been most probably disturbed some minutes previously by one of the party passing over it, and, having begun to slide, fell at the psychological instant.

The use of the rope, almost an absurdity for a party like ours, could not have saved my friend. He was dead before the fall, to which numerous traces on and just below the ledge where he was struck bore only too certain witness. The fall of a stone of the size mentioned even from a height of 20 ft. would have sufficed.

The local authorities, guides, and visitors showed us the utmost sympathy and kindness. Between France and Great Britain blood is still thicker than water. I would express my most grateful thanks to one and all at Pralognan, notably to M. Jean Giraud, Sous Préfet of Moutiers-Salins, the Mayor and Curé of Pralognan, M. Doussin of the Hôtel des Glaciers,

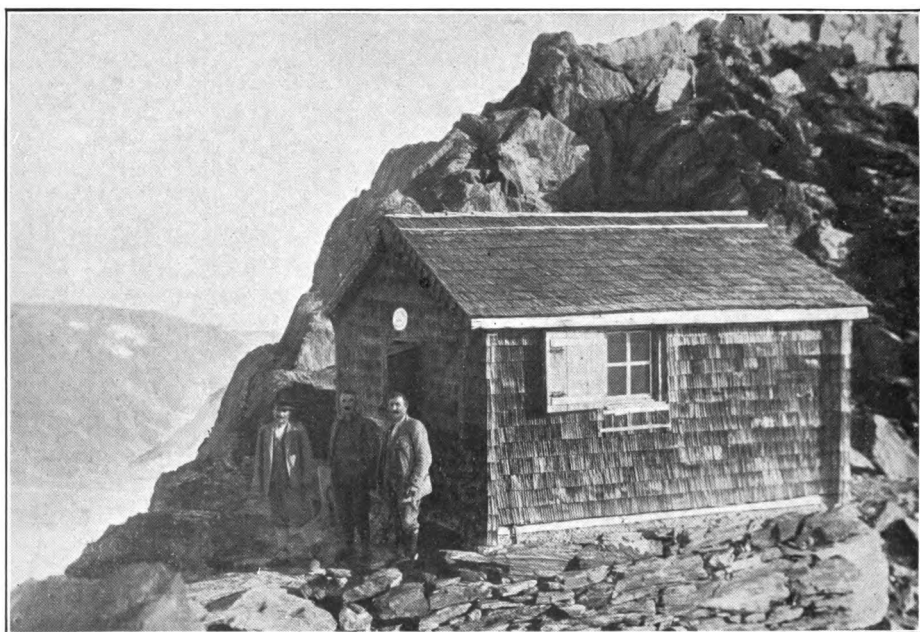




THE N. ARÊTE OF FINSTERAARHORN SEEN IN FACE FROM THE  
SLOPES OF AGASSIZHORN.

The inset shows in profile the arête where the accident occurred.

X Bodies found.



THE NIGHT BEFORE THE ACCIDENT AT THE FINSTERAARHORN HUT.  
C. COSSON, SIR H. H. HAYDEN, K. v. ALLMEN.

M. Couttet of the Félix Faure hut, and, last but not least, to the French Military and Police Authorities and to M. Louis Bucherer and to the Rev. P. B. Whalley.

As to Pierre Blanc and Adolph Pollinger, their conduct was worthy of their name and family. No higher praise can be given.

The funeral took place at Pralognan on July 16 in the presence of Lawrie's widow and sister, the civil authorities and many of the inhabitants and visitors of Pralognan. The French Army was also officially represented.

E. L. STRUTT.

SIR HENRY HUBERT HAYDEN and his old guide and travelling companion in Sikkim, César Cosson of Courmayeur, arrived at the 'Steinbock' at Lauterbrunnen on August 8 after a five days' tour in the Diablerets, Wildhorn and Wildstrubel group. On August 9 they paid a visit to Mürren, and engaged a second guide, Karl von Allmen of Lauterbrunnen. On August 10 the party went up to the Rottal Hut, and crossed the Jungfrau to the Pavillon Cathrein on August 11 in 8 hrs. 50 mins. Next day they reached the Finsteraarhorn Hut. Early on August 13 they took the Finsteraarhorn by storm in 2½ hrs. and enjoyed the clear view on this fine summer's morning during an hour's rest on the summit. On the descent to the Hugi-sattel, they met Messrs. Chorley, Graham and Wilson (who had left the hut ½ hr. after them), who testify that Sir Henry and his guides were in great form. Distinct traces of well-cut steps have been found the whole way down the icy part of the N. arête of the Finsteraarhorn which leads to the top of the Agassizjoch. In climbing down the last steep but easy rocky bit of the ridge (see photograph) a great mass of rock must have split off, so that this, in my opinion, very able party was hurled down by the avalanche of stones on to the Fiescherfirn, 800 feet below.

When no news was received in Lauterbrunnen of the party, it was presumed that they had extended their tour. Anxiety, however, was aroused, and on August 28 two strong search parties of Lauterbrunnen guides, the one via the Jungfrau-joch, the other via the Strahlegg route, set out, and the bodies, frozen hard, nearly covered with snow, bearing marks of fatal injuries and surrounded by fallen stones, were discovered on the 29th at the place marked on the photograph. They were carried down on the following day over the Jungfrau-joch to Lauterbrunnen, and were interred in one grave.

OTHMAR GURTNER, A.A.C.B. & S.A.C.

Lauterbrunnen.

## THE ALPINE CLUB LIBRARY.

The following additions have been made to the Library:—

## Club Publications.

- Akad. Alpen-Ver. München.** 30. Jahresh. 11 × 8: pp. 30: ill. 1923  
 New expeditions, 1922:—*E. Röckl*, S. Söllerkopf O.-Wand: *Hermannskarturm* W.-Wand u. S.O.-Wand: *H. Freymadl*, N. Wolfel nersp. W.-Wand: *W. Englehardt*, Obere Wettersteinsp. Abst. n. N., allein: *D. Bötcher*, Wasserkarturm N.-Wand.
- Appalachian Mountain Club.** Register for 1923. Supplement to Bulletin. 7 × 4½: pp. 138.
- C.A.F.** Commission de topographie & de cartographie alpines. Process-Verbals. 10½ × 8½: pp. 30. Janv.-Juin 1923
- C.A.I. Sez. Milano.** Cinquant' anni di vita 1873-1923. 11 × 8½: pp. 266: ill. Milano, Bertieri, 1923  
 Contents:—*A. Ancona*, 50 anni di alpinismo: *M. de Marchi*, I Presidenti della Sezione: *E. Ghisi*, Le nostri guide: *G. Lavezzari*, Capanne d. Sezione: *M. de Marchi*, Studio scientifico d. Alpi: *E. Mariani*, Cenni geologica sul gruppo d. Grigne.
- **Sez. Soc. Alp. trid.** La Gazzetta del turismo e dello sport. Organo ufficiale. Anno 3, no. 1-3. 1923
- Centre excursionista Barcelones.** Butlleti. Any ix, no. 94. 8½ × 6½ Setembre 1923
- Mountain Club of Natal.** Annual 1, 2, 3. 8½ × 5½ and 9 × 6: ill.: pp. 21, 34, 55. 1920, 1922, 1923  
 These contain:—  
 1. *D. W. Bassett-Smith*, Ascents Sentinel Pk., Mont-Aux-Sources Eastern buttress, Up the Berg into Basutoland, Broome Hill, Dooley Hill: *Miss H. A. Coates*, Mont-Aux-Sources.  
 2. *K. Cameron*, First ascent outer 'Mweni Needle': *D. W. Bassett-Smith*, Mountains of Natal: Ascent of Drakensberg Peaks, 1888-1921.  
 3. *Miss D. Finch*, Cathkin Pk. camp: *G. Londt*, An ascent of Cathkin Pk.: *Miss C. H. Robb*, An amateur's thoughts on a rock climb on Table Mn.
- The Pinnacle Club.** Rules, etc. 5 × 4: pp. 6. 1923
- S.A.C. St. Gallen.** Touren program 1923. 5½ × 3½.  
 — Jahresberichte 1921, 1922. 8½ × 6: pp. 15, 24.
- S.M.C. Guide.** Vol. 3, Section A. Island of Skye. Edited by *E. W. Steeple*, *G. Barlow*, and *H. MacRobert*. 9 × 5½: pp. 126: maps, plates. Edinburgh, July, 1923. 10/-

## New Works.

- Arthur, J. W.** A sixth attempt on Mount Kenya. In *Geogr. Journ.*, London, vol. 62, no. 3. 9½ × 6½: pp. 205-9. September 1923
- Baedecker, K.** Tirol Vorarlberg u. Teile v. Salzburg u. Kärnten. 37. Aufl. 6½ × 4½: pp. xl, 512: maps. Leipzig, 1923
- Baillie-Grohman, W. A.** Catalogue of . . . Old Engravings. . . Sale, Sotheby & Co. 14 May 1923  
 Contains photograph plate 'Voyage de M. de Saussure à la cime du Mont-Blanc,' publ. 1790 by Mechel.
- Beraldi, Henri.** Le sommet des Pyrénées. Notes d'un Bibliophile. I, Les cent et un pics. 9 × 5½: pp. lii, 177. Paris, 1923
- Der Berg.** Monatschrift für Bergsteiger. Hft. 1. 11½ × 8½: ill. München, Verlag Bergland, Mai 1923
- Bingham, Hiram.** Inca Land. Explorations on the Highlands of Peru. 8½ × 5½: pp. xvi, 365: ill. Boston and New York, Houghton Mifflin (1922). 24/-  
 An account of journey from 1909 to 1915. The author reached a height

- of over 21,000 ft. on the summit of Coropuna, to a description of the climbing of which a chapter is devoted. Among the plates are:—Coropuna from the N.W. and from the Söcamping at 18,450 ft., Camp on the summit: Glaciers between Cuzco and Uiticos: Mt. Veronica: Grosvenor Glacier and Mt. Salcantay.
- Blodig, Karl.** Die Viertausender der Alpen.  $9\frac{1}{2} \times 6\frac{1}{2}$ : pp. 324: plates. München, Rother, 1923. 8/-
- Chiefly reprints from publications of the D. u. Oe. A.-V. and the Oe. A.-C. The climbing covers 40 years in Switzerland and on the Mont Blanc range.
- Bower, Geo. S.** Doe Crags and climbs round Coniston. A climber's guide.  $8 \times 5$ : pp. 47: plates. Barrow Printing Company, 1923. 2/3
- The first of a series of guides to be published by the Fell & Rock Climbing Club. To be got from G. Wilson, Town Clerk's Office, Warrington.
- Bruce, C. G., and other Members of the Expedition.** The assault on Mt. Everest 1922.  $10 \times 6\frac{1}{2}$ : pp. xi, 339: maps, plates. London, Arnold, 1923. 25/-
- C. G. Bruce, Narrative: G. H. L. Mallory, The first attempt: G. Finch, The attempt with oxygen: G. H. L. Mallory, The third attempt: T. H. Somervell, Notes: T. G. Longstaff, Natural history.*
- Collet, Leon W.** Alpine lakes. Reprint Scot. Geogr. Mag. vol. 38.  $9\frac{1}{2} \times 6\frac{1}{2}$ : pp. 73–101: ill. April 1922
- Coolidge, W. A. B.** My alpine scrapbook. No. 41. Where is the Alphubel? In Engl. Herald Abroad. Oct. 1923
- This is the last of the series.
- Ferrand, H.** Grenoble Capitale des Alpes Françaises.  $8\frac{1}{2} \times 6\frac{1}{2}$ : pp. 156: plates. Grenoble, Rey, 1923. Fr. 16
- A very finely illustrated work on Grenoble and the mountains in the neighbourhood. On p. 110 is a small portrait of Pere Gaspard.
- Ferreri, Eugenio.** C.A.I. Guida dei Monti d'Italia. Alpi occidentali, vol. 3, Alpi Cozie settentrionali.  $6\frac{1}{2} \times 4\frac{1}{2}$ : pp. xii, 510: maps, ill. Torino, 1923
- Gregory, J. W. & C. J.** To the alps of Chinese Tibet. An account of a journey of exploration up to and among the snow-clad mountains of the Tibetan frontier.  $8\frac{1}{2} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$ : pp. 321: maps, plates. London, Seeley Service 1923. 25/-
- Hamilton-Ross, J. G.** An ascent of Mount Sekerr, Kenya Colony. In Geogr. Journ., London, vol. 62, no. 3.  $9\frac{1}{2} \times 6\frac{1}{2}$ : pp. 210. September 1923
- Hardmeyer, J.** Locarno und seine Täler. 5. Aufl.  $8 \times 5\frac{1}{2}$ : pp. 108: ill. Zürich, Orell Füssli, 1923
- Hedin, Sven.** Mount Everest.  $7\frac{1}{2} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$ : pp. 194: plates, maps. Leipzig, Brockhaus, 1923
- Accounts of the recent attempts on Mount Everest, with chapters on 'Jesuits and Capuchins in the neighbourhood of Mt. Everest' and 'Mt. Everest and Gaurisankar in chinese geography.'
- Inaka, or Reminiscences of Rokkōsan and Other Rocks.** Vol. 16.  $9 \times 6\frac{1}{2}$ : plates: pp. 102. Yokohama, 1923
- Kindly presented by Mr. H. E. Daunt.
- Among other articles this contains:—*C. H. Archer*, Peaks of Puk-han—difficult rock climbing in Korea in 1922: *T. Orde Lees, H. Crisp*, Two winter ascents of Fuji in Feb. 1922: *F. H. Lowe, G. Gualta*, Winter ascent of Fuji in Feb. 1901: *B. Nagano*, Ascent, 1921, of Fude-Iwa or Pen Rock.
- The excellent plates include three coloured views of Fuji: Yurigatake, Hadaka ridge, Harinoki-Toge, Tsurugi-Dake, Fude-Iwa and several of Puk-han.
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- 'The Hermitage has been leased to the Mount Cook Motor Co. . . . It is intended to keep the establishment open during the winter months.'



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- Among the plates are:—Mount Jannu: On the road to the eternal snows: Pandim, 22,100 ft.: Kanchenjunga fr. Gochak La: Cho-mo-lhari.
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#### Items.

- Postage Stamps.** 2 *Armenian* with views of Ararat: 2 *Japanese* with rock views: *Swiss* 5c. with three peaks.

# PROCEEDINGS OF THE ALPINE CLUB.

A GENERAL MEETING of the Club was held in the Hall, 23 Savile Row, London, W. 1, on Tuesday, November 6, 1923, at 8.30 p.m., Brig.-General the Hon. C. G. Bruce, C.B., M.V.O., *President*, in the Chair.

The following candidates were balloted for and elected Members of the Club, namely, Mr. Henry Booth, Mr. Allen Carpe, Mr. Victor Thomas Ellwood, F.R.C.S., Mr. Bertrand Leslie Hallward, Monsieur Balthazar T. Baron van Heemstra, and Mr. Charles Gustavus Markbreiter.

The PRESIDENT said : Since the last meeting the Club has suffered grievous loss in the deaths of the following Members, two of them ex-Presidents of the Club. Their names are : Oscar Browning, elected 1864 ; Thomas Middlemore, elected 1871 ; Sir Edward Davidson, elected 1875, *ex-President* ; Rev. T. W. Bull, elected 1875 ; Lord Sterndale, elected 1894, *ex-President* ; W. P. Ker, elected 1909 ; Colonel L. C. F. Oppenheim, elected 1911 ; Sir Henry H. Hayden, elected 1921 ; and Dr. H. Whitby Phillips, elected 1903. Obituary notices will appear in the forthcoming number of the ALPINE JOURNAL.

I am now in a position to give you the names of the members of the party for the next Everest Expedition. They are Major E. F. Norton, Second in Command, Mr. T. H. Somervell, Mr. G. L. Mallory, Mr. E. N. Odell, Mr. Bentley Beetham, Mr. Richard B. Graham, and Mr. A. C. Irvine. These gentlemen will form the climbing party. In addition to myself there will be Captain Geoffrey Bruce, Capt. C. J. Morris, Mr. E. O. Shebbeare, and Captain J. Noel as photographer. All the members of the climbing party were selected by the Alpine Club Everest Selection Sub-Committee, which was appointed by the Club for the purpose.

Mr. A. L. MUMM then read a Paper entitled 'A Mixed Bag,' which was illustrated by lantern slides. In this Paper Mr. Mumm described his adventures in the Japanese and New Zealand Alps. Dr. Claude Wilson took part in the discussion which followed the reading of the Paper, and a cordial vote of thanks to Mr. Mumm was carried unanimously.

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## CORRIGENDA, 'A.J.' No. 226.

The portrait of M. Ferrand is intended as frontispiece.

P. 47, lower plate, *read* 'From Ghost ridge.'

P. 115, line 7 from bottom, *read* 'Withers's.'

**NOTE.**

The maps for Dr. Monroe Thorington's paper and the General Index will be issued with the next number for binding with this Volume.

**END OF VOL. XXXV.**

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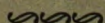
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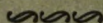


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